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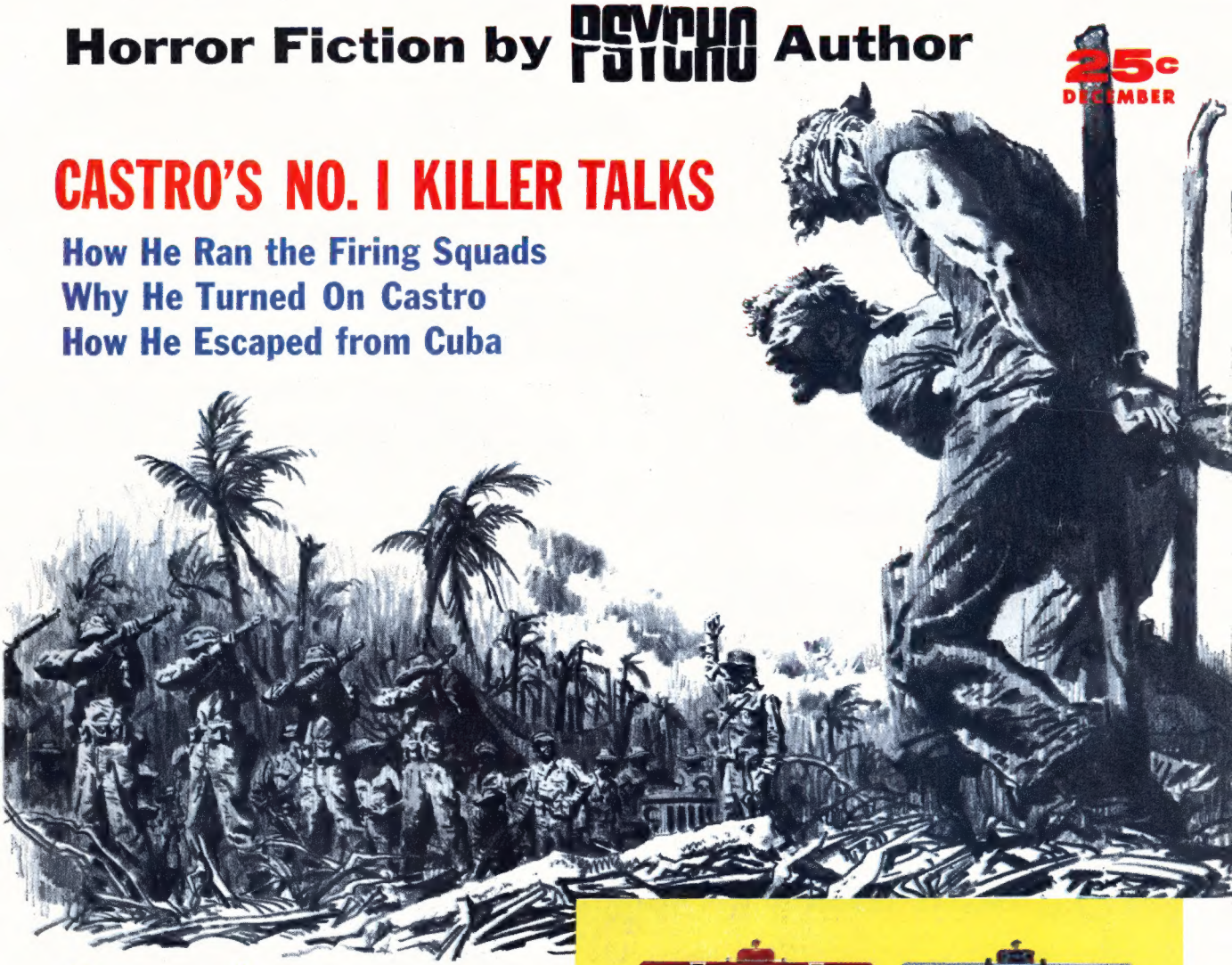

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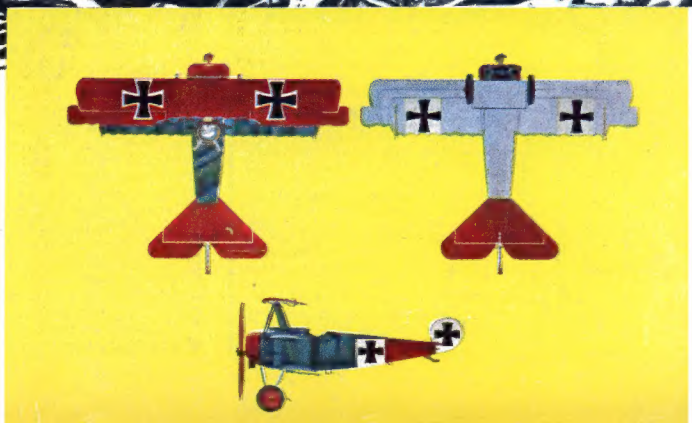

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DECEMBER, 1960

Cavalier

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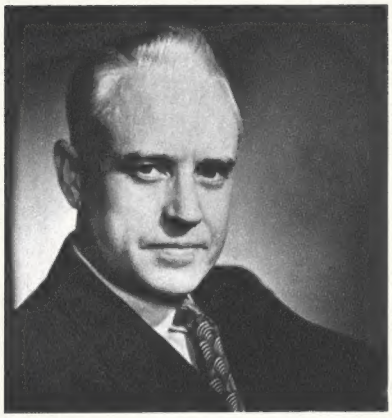

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Editor's Turn

WHO'S NEXT?

Last month it was Batista who was telling his story in our pages. This month it's Herman Marks, the guy from Wisconsin who ran the firing squads for Fidel Castro. Next month? Well it could be Fidel's own story but don't bet on that. But regular readers know enough not to bet against that, either.

There might be some items in the Marks story that will make you lift your eyebrows—and some that will raise your hair. But it's the kind of scoop you won't find elsewhere.

ANOTHER SCOOP . . .

. . . for WW I fans is the Color Pattern story on page 32. The two gents who did the digging say they have more in the works.

It was a boost for all the WW I air fans to see the Wall St. Journal do a front page story on men who fly the WW I specials for a hobby. Tip to Wall St. Journal editor: Men who get ahead in the newspaper business read CAVALIER. That was old news around here.

FRANK MERRIWELL RIGHTSIDE UP . . .

. . . probably wouldn't be much of a drawing card these days when you gotta be real colorful to lure the sports fan away from the magic box. Such a colorful guy is Bobby Layne whom Jimmy Breslin talks about in *Frank Merriwell —Upside Down* on page 50.

"I AM THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE"

. . . is not the autobiography of Brigitte Bardot's husband. It is a fascinating account—by the only man in the world who can give it—of the worst disaster in history. You may have read stories on the St. Pierre disaster before—but this is the definitive one. It's on page 16.

AND SPEAKING OF DISASTERS . . .

. . . we commend to you the bonus reading selection from Martin Caidin's book *Black Thursday*. We reprinted the slice of the book that tells—as well as we've seen it told—about the actual fight. For details of the preparation for the raid and the evaluation of the results (which some still argue about) we commend the book. It's Caidin's best.

As an old ground-pounder, I would inform Caidin that no infantryman "coveted" the war in the air. They just liked the idea of clean living, the food and the fact that the guy out to kill you wasn't sleeping a few yards away. To borrow Ernie Pyle's expression the infantryman envied the men who "commuted" to war.

A SPORTS SPECIAL . . .

. . . coming up next month will be one that will be remembered for a while by everyone involved. Don't miss it.

THE LATEST ON SGT. YORK

. . . is that there are now quite a few guys down in Washington trying to get the debt canceled. In the meantime some of the Sergeant's fellow veterans in Tennessee are giving the Washington people a lesson in pride. They're preparing to pay the bill—though, like us, they feel the bill was paid in the Argonne in October, 1918. Those who would like to chip in can send their money to the Jere Cooper A. L. Post, Dyersburg, Tenn. There won't be many worthier causes coming along this year.—**Bob Curran**

PACK OF STOGIES . . .

. . . should be a cinch this month, but it's not. We want you to tell us who the guy in the picture here is. He's on TV *every* Saturday on the most highly rated show on Saturday nights.

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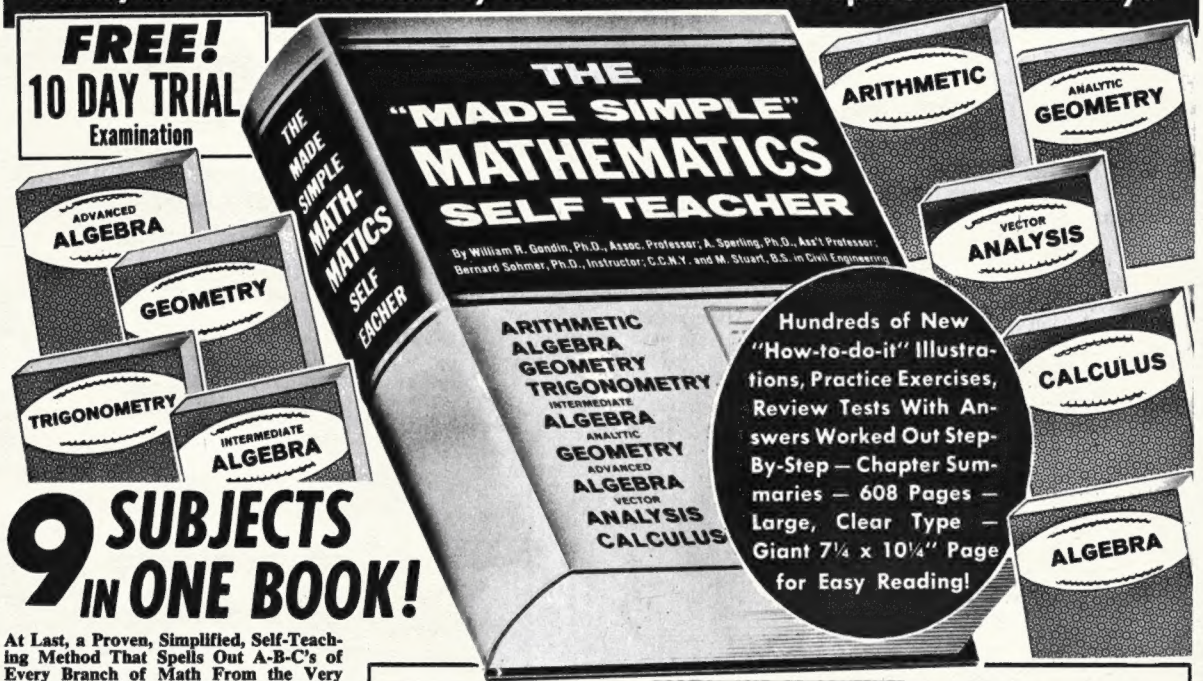

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THRUST AND PARRY

Address all beefs and comments to CAVALIER Magazine, 67 W. 44th St., New York City 36, N. Y.

OKAY, LOOIE, DROP THE PEN!

I have just read your ridiculous diatribe against Frank Sinatra and Co., (Sept. CAVALIER) and can't help wondering if you are mentally competent. Lies such as yours should never go unchallenged and I, for one, resent them being in print.

Each member of the group whom you have the temerity to defame is an established star in his or her medium, which is more than I can say for you. Since you offer them the flat of your blade, I offer you the point of my pen.

Louis B. Hatton
Pittsburgh, Pa.

KOOKIE JARS AND JEERS

Enjoyed your "Flat of Our Blade" to "The Clan" in the September CAVALIER. This bunch of Kooks we could do without.

Mrs. A. Bestor
Miami Beach, Fla.

CAVALIER has some nerve attacking great talents like Sammy Davis, Jr., Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin in "The Flat of Our Blade," (Sept.). These terrific personalities entertain millions of people in movies, TV and night clubs, bringing enjoyment to all of us. CAVALIER should apologize to them and their friends.

Ludlow P. Moore
San Francisco, Calif.

I wish I had said that! I refer to your "The Flat of Our Blade" to The Clan in the Sept. CAVALIER. Sinatra always has been an overrated artist. Saw a picture the other day of the Democratic convention in Los Angeles. There on the stage with Kennedy was Frankie boy. On the strength of this picture, Kennedy could lose 50 states. Jack must have had beans in his head to be seen on the stage with such a weasel. My profound apologies to all four-footed weasels.

Joseph B. Adams
Plainwell, Mich.

FIRE PATROL FIRED

I like CAVALIER very much, especially the World War I stories, but would like to correct a statement in the September issue. The Chicago fire patrol mentioned in "Strangest Hell-Busters of All" was discontinued on June 30, 1959, after 90 years of operation.

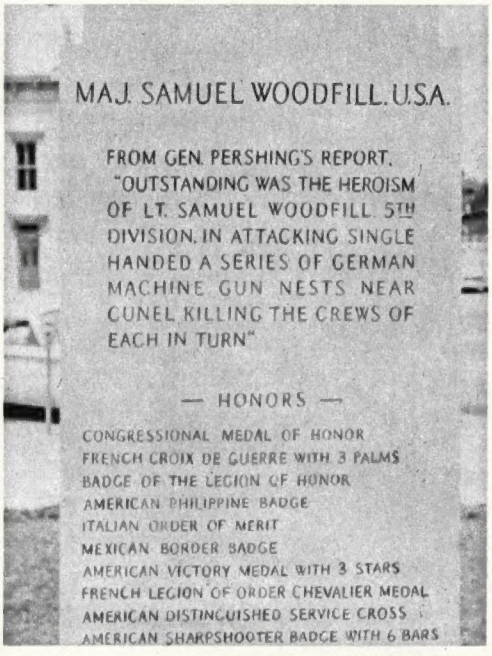
C. D. Hoganson
Chicago, Ill.

HERO SOLDIERS

I've just finished reading "Greatest Soldier in the A. E. F." in the August CAVALIER and enjoyed it very much. But author Avram Davidson seems to have a few names in the wrong story.

He stated that Sgt. Woodfill was selected along with Sgt. York and Col. Whittlesey as a pallbearer for the "Unknown Soldier." This, I'm sorry to say, is not so. For you and your readers' information: Sgt. Nathan S. Meredith, Corp. Albert H. Miller, Corp. James N. Forrester, Corp. Russell W. Welshons, Sgt. Edward F. Younger and Corp. Reuben Abrams were the pallbearers in France.

Sgt. Samuel Woodfill, Chief Torpedoman James Delaney, Chief Water-tender Charles Lee O'Connor, Gunnery Sgt. Ernest A. Jansen, First Sgt. Louis Roxgo, S/Sgts. James A. Doll, Harry Taylor and


MAJ. SAMUEL WOODFILL, U.S.A.
FROM GEN. PERSHING'S REPORT.
"OUTSTANDING WAS THE HEROISM OF LT. SAMUEL WOODFILL 5TH DIVISION, IN ATTACKING SINGLE HANDED A SERIES OF GERMAN MACHINE GUN NESTS NEAR CUNEL KILLING THE CREWS OF EACH IN TURN"
— HONORS —
CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR
FRENCH CROIX DE GUERRE WITH 3 PALMS
BADGE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR
AMERICAN PHILIPPINE BADGE
ITALIAN ORDER OF MERIT
MEXICAN BORDER BADGE
AMERICAN VICTORY MEDAL WITH 3 STARS
FRENCH LEGION OF ORDER CHEVALIER MEDAL
AMERICAN DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS
AMERICAN SHARPSHOOTER BADGE WITH 6 BARS

Thomas L. Saunders were the pallbearers in the United States for the actual burial.

Paul Habermann
Sun Prairie, Wisc.

We, the Madison Jaycees, heartily endorse and appreciate your article in the August issue of CAVALIER Magazine entitled "Greatest Soldier in the A.E.F." Jefferson County, Indiana, is very proud of Sam Woodfill's activities. We feel that his spirit was an example of the spirit of the fighting men who have gone to war from our county.

Enclosed is a picture of a monument erected in Sam Woodfill's memory. This monument stands in the courthouse yard in Madison, Ind. It helps to remind us of our great heritage.

Gerald E. Shaddy
Secretary, Madison Jaycees
Madison, Ind.

BOWMAN, GO!

Hank Bowman, CAVALIER's outstanding boating authority, hardly needs support in answering Winthrop Felton's "Thrust and Parry" (Sept.) in regard to outboards.

Any boat-minded youngster will certainly pick an argument with Mr. Felton when he makes a boastful claim that a Merc 800 is the most modern outboard on the market. With an eye to convenience and safety, all boat-minded persons would want a full gearshift in an outboard as they do in their car—a neutral with the motor running, that is.

Certainly the answer for modern boatmen is the Evinrude Starflite 75 with just such gearshift. Incidentally, horsepower interpretations also vary, but we'll save that argument until later.

Billy DeBoeck
Milwaukee, Wis.

MAIL CALL

I am a G.I. stationed in Korea with the U.S. Army. Many of the men buy and enjoy reading CAVALIER very much. There is something CAVALIER could do to help the serviceman. There are people back home who forget to write to us. If the lazy folks, wives and sweethearts read this, they may sit down and write a few lines to those guys away from home who love them and miss them very much.

Allan B. Saksenberg
APO, San Francisco, Calif.

BEST MAN

I used to work for Dick Best in 1956 and '57. ("There's No Business Like Freak Business," Sept. CAVALIER.) Best was one of the most wonderful men I've ever met. He would always give a helping hand wherever he could. I'm in the

Please turn to page 8

The Happiest Day of Her Life—and the Most Tragic

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THRUST AND PARRY

Continued from preceding page

Army now and have been for three years. I don't think in my time in the Army I've ever met a man like Dick Best. I never saw him get angry at anyone, from the man who put up the tent to the top actor he had.

SP/4 Richard Stickroth
Fort Lewis, Wash.

PLATTER PATTER

Concerning "The Flat of Our Blade" to DJ Dick Clark in the August CAVALIER, I agree in part with the author. Mr. Clark was apparently interested in increasing the thickness of his wallet by pushing his own record company (ies) discs. This is, if unethical, at least understandable.

I disagree with the statement that Alan Freed is a "scaled-down contemporary" of Dick Clark. I have been a DJ myself for the past six years. The name of Freed has been associated with rock and roll for as long as I have been spinning records, while Clark is a much more recent name in the business.

The public should know that the "payola" craze has hurt the average DJ. The "man behind the mike" in the smaller cities and towns is now given dirty looks, even if his music taste is excellent.

There are a few who deserve "The Flat of Our Blade." But the majority deserve a pat on the back.

George F. Rumple
APO, New York, NY

KNIFE FIGHT

It wasn't any surprise to read that the U.S. Government, Army, Navy and Marines have refused to purchase and issue Bo Randall's knives to their ground troops or any men who are likely to need a good knife in a fight. ("He Leaves No Hone Unburned," Sept. CAVALIER.)

There have been many good items designed and made by private individuals but never accepted by our disinterested government. Seems they'd rather pay out $10,000 to beneficiaries of dead soldiers rather than invest $20 for a weapon that would save lives of at least 50 per cent of the soldiers who have a Randall knife.

Walt Thayer
Chelan, Wash.

SOUTHERNER SPEAKS

In your Sept. issue under "Thrust and Parry" it seems that there is one northern reader anxious to follow in the footsteps of a fore-parent and die for integration if necessary to do so. Unless the gentleman is a descendent of one John Brown, apparently the reference is made to the War between the States. I believe that if he would delve a little more into the history of this war, he would find that President Lincoln never expressed himself on the matter of integration. Neither did our respected opposing general, Mr. Grant.

Having made many loyal northern friends during World War II in which I fought side by side with grandsons and great-grandsons of those who opposed my grandfathers and uncles at Antietam, Gettysburg and Richmond, I know that this reader is not representative of the northern people of the United States when he suggests a resort to violence to settle racial problems. He should also recall that since that great conflict southerners and northerners have fought side by side in four great wars and several punitive expeditions with honor.

C. O. Gobbel
West Columbia, S.C.

KING ALEX

I decided in favor of Alexander King after reading Charles Samuels' terrific profile in the Aug. CAVALIER ("Alexander King: He Kids Us Not.") Alex dupes but is never dull. His vocabulary is ripe and his anecdotes are wild, woolly and warm!

He's wise enough not to snap at the hands that hold up his books and sell them to a jaded public, and he does cut down a few of the sainted regulars on the Paar show. Shelley Berman got several smart slaps; he's been goading George Jessel in reference to his sticky, sentimental poetry for months, and Paar's favorite, Elsa Maxwell, has taken it more than once on all of her chins.

Anyhow, it was a great article.

Mrs. D.J.S.
Gary, Ind.

WANTS ARMISTICE DECLARED

I was disappointed in CAVALIER because all the articles seem to be in the same vein, old war stories or even drier subjects. Hunting, fishing, outdoor topics are much more refreshing and you need these for respite from what you provide. Profiles are fine, but they should cover respectable persons.

Jerry L. Searles
St. Paul, Minn.

HE DOESN'T

Your stories, the excellent illustrations and cartoons are all top drawer. I think you've tapped a literary bonanza with your stories on World War II, War Birds and fighting men. . . .

Mervin J. Walley
Middletown, N.J.

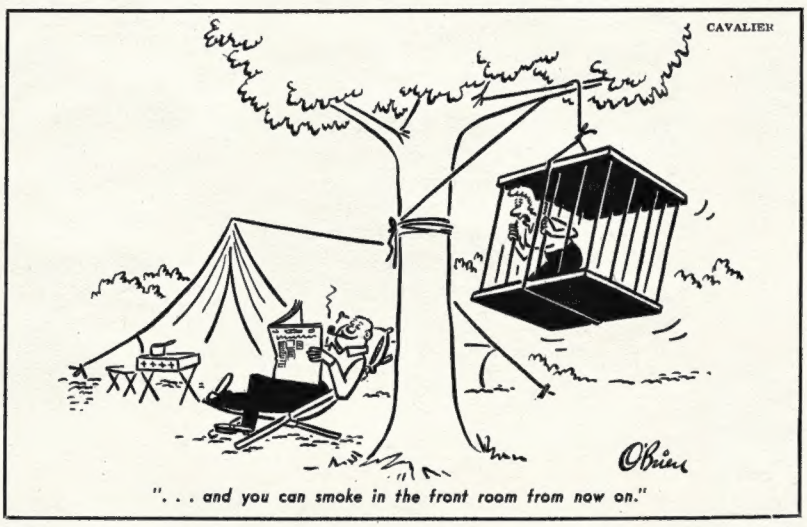
A SOLDIER OBJECTS

After reading your story (September), "How We Hanged 43 American G.I.'s" in which there were 39 of them Negroes—just like it is always, the American public always gets the story when Negroes do wrong—I would like to know where in the hell are the stories about the Negroes when they do something good for the country? Also I would like to know why, when they do print the stories where the Negro does right, he is never classified as a Negro but as an American. Since you are going to classify us as Negroes when we are wrong, how about it when we do something good.

There are stories where Negro G.I.s did a lot of good things in ETO under pressure. Pressure from his own countrymen when they told Europeans that Negroes were monkeys without tails, etc. Also they did good things from D Day to end of war. A lot of black men went to hell and back, yet not one word was written. As God is my judge, you know that too. In fact, it's in the records in D.C. that from the French and Indian War to this present time the Black has been fighting for this country. It would take a book for me to give you a list of the black men who have died for this country. Yet not one word was written in his honor. Yet let a few of us mess up, and it is known from coast to coast.

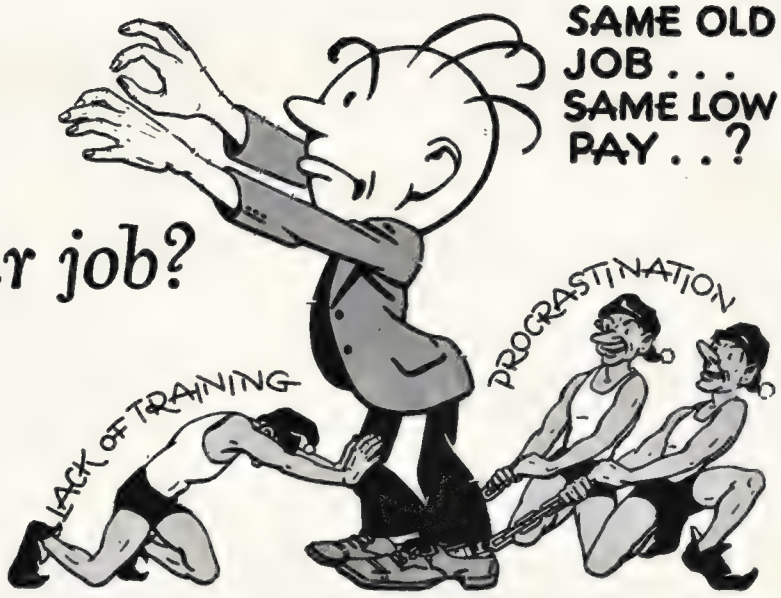
The reason I am angry is because there is no mention of any other nationality doing wrong but us. You see I am a Negro who served in ETO. I did not do anything but my job. But there were my other brothers who did their job beyond the service of duty. Yet not one word was written in their favor.

George H. Johnson, Jr.
Seattle, Wash.



". . . and you can smoke in the front room from now on."

Are You "STANDING STILL" *on your job?*



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I Was Castro's Killer

When American Herman Marks broke out of Cuba and his job as Castro's "executioner" a few months back, the press threw the book at him. Here for the first time is his side of the story—why he joined Castro, how he ran the firing squads, and how he escaped with a beautiful correspondent

By Herman Marks
as told to Allen Forbes
Illustrated by Frank McCarthy

● "How does it feel to kill a man who is groveling in the dirt at your feet begging for his life?" "How many of them were alive and wriggling when you gave them the coup de grace?" "Do you feel remorse for what you have done, Captain Marks?"

After having given over two years of my life to a cause in which I had believed with all my heart—after two years of war, work and dedication—*these* are the questions most frequently asked of me.

A small part of the role I played in the Cuban revolution was that of executioner in Havana's La Cabana fortress following Fidel Castro's overthrow of the Batista blood regime.

People in general and newsmen in particular (I suppose because they cater to the lowest instincts of the public) are most interested in the sordid aspects of any story. I found this especially true in my case. But there is much more to my story than ever saw print.

My story is not of one man, but of hundreds of men—that of their

Please turn to page 12

I Was Castro's Killer

Continued from page 10

idealism, their fighting and suffering, their victory . . . and of their ultimate betrayal by the man who inspired and led them.

Late in 1957 when I became involved in the Cuban revolution, Fidel Castro had already made his tortuous and almost ill-fated voyage from Mexico in a leaky yacht with 82 men to establish himself in the mountains of the Sierra Maestra. Only 12 survived the invasion, but it was not long before other revolutionaries came to swell the numbers of the mountain band. They came from cities, villages and farms, from all walks of life, but all with the same purpose: to throw off the yoke of dictatorship.

Had Dictator Fulgencio Batista and his cohorts been content simply to get rich, perhaps they could have remained in power. But they tried to wring the last peso, the last drop from a wealthy but sacked country. There was plenty for all of them but in their greed they pressed an already deprived people to the breaking point.

And so when Fidel Castro spoke from the mountaintops of a land of freedom and justice for all, the people listened with hope and hunger. To the *campesino* freedom and justice meant food for his family, schooling for his children, no more tribute of crops to the landowner or Government Officials.

Fidel told these people of a government which would bring schools, hospitals and cooperative stores. He told them of distribution of lands which would give each of them his own farm where his crops would not be three-quarters owned by an absentee landlord. He told them of teachers who would be sent to establish schools in the smallest villages.

To the *campesino* in the thatched-roof *bohio,* knowledge of reading and writing were magic keys to the outer world from which came money, prestige and such luxuries as shoes, medicines and even radios.

The hierarchy of the Batista dictatorship, particulary the military and the police, was rife with graft, glutted with luxury. Alcoholism and drug addiction were common afflictions of the ruling class, and ugly rumors of perversion and homosexuality ran rampant.

The revolutionary movement at this time was taking hold and becoming a threat to the status quo. At first oppositionists were simply arrested and imprisoned. Then it was discovered that they could be a source of diversion for fat, bored officials.

There were many *batistianos* who indulged in the sport of rebel-baiting. Many of them I executed. Many others escaped and are now living under the protection of the United States enjoying all the luxuries their stolen millions can buy. One of the most vicious and sadistic was Havana's Police Commissioner Ventura, who fled the country with Batista.

Members of Fidel Castro's 26th of July Movement captured in Havana were taken to the 5th District Police Station, to its ancient basement dungeons which date back to the time of Spanish rule.

There Commissioner Ventura would personally supervise "questioning" of suspected rebels. If the suspect did not or could not divulge information concerning other revolutionaries, he was subjected to unmerciful beatings and unspeakable tortures. Many of the victims died; those who did not were usually crippled for life.

When the rebel troops finally marched into Havana, in the prisons and La Cabana fortress they unearthed instruments of torture which would challenge the imagination of the Spanish Inquisitionists. There was the "fire seat"—a small cast-iron chair with a perforated seat. The nude victim was lashed into the chair beneath which a fire was built to gradually raise the metal seat to the temperature of a frying pan, searing the flesh and frying the genitals of the victim. Rubber hoses and whips were also often used.

The most delicate instruments were those provided for the pulling of fingernails, crushing of fingers, and poking out of eyes. There were electrical contraptions, such as automobile batteries equipped with fine wire which were inserted in the victims' ears to give a shock of excruciating pain. At a higher intensity the shock would drive a man permanently insane.

Such tortures were not reserved for men. Many women and girls working in the movement were apprehended during the years of resistance. For them it was better to be killed on the spot, as were the two 26th of July workers who were machine-gunned down in the door of the Havana apartment where they had been housing revolutionaries.

Though at the time these atrocities were never reported by the international news agencies, they were well-known to those in sympathy with the revolutionary movement, not only in Cuba but in the United States as well. Even Milwaukee, which was my home, had its 26th of July group. I lent a sympathetic ear to my Cuban friends but did not actively engage in their cause.

In the fall of 1957, I was working on a shrimp boat out of Key West, Florida, where there had been an influx of Cuban refugees. Among them I found friends whom I had known in Cuba during my sailing days which dated back to the early years of World War II.

The more I talked with exiles, the more personally involved I became. The sincerity and dedication of those young people to the ideals of democracy influenced many an American to give financial aid and some to take more drastic steps.

In my case, it was the murder of a Cuban friend which led to my active entry into the revolution. When news reached me of Perez' death shortly before Christmas of 1957, I quit the shrimp boat and took a plane for Havana determined to join Fidel Castro and his rebel force in the mountains of Oriente Province. I carried with me an O.D. fatigue uniform and paratrooper boots purchased from army surplus and a Colt .45 service automatic.

I had left Key West spontaneously, not making regular movement contacts. Consequently, for nearly two weeks I tried in vain to make contact with the revolutionaries. Making no progress in Havana, I decided to go to Oriente and make contact there. I boarded a bus for the 20-odd hour trip to Santiago de Cuba, capital of Oriente and a gateway to the Sierra Maestra.

Early next morning, I awakened to find the conductor tugging my shirt down to cover the exposed pistol butt at

my waist. He put a finger to his lips and moved to the front of the bus. We pulled up to a military inspection point.

Everyone was ordered off the bus. The conductor motioned that I was to get off last and indicated to the investigating officer that I was an American tourist. This distinction gave me a place on the sideline while all other passengers and luggage were searched at the roadside.

In Santiago I had no more luck than in Havana. This was one of the nerve centers of revolutionary activity and, understandably, those involved exercised extreme caution. Batista was not above hiring foreigners to spy for him. His agents had even tried to buy foreign correspondents who might be planning to interview Fidel Castro in his mountain stronghold.

After three days I gave up and traveled west along the northern perimeter of the Sierra Maestra mountains to Manzanillo.

I remembered from talks with Cuban exiles that Manzanillo, a coastal town at the foothills of the mountains, was the closest point to Castro's headquarters at Pico Torquino. The closest it was but its approach to the rebel camp was the most difficultly traversed route because of the concentration of army patrols.

Fortunately, in Manzanillo I encountered two youths who had just decided to take to the mountains. Also fortunately, one of them spoke a little English. I had at this time about 10 words in Spanish—half of them printable. After three days of dodging secret police, the three of us were able to leave the town together. We traveled on foot by night over paths and trails which occasionally gave us a moon-lit glimpse of army patrols on the dirt road which led into rebel territory.

In the early morning hours we reached the first rebel outpost. My two friends explained our mission and after lengthy discussion in Spanish told me they must go to another camp but I was to remain with the bearded, rough-looking bunch which stood around regarding me with curiosity.

The camp was inhabited by 40 select riflemen who comprised the definitive line between "Cuba Libre" and Batista-controlled Cuba.

Surprisingly, one of the ragged band addressed me in perfect English. After thorough interrogation, I was sent to sleep in a hammock. The previous night's climb had been exhausting and I slept soundly.

I awoke to the tantalizing scent of frying beef. A cow had been "liberated" from Batista-held territory a few hours before. A pile of steaks stood beside the chef who presided over the campfire in hairy splendor—black curly beard and shoulder-length locks.

During the course of the meal, I realized I had been accepted. The questioning had been replaced by a warm, friendly attitude. Final proof came in the return of my pistol and the breaking out of two bottles of rum.

Please turn page

Reporter Jean Secon, though under surveillance by Castro's men, joined Marks in sea escape.

Ex-soldier, sailor, executioner Herman Marks would like to close Cuban chapter of his life. But wherever he goes Cubans track him.

I Was Castro's Killer

Continued from preceding page

The next afternoon I was conducted to the higher camp of Commandante "Che" Guevara in Mercedes. The boys of my escort scrambled up the slopes like mountain goats and laughed at my frequent stops for breath, telling me if I couldn't run faster Batista would get me.

I was immediately accepted in Che's camp even though conversation was primarily limited to pantomime. In the days of waiting for Guevara to return from an inspection tour of other camps, I busied myself with the repair of pistols, rifles and machineguns, all of which were in an appalling state of repair.

When we arrived, three boys were fumbling with a .30 caliber machine gun trying to take it apart. I sat down and showed them how to disassemble and clean the weapon. As I worked, a small crowd gathered around us. When I had finished, I was surrounded by rebel soldiers holding rusted and broken weapons out to me with unspoken appeals for help.

For days they came to me—sometimes half a day's journey from other camps—with the strangest assortment of weapons I have seen anywhere. There were Springfields, Brownings, Craigs, every type of foreign weapon, sporting arms and even 45-90 rifles dating from early American frontier days.

For more than a week I labored over instruments which no soldier of any recognized army would touch but which each individual owner fondled with love. There were approximately 800 men in the mountain force at that time and little more than 200 arms.

The third day of my stay here, we had visitors. Three lovely young girls, escorted by a young man, arrived in a beat-up, dust-covered jeep. The girls moved slowly being helped from the vehicle as though invalids.

Out of curiosity, I followed them into the GHQ shack, where each girl pulled up her full skirt and with great relief pulled down a pair of pantaloons which hit the floor with a resounding thud.

The boys grabbed them up and shook them upside down (the bloomers, not the girls). Shells of every caliber spilled out of concealed pockets until nearly 150 pounds of ammunition was heaped on the table.

The girls stayed for the evening meal—during which I, along with the others, regarded them more in admiration than desire. But then I had been in the mountains less than a week.

Before the quartet left, I had given them all the money I had—$400—for the purchase of ammunition.

Finally, Che Guevara came into camp. He was a *commandante* (equivalent of major) which was and is the highest rank held by any Cuban officer of the revolutionary army. After Fidel Castro, he was the highest rebel authority in the Sierra Maestra. (Guevara now holds one of the most powerful positions in Cuba as director of the National Bank.) He also happens to be another foreigner—an Argentinian.

Guevara enlisted my services in combat for two months, during which time I won my lieutenant's bars. Then without explanation, he ordered me to one of the highest points of the rebel stronghold, Minas del Frios, to create a military school. Volunteers had begun to stream up to the mountains, and some one had to train them.

I was given 200 raw recruits—men who were not only untrained in warfare but who could not even read or write. These I was to turn into fighting troops in a minimum amount of time. To add to my difficulties, we were constantly harassed by air force bombing and strafing raids.

This was April of 1958 and the Batista onslaught was at its height. Batista had recognized Castro as a legitimate threat to his security, and the Cuban Army was mobilized in dead seriousness. Rebels were dying faster than they could be replaced. Only two weeks after I reached Minas, Che began sending daily requisitions for trained men. It was an impossible situation.

We worked day and night to erect a camp, provide ourselves with bomb shelters and at the same time conduct training at an inhuman pace. I found it necessary to literally beat the men to keep them on their feet and working. They slept only a few hours a night and subsisted on a daily ladleful of black beans. There were times when we went 4 and 5 days without a grain of rice because the camp was encircled and supplies could not get through.

The men who survived that training camp were the toughest fighting men ever produced in Cuba. About 60 per cent of the Minas graduates became officers and six rose to hold the rank of *commandante*.

In May the all-out Army push was on to clean us out of the hills once and for all. Army troops swarmed up the mountains, spilling blood freely over the green hillsides. Though we held the advantageous positions, Army numbers, equipment and air support forced us foot by foot into the higher reaches of the verdant peaks. They pushed us out of Mercedes, Las Vegas and San Rafael.

Eventually I was forced to vacate some 300 recruits from Minas. Having armed and sent the best recruits to lower camps to help hold our receding lines, when the army break-through came at Minas there were only two pistols and three rifles in the entire camp. With these, three men and myself fought rear guard action while the recruits moved out and up the mountainside under heavy bombing.

The Army did not advance easily. They paid heavily for each gain and often were forced to retreat until they could reinforce their position and push on. As the Army casualty rate soared, its morale plummeted. Despite their tremendous advantage in numbers, unlimited supplies and air support, the soldiers would become completely demoralized by rebel commando tactics. They never knew when, where nor how we might attack. The soldiers began seeing *barbudos*—or bearded ones—behind every rock.

The more superstitious of the soldiers called us *brujos*—practitioners of witchcraft or devils. At times we must have appeared to be, slipping up on a camp

in the dead of night, tossing gasoline bombs in their midst, then racing through whooping and screaming like banshees, shooting up everything in sight. Unarmed men with machetes and knives would follow in the wake of the riflemen slashing and chopping as they ran, stopping only to pick up what weapons they could and any of our own dead or wounded. We would be in and out of the camp before they knew what hit them, leaving behind pandemonium.

In this crazy unequal war, inventiveness was not a quality for commendation, it was a necessity for survival. We never had sufficient ammunition to throw at the enemy. When an unexploded bomb fell into our camp, the detonator was removed and its powder and steel packed into evaporated milk cans for home-made grenades, mines and rifle grenades.

We never employed any recognizable military tactics. We would hit and run to capture arms and disappear in the brush. Patrol groups and supply units were our special prey because they had the guns, food and medical supplies we so desperately needed. Near-suicide risks were taken for the capture of arms which would enable empty-handed rebels to fight.

Sometimes we would allow an Army vanguard to pass unmolested through our lines. When the main column approached a hail of bullets would pour into their midst from the surrounding brush, sending them scrambling in terror. As they ran for cover, they tripped and fell into mines which would blow them into the tree tops. As they retreated to organize for a stand, we moved in grabbing whatever arms were left behind and melted back into the jungle growth.

When fuel ran out on escape boat, Marks rigged an impromptu sail. Among unwitting passengers aboard was 13-year-old boy at left.

It was rare that we could stand and fight with the Army because our attacks were carried out with 10- and 20-man, squads. These small rebel bands would often attack a complete battalion.

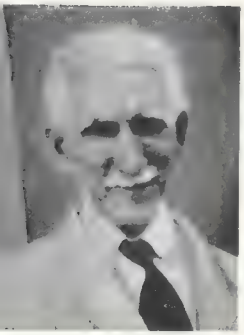
During the months of heavy fighting I did not see Fidel often or for very long periods. Castro was not himself a combat man but he was the guiding spirit behind the fighting men. From his uppermost camp in La Plata, he directed and coordinated the rebel forces. His command-post was always kept out of range of enemy fire so that the only harassment was that of enemy planes.

The stories of Castro's phenomenal physical endurance are not exaggerated. In the Sierra Maestra, he slept an average of three hours a day. Nor are his renowned powers of oratory overrated. He could talk ceaselessly, for hours at a time, to the men about the ideals of the revolution they were fighting. With talk alone he could put more fight into men who had reached the limits of endurance from fatigue, hunger and wounds. He inspired men to do the impossible.

One of the strongest remembrances I have of Fidel is that of his striding back and forth in the firelight, a big cigar stuck in his face, has hands clasped behind his back, talking, talking, explaining to the men in simple language their *guajiro* minds could grasp the principles of the revolution they were waging and what would be accomplished when victory had been attained.

The law of the Sierra Maestra was hard, harder than any other I have known. Theft, rape, desertion or treason were punishable by death. Courts staffed by qualified lawyers and judges provided impartial [*Continued on page* 64]

"I am the Luckiest Man Alive"



Joseph Bonnet-Durival

We found this man living in obscurity on the island of Martinique. His story is a rare find—for it is the ONLY EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT of one of the three worst disasters in history

By Joseph Bonnet-Durival

as told to

Les Kane

● ST. PIERRE, Martinique—At quarter to eight the morning of May 8, 1902, I reached the top of a small hill directly south of St. Pierre, the major city on the island of Martinique. The climb had not been long, but I stopped for a moment to look behind me. Below, St. Pierre stretched two miles along the shore of the French island, one of the Windward Group arcing south of Puerto Rico with the Atlantic Ocean to the east and the Caribbean Sea to the west. Eighteen ships lay at anchor in the harbor and the bright sun sparkled on the waves beyond the port area.

Ordinarily St. Pierre, too, would have been bright and shining. A lovely city of red and yellow houses, bright tropical vegetation and gay costumes, it was considered the Paris of the Caribbean, as the wealthy sugar families had built it to be. It had the culture of a junior Paris—and the vice. Women of mixed blood were available for nearly the asking, and good strong rum was the standard business of the evenings.

But on this morning St. Pierre was not so charming. For nearly two weeks Mount Pelée, six miles to the north, had been behaving strangely. A nearly

Please turn to page 18

Illustrated by Frank McCarthy

The noise of the fiery cloud was deafening as I watched frantic people falling over one another on the beach.

"I am the Luckiest Man Alive"

Continued from page 16

constant fall of white ash had covered the streets and buildings, giving them a grayish, ghostly look, and by this time the city looked as if it were deep in snow. The buildings were white, the trees were white, even the children playing in the streets were covered with white. Most of the merchants had shuttered their stores.

The worst of it was that St. Pierre was a city without glass. The climate of Martinique is so wonderful that there is no need to close windows. As a result the white ash had filtered into the houses, forming a powdery dust on the floors and the furniture. The householders had attempted to keep it out by hanging cloth over the windows, but even so the fine powder drifted in.

I stood for a moment, looking down. I had come up out of the city to visit relatives two or three miles south of St. Pierre. I should have moved on. Yet something held me, and I gazed down at the houses. Thirty thousand people were getting up and eating breakfast. Thirty thousand people were discussing commonplace matters—the party of the night before, or the work of the day ahead of them, or perhaps wondering when Mount Pelée would stop showering them with the dismal white ash. My two brothers were among the 30,000 people doing what they always did on a Thursday morning. And why should there be any change?

I raised my eyes toward Mount Pelée, hoping for some sign that the internal activity of the mountain had slowed. But there was nothing especial to see. I glanced down at my watch; ten minutes to eight. I turned to go on my way and then glanced over my shoulder. Suddenly a puff of brown smoke appeared from the side of the mountain. It lasted perhaps three seconds. Uneasily, I waited. With astonishing suddenness a great, black cloud tinged with red at the edges rose up out of the mountain and spread upward and outward at terrifying speed. It was heading directly toward me, across the heart of St. Pierre.

I went into the city to find my brothers' bodies. The stench was terrible and all I could find were charred remains burned beyond recognition.

It's a funny thing. In any large group of people there is a certain inertia which makes them put up with all kinds of unpleasantnesses rather than move to another place. We had known for nearly a month and a half that something was up on Mount Pelée. And yet few people did anything except reassure each other that everything was all right.

Mount Pelée stands some 4,500 feet high about six miles due north of St. Pierre. Like most of the island of Martinique, the mountain was thick with lush semi-tropical vegetation. Mangoes and palms grew wild and the brilliant hibiscus was everywhere. Two or three rivers coursed down its slopes into the sea to the southwest. At the summit there was a clearing and chapel near which we often picnicked. It was a lovely spot, with a view of both the Atlantic and the Caribbean. On the south slope of the mountain, about 1,000 feet down, was a muddy bowl about 330 yards across called *Etang Sec* [Dry Pond] to which no one paid much attention. We might well have been better advised.

In any case, on March 23 a local resident named Louis des Grotte noticed vapor rising from the ground in Etang Sec. He did not report it, merely making a note in his diary. As the days grew into April, a faint smell of sulphur descended on the city. It was obvious that it was coming from Mount Pelée, but still, nobody bothered to do anything. Nor did it seem to be worth more than casual comment when, on April 23, a few

small bits of cinders fell on the city. What was a little ash? Nothing to be alarmed about, certainly.

But two days later Mount Pelée brought itself more definitely to our attention. About the middle of the morning we noticed smoke coming out of the summit. Then abruptly the mountain flung a great mass of boulders into the air. Arching up 1,000 feet above the mountain top, they flew out over the mountainside, hanging in the air for 15 seconds before falling into the jungle below.

A day later we went up the mountain to investigate. Etang Sec was now full of water. Beside it a small hill 30 feet high was growing, like a festering sore on the face of the mountain. From this hill water streamed off in torrents into Etang Sec, and thick clouds of sulphurous smoke hung in a noisome pall around us. From somewhere beneath the surface came loud, boiling noises, heavy and continuous. We felt uneasy. Plainly, something was going on which no longer could be ignored. And yet what was it? Since the city did not appear to be in danger, we dropped the matter.

But on the morning of May 1, we awoke to the first ash storm. As the white powder settled over the city, I remember being surprised by the ghostlike look given to the palms and the ravenala and rubber trees in the city's famous botanical garden. By the next day, the white stuff was thick all around us. But worse than ashes were the noxious sulphur fumes Pelée was sending over the city. People began walking around with wet handkerchiefs to their noses; horses halted continually to snort their nostrils clear. Finally talk of evacuation began.

It increased on the two following days. By now the fumes had grown so bad that some livestock was dying. Birds collapsed in mid-flight and fell choking and squawking to the ground. Their bodies were everywhere; in streets, on rooftops, in alleyways. Out in the harbor bodies of gulls floated on the water by the hundreds. And on May 4, Pelée trembled again, belching clouds of ashes which turned day to night. Water was flowing off the mountainside like fluid from a giant blister. The swollen rivers swept wildly through the forests, jumping their banks here and there. The River Blanche was shoving along 50-ton boulders which had been vomited up out of the mountain.

Up to this point we had been alarmed, but not frightened. Although some of the merchants had shut up shop waiting for the mountain to quiet, it had been, for the most part, business as usual. But precisely at midnight May 5, the wall of bowl-like Etang Sec split open. With an enormous roar, thousands of tons of mud raced down the mountain along the track of the already swollen River Seche.

Boiling and seething, in places 150 feet deep, the mud ripped down the slope. Traveling a mile a minute, it tore out huge trees and crushed a path through the forest. In three minutes flat the flood of mud poured off the mountainside and rolled through the sugar cane plant at Usine Geurin, a mile north of the city proper. It ripped the plant to shreds, leaving only one chimney standing. Thirty people asleep in the establishment never knew what happened. They simply were carried out to sea and buried alive at the bottom of the ocean under thousands of tons of poisonous slime.

When this brutal torrent of mud hit the beach, it drove the sea back 200 feet. The flood tide then smashed back up through the lower streets of the city. Shop girls living in the section poured half dressed into the streets. When I got down there a half an hour later, some of them were still rushing about in search of shelter, carrying under their arms the corsets and parrots' cages they had chosen to save from the sea waters. But then the sea fell back. The incident was over.

Oddly enough, the torrential avalanche of mud tended to put people's minds at ease. Mount Pelée had exploded, so the thinking went. Now the pressure was off, and the storm inside the mountain would subside. Nonetheless, the city fathers established a commission to look into the matter.

The commission reported that because of the formation of the ridges and valleys of the mountain, St. Pierre was in no danger. The local paper, the *Colonies*, derided those lily-livered enough to leave, and a certain calmness came over the city of St. Pierre. The ash-fall, to be sure, was thick and continued to settle on the city. And the noxious gas was filling the streets with dead animals—the corpses of birds, insects, cats and even horses lay covered with the fine white powder.

In the harbor, the situation was just as bad. The rush of mud had carried a mass of debris into the water. The 18 ships at anchor kept watches posted to ward off floating objects. Bodies of dead gulls floated by the hundreds. Sometimes men in small boats had to push them aside as they rowed to shore.

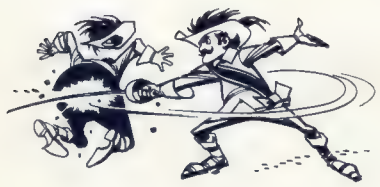
But despite this, May 6 was relatively calm; so was the first part of May 7. But towards evening, the heavy rumbling started up again. The mountain began casting rocks into the sky and the ashfall thickened. The heat grew stifling and lightning began to flash around the peak. Then, after awhile, the explosion abated, and I went to bed.

I woke up once at 4 o'clock, swamped with sweat from head to foot. From the mountain there came a terrible grumbling sound, but I had grown used to the noise and, despite the stifling heat and the thick sulphur stench, I went back to sleep.

I got up at 7 o'clock as I had planned an early visit to relatives in the country. The sweat continued to pour off me, but there was nothing I could do about it. My clothes were grimy from the powdery ashes. I had breakfast quickly, and then I headed south out of town. The streets were hard going because of the ashes, which in places were a foot and a half deep. I made my way past shuttered stores, the thick ashes muffling the sound of what traffic there was. Finally I was out of town, standing on top of the hill looking north.

And there I stood, horror struck, unable to move as I watched that frightful cloud boil down the mountain toward the city. The black cloud, glowing redly at the front, was moving at fantastic speed, well over 100 miles an hour we figured later. The roar of its approach was deafening. A thousand feet above it, a wild barrage of lightning snapped back and forth in continuous rapid fire.

A minute passed as in frantic helplessness I watched the cloud come. I wanted to scream out to those 30,000 people in the city who even then did not know what was about to hit them. But I couldn't utter a sound, and in any case, the noise of the charging cloud was deafening. Another minute passed; still the fiery cloud rolled on at that terrific speed over the cane fields and lush jungles north of the city. And then the cloud struck St. Pierre! It had taken it just three minutes [*Continued on page* 78]



The Flat

These guys (and gals) get a whack on the backside from

To Dave Garroway

● Bad news, folks!

It seems that the nation is sadly lacking in soul resources. At least that's the opinion of bleat and blather expert Dave Garroway, who's been sounding off in various places about the lamentable moral slump of the times. It's a cause for caterwauling, apparently, because the grave one has joined his fellow "sobber" Jack Paar in lachrymose lament about the restriction of freedom to blubber-and-blab indiscriminately about anything that pops into their heads, over the TV ether. Their NBC network, this past year, has become a veritable wailing board for these monumental cry-babies and their preoccupation with punditizing and telling us all how to behave—though we don't know what qualifies them for such a posture. We do know that if the tears continue, NBC will be known as the Wet Network.

The morning mourner (Garroway) has plugged in his *Today* show to the weeping wall and the blubbering that echoes throughout tube-land America has given everybody, including the handkerchief manufacturers, the weeping willies. If Dreary Dave has gone over his personal quota of salt-shedding for the season, it's because his "good and dear" friend that double-talker, Charles Van Doren, got the boot from the network that spawned all this silliness to begin with. Ol' Owl-eye put on an exhibition the day after the Van Doren dismissal that would have put Mossadegh the Weeper to shame. The show was pretaped.

Tape can be cut. It wasn't. Most of the people watching *Today* wouldn't know this. So they wouldn't know that this weep act was not an on-the-spot extemporaneous thing—a sincere reaction.

This was a pretty sloppy bit of business. To make it worse, if that was possible, Garroway then started yapping all over the park to anyone who'd listen—and when you have a TV show with a big audience, many other people will listen—how freedom of speech in America had degenerated.

That lugubrious Dave suffered untold misery at the purge of his "colleague" was more evident than just tear drops. Even his pall-bearing "yes-boys," Jack Lescoulie and Frank Blair, displayed grievous expressions and moaned appropriately as the requiem was carried out. He obviously hasn't recovered from his mourning yet. How else could you explain the wallowing and public soul-searching he's been carrying on in the journals and his "glorified" news show.

In the June 7 issue of *Look,* Garroway came out with an impassioned plea for more freedom of squawk. In it, he belabored the point that we're all a bunch of spineless creatures who are waiting for somebody to make up an opinion for us. Garroway is now the grand pontificator. All of a sudden he's become the pundit, taken nowadays to pounding the pulpit in *McCall's, Look,* and anywhere else he can get an audience. Sermonizing on a spectrum of issues—most of them inconsequential—his own rehashing of "dead albatrosses" long since descended and picked over, Garroway deigns to comment on "this great tragedy" months after the thing has been fully aired. Or he'll pick, snidely, with his opaque sense of humor at arrant trivia, such as the college in Michigan that implements fishing courses in its curriculum. "When you get three credits for casting on shady streams, why bother with other classroom nonsense? . . ." Or he'll lash out with the fervor of a temperance worker at alcoholism, which he thinks is "unfunny as mental disease or cancer. It ultimately destroys lives, physically and morally." Now isn't *that* a profound statement! But then he was never one to overlook the obvious . . .

He's a master at *non sequitur,* also. "We're the great status quo nation," sez he in the *Look* article, "We're letting (the) freedom of speech go by default. The habit we have of not speaking up is becoming increasingly more difficult to break. Remember it's the habit of not exercising freedom that makes a people easy prey for dictators."

Well, ol' Dave sure ain't wasting *his* freedom. He's the perfect example of how *anybody* can get paid for talking. All you need to be taken seriously, apparently, is the baleful glance of a wall-eyed pike and a gimmick like punctuating your comments by raising your hand and droning "peace." But where does he come by his great authoritative sageness? There are uncounted numbers of people who could match his dubious talent of spouting anything that comes into the head, but how many of them have access to an electronic soapbox, like Garroway? If we want to be "lectured" we can go to church.

The point is, whatever happened to entertainment? Garroway and the others of his ilk, the heavy-handed "editorial" sheep-herders on television (Garroway would have all of us become libertarian "sheep," just for the sake of "bleating") do little performing anyway. Their task is to glibly *introduce* talent. Instead their glibness is used for "preachment." And that's about all it amounts to with their silly spoutings . . . sheer glibness with little or no qualifications, or portfolio, to make meaningful comments about the human condition. Will Rogers, as an entertainer, could do it. Garroway with his lumbering "ponderosities" never gets off the ground.

What he better do is wipe off those tear-stained "spectacles" and forget about "agonizing appraisals," before the sanitary-coat squad starts scratching their heads. ●

Of Our Blade

the flat of CAVALIER's blade because we think they deserve it. Nominees are welcome

Oct. 14, 1943

The Day Hell Reached Heaven

By Martin Caidin

Illustrated by Phil Ronfor

Suddenly, through all the slaughter and confusion, an American flier came hurtling—fighting for his last chance.

We agree with those who call this the best account of the most savage air battle in our history. But what hit us hardest was the "small picture" of how men died fighting on high. It is almost enough to make an infantryman feel lucky

● This is the story of Mission 115. On October 14, 1943, 257 B-17s roared off in the early morning fog from airfields in England. Their objective: to deal the vital ball-bearing factories of Schweinfurt, Germany, a knockout blow. In an hour the fog had lifted. The weather over Germany was perfect. During the next three and a half hours a total of 1,300 German fighters hit Mission 115 in wave after wave. It was the most savage air battle in history—and one that would have a strong effect on the future of the air war in Europe.

Martin Caidin's excellent new book, *Black Thursday* deals with the raid from the first second of preparation to the last post mortem he heard. (Airmen will argue about this fight forever.)

Our story here is the story of the fight itself. We consider it one of the best pictures of air combat ever given.

"Bogies at six o'clock climbing."

These are the first warning words that Col. Budd J.

From the book *Black Thursday*. Copyright, 1960, by Martin Caidin. By permission of E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., Publishers.

Please turn page

The Day Hell Reached Heaven

Continued from preceding page

Peaslee and the rest of the crewmen in their Fortress hear of the German fighters closing in. It is impossible to record the terrific Schweinfurt battle in complete running continuity; impossible because so many things happen at once, happen too quickly, explosively, and violently. Missing from this narrative of course, are the reports of all the crews of heavy bombers that fell to the enemy. This, from an historical standpoint, is infinitely regrettable, for theirs would be the stories to reveal in all their grim horror the terror and pain of air battle. Yet there is more than enough to tell. . . .

"Bogies!" the tail gunner cries again. "Many, all climbing on our tail. By God, I count sixty of them, some twin engine!"

Bedlam explodes through the interphone system; not only in this aircraft, of course, but in all the others to which the German fighters are drawn. Everyone in the crew sees German planes—for they are coming in from all directions, from all points of the compass, from high and from low—and tries to report. This is the moment when the initial flush of the combat about to detonate sweeps the men in its particular excitement; the words babble from their lips, and they shout out the positions of the approaching fighters.

The moment there is a lull in the shouting and Peaslee can make himself heard, he curses the crew, emphatically and with every choice bit of profanity he can jam into several seconds, for their breach of discipline. He admonishes them to keep calm, to break their silence only when necessary. Efficiency and discipline in a Fortress of the sky are indispensable to survival.

"All right, you men," Peaslee snaps. "You're all aware now that attack is imminent. Concentrate only on those fighters that come in to us. And, by God, don't waste your ammunition on fighters that are out of range! We didn't expect these people to show up this early. It's a hell of a long way yet to the target, and it's going to seem a lot longer going back home. Stay on your toes. . . ."

The Germans swoop in from the vast air space surrounding the bomber boxes. To the Luftwaffe pilots, the formations of Flying Fortresses seem to be exactly that—a giant box in the sky bristling with death from every single bomber. They know the staggered formations give the Americans an excellent defensive fire screen. They know that no matter from what direction they attack, the defending tracers will erupt toward their airplanes. They know that it is a hellish thing to ask a man to rush headlong into a great space in the sky that literally comes alive with flame, with bombers twinkling and sparkling from nose and tail and sides and belly and top with heavy machine guns. They know this, and more than one German pilot is frightened before he makes his move to attack.

Who wouldn't be? But the fighters still move in for their firing runs, and no one ever accused the German fighter pilot of being anything but a skillful, courageous, and dangerous foe.

The men in the bombers look out—it is just past 13:33 hours, and the part-way escorting Thunderbolts are on their way home now—and see the black-crossed airplanes everywhere, closing in. Now, we share these moments with Col. Peaslee:

"There are enemy fighters on both flanks and at the rear now—how many I don't know, but many. So far they have made no hostile move. We sit in dread, for we know there will be unlucky ones among us when they start their play. I happen to be looking dead ahead when the first break comes. Suddenly out in front appear flashes resembling continuous photography multiplied a hundred times. I recognize it instantly—I have seen it before. Just as quickly I make out the approaching silhouette of the fighters—and flashes are coming from their 20-mm. cannon.

"The opening play is a line plunge through center. The fighters whip through our formation, for our closing rate exceed five hundred miles per hour. Another group of flashes replaces the first, and this is repeated five times as six formations of Messerschmitt Me-109s charge us. As each group of flashes appears our nose guns break into sound and the vibration shakes the bomber. After the first wave, they are joined by guns of the top turret and the ball turret as these guns swing around to bear. The tail guns join in occasionally as the gunner takes a quick shot at the fading targets.

"The shock of the first attack is over, and I start to get scared. How the planes ever miss collision is a mystery. It depends on the enemy fighters alone, for we are unable to dodge. That is probably our salvation. If we were able to, we might possibly dodge into their paths, and the results would be sensational. There are few things more spectacular than a head-on collision of bomber and fighter.

"As soon as I get a grip on myself again, I strain to find out what has happened to our formation. It seems a miracle. As far as I can see, all are in position. I call the tail gunner. He reports the aircraft to the rear still in position, but two are smoking—one badly—and another appears to be drifting back. More damage than that has been done, I know—inside our bombers there are dead and dying. The gunner adds one bit of cheerful news—a trail of smoke far to the rear arcs away toward the ground. It is not very much to be cheerful about, of course; the sky is absolutely filled with German planes.

"I yell into the throat mike—I curse the long machine gun bursts. I condemn the crew for wasting ammunition. We have hundreds of miles to go yet—if we are among the lucky. Even as I yell, my earphones become bedlam once more.

" 'Here they come! Fighters attacking! Fighters at nine o'clock high! Fighters at four o'clock low! Fighters at six o'clock!'

"I try to look simultaneously in all directions. I can see the fighters on my side. They half-turned and are diving toward us in a continuous string, their paths marked in the bright sunlight by fire lines of light-colored smoke

as they fire short bursts. It is a coordinated attack, the finest I have ever seen. Their timing is perfect, their technique masterly.

" 'B-17 going down in flames,' the tail gunner reports. 'No parachutes yet. We have two aircraft lagging badly —back about three hundred yards.'

"The damage is beginning to show. The tail gunner continues: 'Formations of twin engines approaching seven o'clock high. They're back about six hundred yards. My gosh, they've fired rockets!'

"I look back, my face against the ice-cold side window, and barely see them as they dive away in a turn. When I face front again several great black blobs of smoke appear, and we fly through the smoke almost instantly. There is a slight jar. That was close. Fleetingly I wonder how those rockets were able to strain through our formation without hitting anyone. The whole procedure is repeated a few seconds later, and this time I see it all—the bursts are only fifty feet off our left wing. They are big—about four times as big as ordinary flak, with angry, shapeless blobs of dirty red flame in the centers. I hear them over the roar of the motors, and they sound like someone throwing a handful of heavy stones against a tin roof—*hard!*

"Now we have fighters above us, below us, and to our flanks, all attacking or climbing back into position to attack again. Their coordination, however, is gone. Momentarily I am aware of our own guns. The bursts have become short, but the sound is almost continuous as it bounces at me from the various gun positions. Our gunners are finally aiming, not using their guns like garden hoses.

"As the rocket attacks go on, the action around us continues at such a pace that I see only fragments of it from the corners of my eyes. I try to look everywhere at once to absorb reports from the gunners. For the most part they have fallen silent. There is little use in reporting fighters that are every- [*Continued on page* 50]

The plexiglass nose of this B-17 was completely shot away, but in a crazy manner it managed to get home safely.

Ronald Rioux is a craft-y man. So when he took $250 worth of surplus material, added five months of sweat and launched the result, his jealous pals wanted a . . .

"Riot Please!"

Photos by Martin Iger

● Ronald Rioux has a Riot on his hands. It all started when he spotted two surplus pontoons—wing tanks which had once been used to hold 230 gallons each of jet fuel.

"I bought them because they were such a bargain and I'm a sucker for a bargain," says Rioux. "I'd even buy the Brooklyn Bridge if anyone would sell it to me cheap enough."

Rioux, an electrical contractor who trained as an engineer, lives in a house overlooking Three Mile Harbor on the island-dotted eastern end of New York's Long Island. He is an avid fisherman. It was only natural when he tried to figure out what to do with his pontoons that his thoughts turned to boats.

With a total outlay of $250, a great deal of diligent scrounging, and five months of hard work, Rioux produced a craft which has his fellow boaters dropping their jaws and anchors.

Rioux placed his pontoons parallel at the spot where their diameter is greatest, thus obtaining maximum bouyancy. Then he mounted a 25-hp Evinrude outboard between them, at the rear of an 8 by 14 marine plywood deck.

The Riot is ideal for fishing in calm water. "You can fish eight to ten without getting your lines fouled up," says Rioux. There is provision aboard for storing and cooking food, and a collapsible awning.

Rioux claims that, by working an eight-hour day, he could duplicate the boat in three weeks. But he has other plans. It seems there are 21 steps from the water up to his home on top of the bank. He's going to build an elevator. ●

Project started when Rioux acquired surplus wing tanks, above. Although standard outboard controls are used, 25-hp motor is housed at rear center to cut down noise. Cover for wheel stand is removable. A barrel-like water shield keeps out the sea.

Sides of Rio's Riot are made of rippled fiber glass. Deck railing is of electrical conduit and has awning fittings.

Rioux takes family for joy ride. Craft can take eight or 10 fishermen comfortably, with no fouling of lines.

Bow of half-ton Riot rides higher than stern because of judicious placing of pontoons. Thus there is no plowing.

When President Eisenhower declared Horseshoe Bend, Alabama, a national park, he unwittingly turned the spotlight on an amazing man who had stayed in the shade too long. His name: William Weatherford. His feat? Well, according to the men who fought him, he was . . .

"The Most Dangerous Enemy Our Army Ever Faced"

By John Clifford Giles
Illustrated by Robert F. Mariner

● In his military dispatches during the Great Creek War of 1813, General Andrew Jackson makes frequent references to two names among the forces of his enemy—William Weatherford and Red Eagle. On these two names Jackson blamed most of the many troubles faced by his ragged and undisciplined army in violently contested Alabama Territory. A War Department aide in Washington—obviously not one of Old Hickory's admirers—made the written observation that Jackson was exaggerating: "No two men, especially savages, could so confound an army of the United States—if that army were properly generaled."

It would be interesting to know what that misinformed aide would have thought had he known that William Weatherford and Red Eagle were *one and the same person*. And

Please turn page

Weatherford saw that the girl was only half-trying and that, under Indian law, he would have to deal out his strange punishment to her in the privacy of his lodge.

"The Most Dangerous Enemy Our Army Ever Faced"

Continued from preceding page

General Jackson was definitely not exaggerating. Even today, the true facts are astonishing. Leading thousands of well-mounted, well-armed and grimly dedicated Creek warriors, Weatherford was nothing short of pure concentrated hell on horseback. In this amazing man were combined the implacable cruelty of a Genghis Khan and the keenly perceptive military genius of a Napoleon.

Most of the records of Weatherford's exploits were destroyed when the British burned Washington in 1814. He is a shadowy figure in the background of the legends of Davy Crockett and Sam Houston because many historians never discovered Weatherford and Red Eagle's identity.

He was under the corpse, breathing through a reed. Now soldiers on both banks began shooting at anything moving.

But, in July of 1956, President Eisenhower signed a bill creating Horseshoe Bend, scene of the last of Weatherford's 30 battles, a National Military Park. At long last, the vital importance of "America's Forgotten War" and the remarkable role played by William Weatherford has been officially recognized.

What the president's bill did not point out was that, if Weatherford had had his way, there would have been no Battle of Horseshoe Bend and, consequently, no Battle of New Orleans. But the battles did happen, and just why Weatherford fought them makes one of the truly intriguing stories of all time. [*Continued on page 73*]

Found:
The Lost Colors of Germany's War Birds

Lothar von Richthofen (l.) after practice flight in Heldmann's Fokker DVII.

An amazing new discovery about WW I in the air! Two buffs did years of eye-wracking research to come up with these surprising facts

By H. D. Hastings and Paul E. Parker, Jr.

● In the first months of war the first German sweep toward Paris was halted. Trench warfare replaced mobility. The cavalry became useless, but a new weapon soon proved a more than adequate replacement. This weapon was the newly invented airplane.

As with every new weapon, its development and implementation are accelerated by competition with the enemy. The airplane immediately became a scouting agent. Its role was to seek and put out the eyes of the enemy while maintaining its own keen eyesight. And this meant arming it. Thus, though tentative and sporadic at first, airfighting was born.

During the early months of WW I, Allied and German planes were covered with unpainted linen fabric making them appear "white." A white airplane is obvious in the air and on the ground, so among the many problems arising from the use of this new weapon was the urgent need for protective coloration. Both sides made efforts to render their own aircraft less visible. The Allies attempted to solve this problem in one way; the Germans pursued another course. Tracing the experiments of the Germans is of particular interest, for in their efforts to find effective camouflage, they evolved a coloring system that produced quite the opposite effect.

In 1915 German airplane fabric was printed with small dots which gave it a grayish appearance at distances. This was a step in the right direction. Other approaches to the problem were undertaken, not necessarily in this sequence:

1. Hand-painted lozenges

Fuselage and wings were painted with a combination of irregular polygons using three, four, or five colors in a helter-skelter arrangement, yielding the same impression as the camouflage used on the German artillery of that period.

2. Patch or shadow camouflage

This involved spraying or hand-painting the airplane top and side surfaces in large patches of two different colors of the terrain in the area of operation, for example: purple and light green, dark green and tan. To blend with the sky, the undersurfaces were sprayed light gray, light blue, or sometimes cream.

3. Streaked camouflage

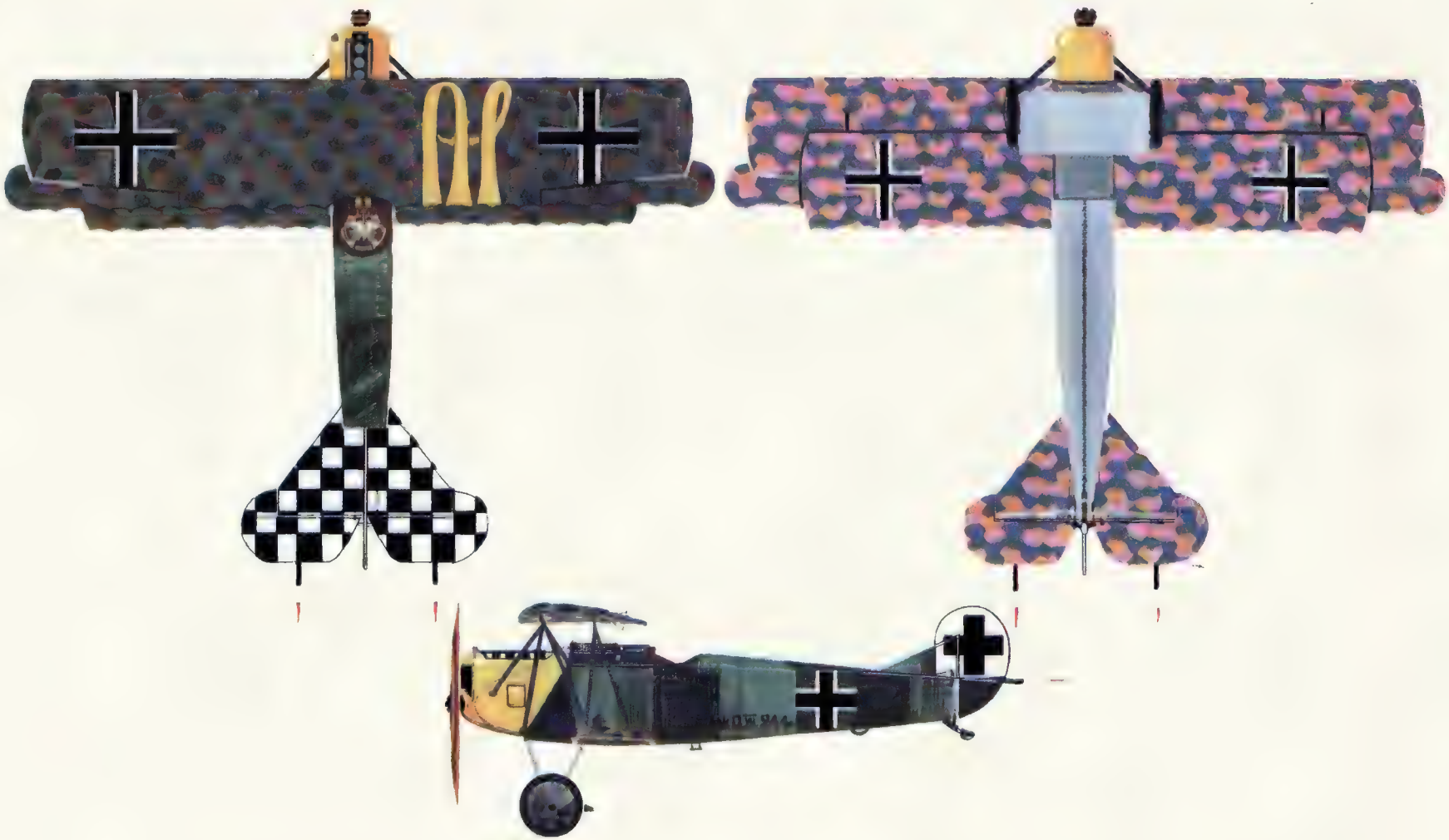
The aircraft upper and side surfaces were probably painted with a dark brown pigmented dope made by successive coats applied unevenly to produce a streaky or coarse-grained finish. Lower surfaces were again finished in light grays or light blues.

For an extended period the Germans experimented with these ideas, yet they seemed to evolve no preferred scheme.

Development of air fighting indicated to both sides the necessity of organizing flights specifically to seek and destroy enemy scouts. In August 1916 German fast single-seater formations were assembled, and the rise of the German Jagdstaffeln was at hand. As a result, the tempo of air combat was stepped up, groups of more planes than ever before being engaged at one time.

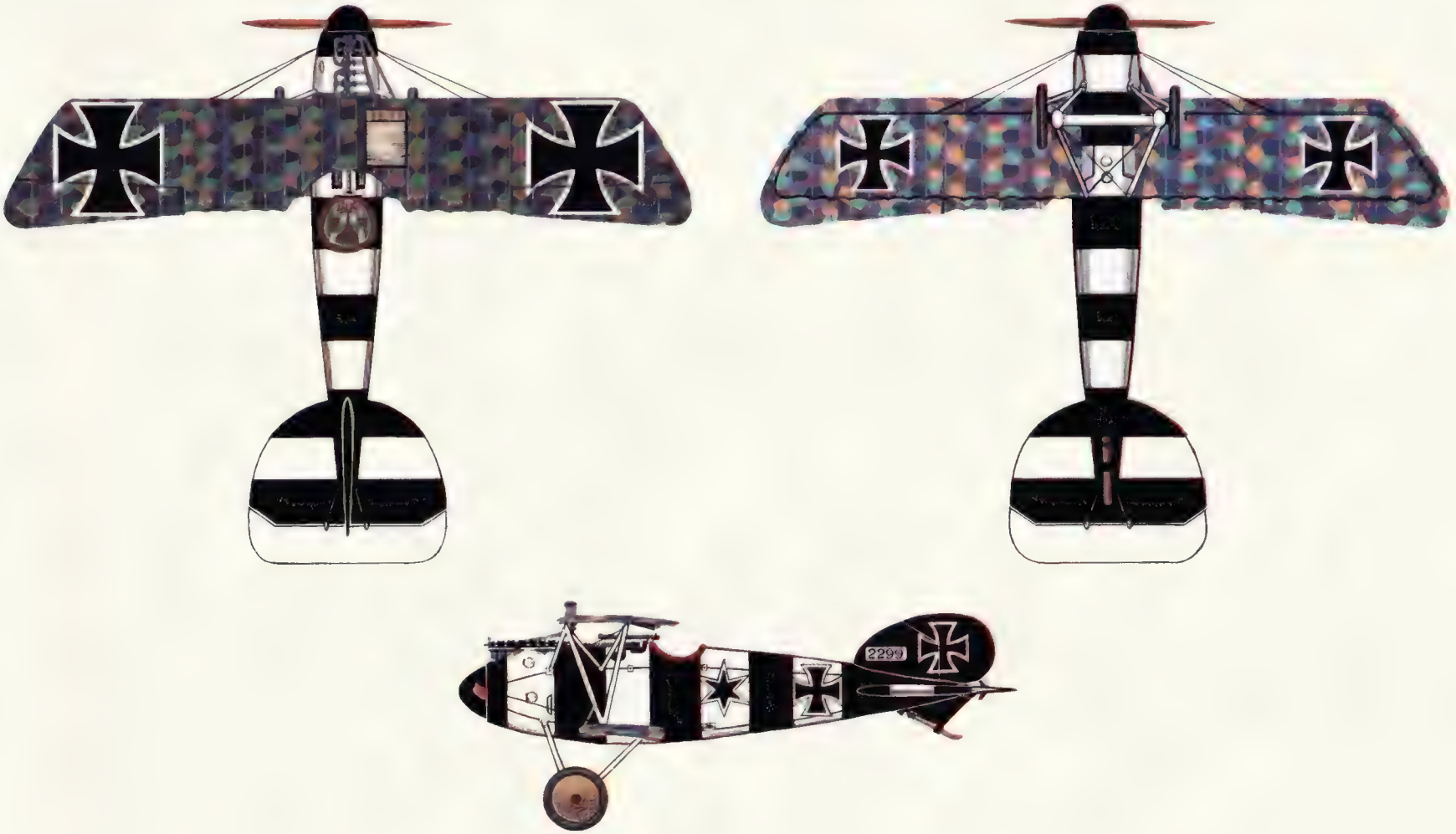
The records of this period indicate dissatisfaction with the painted patch camouflage when earth colors such as burnt sienna were used. Its strong reddish hue caused German pilots, under this

Text continued on page 37

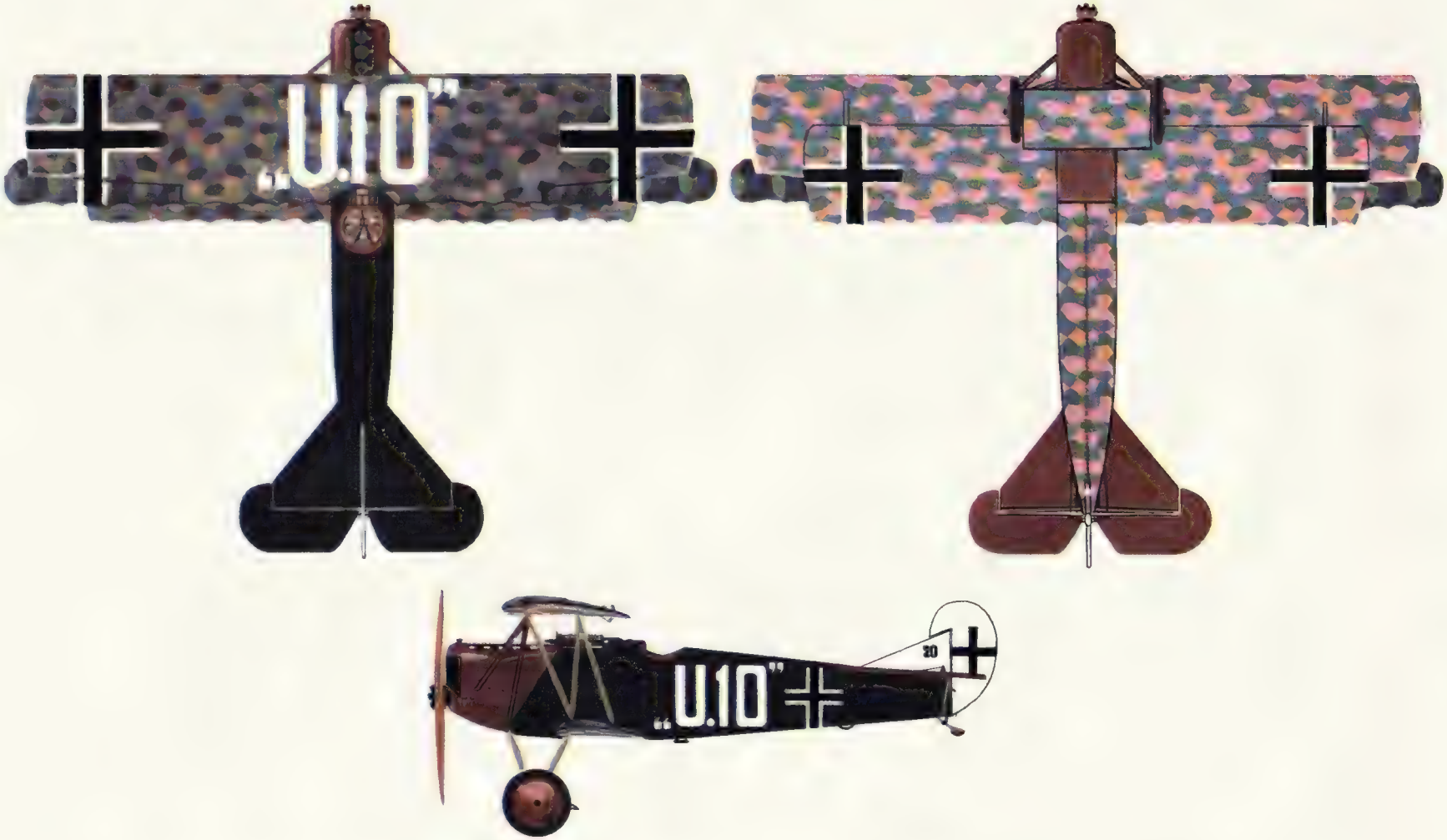


This airplane was flown by Leutnant Heldmann of Jagdstaffel 10. Herr Heldmann remembers that he used this plane from April until August 1918. At 9:45 a.m. on June 23 he flew this Fokker in combat with a French Spad. Excerpts from his application for confirmation of this victory state:

"We attacked a French squadron at 4,500 meters. My opponent attempted to escape by resorting to the ruse of diving. I followed him and forced him to land near Epaux. In landing he broke his undercarriage. Airplane serial number: S7231 Pilot's name: Could not determine. Prisoner lightly wounded. Plane carried red motor hood and blue Gallic rooster on the fuselage."



Herr Bruno Lörzer, having survived three years of air fighting, flew many planes. This Albatros DV is one of them. The black and white vertical stripes were the markings of Jagdstaffel 26 which Oberleutnant Lörzer commanded from January 18, 1917, until February 1, 1918, when he was promoted to command Jagdgeschwader II (Jastas 2, 26, 27, and 36). The lozenge pattern fabric of this plane is identified as the same pattern which covers the wings of an Albatros DVa in the Australian War Memorial Museum. We have the director, Dr. McGrath, to thank for helping us to determine the geometric pattern and coloration of this other German camouflaged fabric.



Leutnant Heinz, Freiherr von Beaulieu-Marconnay of Jagdstaffel 65, was captured in this plane by three pilots of the 95th American Squadron. Members of the 95th enjoyed taking turns flying their trophy at the war's end. Later this plane was shipped to the U.S., eventually being placed in the National Air Museum. It is now in a storage hangar awaiting restoration where it afforded the author opportunity to scrutinize the colors, markings and lozenge patterns at first hand. With the cooperation of the director, Philip S. Hopkins, and his staff, he was permitted to make an intimate study of one of the two lozenge patterns used by the Germans in World War I.

Red has been associated with Rittmeister Manfred Frhr. von Richthofen for so long that it is assumed that he flew only all-red airplanes. Because of his long tenure in the German Air Corps he used up many planes in normal combat attrition. Here is one of his machines where only the motor hood, top of upper wing, wheel-discs and tail have been overpainted the identifying red of Jasta 11. The rest of the plane shows to good advantage the standard factory camouflage coloring. We are indebted to A. J. Charge of the Imperial War Museum who arranged inspection of fabric relics of a Fokker DRI triplane, enabling us to fix its factory camouflage.

The Lost Colors of Germany's War Birds

Continued from page 32

increasing pressure, to mistake a friendly machine for an enemy because the reddish patches looked like enemy insignia. Many accidents occurred as a result. Economic considerations also entered the picture. The added weight of the camouflage paint and the time and cost to apply it worked to the disadvantage of these aspects of airplane supply.

And so the printed lozenge-pattern camouflage fabric came about. This was similar to earlier hand-painted attempts except that it was applied with printing rollers, one roller for each of five colors. Upper and side surfaces were covered with dark colors; under surfaces were covered with lighter colors, the same geometric patterns being used for both. There were two distinctly different patterns: a five-color with its characteristic system of lozenge geometry, and a four-color with its quite different geometric arrangement.

The earliest recorded mention of this type of camouflage that we have at hand was in an order to aircraft firms dated October 27, 1916, calling for a return of all unprinted fabric in order that it might be printed or exchanged for new fabric already printed in this fashion.

Confusion must have arisen in how this new printed camouflage fabric was to be applied. For, a directive sent to an individual aircraft company and dated April 12, 1917 says:

"The aircraft are covered with the colored fabric in exactly the same way as with the white fabric. Two different colors are to be used on day aircraft, light and dark, and are to be fitted as follows: the dark fabric is for all upper surfaces of aircraft as well as the fuselage sides; the light fabric is only for the lower surfaces of the wings and fuselage belly. When joining the two colors one should try to make the imprints thereon fit one another. After covering, all surfaces to be doped in the usual way and lastly to be covered with a matt top lacquer obtainable from the firm Cohn of Berlin-Neukoln. Undercarriage struts and metal cowlings on engines are to be given the same coat of paint colors as the fabric so that on the aircraft no other color is visible.

"For night aircraft the top and bottom surfaces are to be covered with the dark fabric. In cases of questions come and see me personally."

The phrase "to be doped in the usual way" must be clarified so that we may appreciate how these fairly bright camouflage colors were subdued. A technical instruction booklet given to student pilots at this time describes various parts of his airplane. In the section on wings and their rigging it says:

"The whole covering (of the wings) has been painted twice with impregnant, after each drying polished with fine sandpaper and dusted off; the third coat painted with thinner impregnant, and with the exception of the underside, the wings lacquered."

This impregnant was a pigmented dope, the pigmentation being brown, and three coats of it did indeed mask the lozenge colors.

It is not clear from the records when planes using this new preprinted camouflage reached the front. As planes camouflaged by the older methods were replaced due to attrition, some of the newer aircraft from the supply depots carried the new fabric. It is probable that for a long time there was an intermix of operational planes camouflaged in various ways.

Note that night aircraft were stipulated to be covered entirely with darker colored fabric. This also was printed fabric using the same geometric patterns, but the colors were somber, such as shades of blue and slate. Night aircraft included bombers. From the photographic evidence few bombers used the preprinted fabric. They clung to the older scheme of hand-painted polygons long after the advent of the printed fabric.

It appears that this new fabric was equally, if not more effective than the patch camouflage. If a plane were rendered more difficult for the enemy to see, it follows that friends would also have the same difficulty. Fatal accidents continued.

The Germans frowned on special color schemes, as did the British; at least they did until the emergence of Manfred von Richthofen as a leading light in the eyes of the German High Command. Richthofen, as everyone knows, was allowed to have his plane painted red, and his famous Jagdstaffel 11 used red on portions of its planes as special squadron identification. This established a precedent. Other formations eventually followed suit. In addition, pilots adopted special markings of their own to recognize one another in combat.

There were several reasons why the protagonists of the air war of 1914-1918 have been called "knights of the air" and not the least of these was the manner in which they overpainted the standard factory camouflages with these colorful schemes and pilot symbols. Their markings remind one of heraldic devices used on the arms of medieval knights. In fact some of the pilots who came from armigerous families painted on their coats-of-arms. Others used the arms of their home town or province.

Markings ran the gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous. The buxom glamor gals painted on American bombers of World War II were direct descendants of an equally buxom witch-on-a-broomstick that was painted on a 1918 Fokker. Almost everything was used for pilot markings. We have seen photographs of planes with animals, reptiles, birds, insects, celestial bodies, dragons, death-heads and other ancient and modern devices of heraldry. These devices are interesting enough in themselves, but the color combinations in which they were executed are what make them so compellingly eye-catching.

The accompanying plates [*Continued on page* 62]

"ain't
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BRINKLEY
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BRINKLEY
for
PROSPERITY
BRINKLEY

. . . bleated the bedroom black sheep whom old age had led astray. "Here here," said Doc Brinkley's offer, "Just let me get your goat and you'll be Mr. Ram-What-Am with every lamb." Before the Goat-Gland medico finished he had jacked up Hoover's vice president's blood pressure, made a mint, and had thousands cooing contentedly

● At 8 p.m. on the drought-dry night of April 1, 1930, the rural people of Kansas clamped headphones over their ears and tuned in the Milford station, KFKB—"Kansas First, Kansas Best." They were just in time.

"Now, folks, friends, and all who are weary and oppressed," they heard the announcer say, "Doctor John R. Brinkley will deliver his message to humanity, with love for all in his heart."

It was only radio, so the weary and oppressed couldn't see John Romulus Brinkley, a small, dapper man with a bobbing, bullet head, a gray goatee, and hands heavy with diamonds. But, at 1050 on their dials, they could hear his peculiarly captivating monotone.

"My dear, dear friends—my patients, my supplicants. Your many letters lie here before me, touching testimonials of your pain, your grief, and the wretchedness that is visited upon the innocent. I can reply now to a few—just a few. Others I shall answer by mail.

"But, oh my friends, you must help me—remember that your letters asking advice must be accompanied by two dollars, which barely covers the cost of postage, stenographic hire and office rent. I am your friend, but not even a great baron of Wall Street could withstand the ruinous cost of helping you unless this small fee accompanies

Please turn page

By Harold Mehling

Illustrated by Sandy Kossin

your letter. This is all I require to carry on my work."

That was John Brinkley, better known to millions of chuckling Americans in the 1920s and '30s as "Goat-Gland" Brinkley. He was the obsessed, swindling megalomaniac who offered to make old men young again by endowing them with the sex glands of billy goats at $750 a pair—$1,500 if the glands of a very young goat were used.

To this day, there is not the wispiest evidence that any animal's glands can rejuvenate a man sexually, but the search for the fountain of lost youth is desperate and dogged. Aware of this ageless truth, Brinkley operated on many a bank account. In 16 years he gave 5,000 pairs of goat glands to men from half the states in the Union, then sent them home to their impatient wives. When he finally rolled up his medical degree, which had been ground out by a diploma mill, the "goat man" had earned several million dollars and the epithet of "the greatest charlatan in medical history."

For a long while during his amazing career, Brinkley was tight-lipped about his boyhood days and probably for a good reason. He was not stupid and must have understood, in those moments of painful honesty no man can ever completely evade, that the seeds of his rascality were sown before he was old enough to whistle.

Brinkley was born in 1885, in hilly Beta, North Carolina, a money-parched town of 200 farmers fenced off from the world by the Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge. He didn't get a recognizable word past his lips until he was three, a tardiness that mortified his stern, hard-bitten mother. Candace Brinkley was determined to make the boy speak, and thrashed him by the clock.

Tuberculosis killed Candace Brinkley before young John was six and his father died when he was ten. The boy was left with an impoverished aunt and a head full of escapist daydreams. Slumped in Beta's one-room dilapidation of a grade school, he cast himself in Messianic roles.

By the time he was 16, his glory-bound mind had outgrown tobacco-picking Beta, where it was a rare man who saw $200 cash money over a year's time. He tried to escape that life by carrying the mail down the mountain to the Southern Railway station in nearby Sylva. But even Sylva bored him. So he made his way up to Baltimore, where he told the dean of Johns Hopkins Medical School that he wanted to become a doctor. The dean chatted, led the boy over a few basic educational hurdles, and found him wanting.

Leaving the grounds of Johns Hopkins, John was buttonholed by a man who operated a "private" medical school. After signing up for a pay-as-you-go correspondence course, Brinkley left for New York with an armful of herb-doctor books that prescribed sassafras tea to cool the blood.

Now he could hardly wait to hang out his shingle. Back in Sylva, a railroad agent had taught him how to handle a telegraph key. In New York, he spent impatient days tapping out Western Union telegrams and perplexed nights mastering his book learning. Four years later, he was told by several doctors that herb medicine was on the way out.

Disgusted, he packed up and returned to the mountain country, where he met and married a Daisy Mae type of hill girl named Sally Wike. Together they went off to Chicago, where she persuaded him to enroll in another herb-worshipping institution, Bennett Medical College. When he finished his studies, he was awarded a diploma, for some strange reason, from an outfit called the Eclectic Medical University of Kansas City.

With his formidable parchment, Brinkley returned to New York, wangled a permit to practice and set up an herb shop. But, restless healer that he was, he became bored after only two years. It was then that he met a man who said he knew where the *real* money was.

In Greenville, South Carolina, the pair set themselves up in a rambling old house as "electromedic specialists." Again Brinkley found the world unready. Even in South Carolina, home of one of the lowest literacy rates in the nation, people read enough to sense that "electromedics" was either ahead of its time or timely quackery.

Brinkley soon broke with his partner and headed for Fulton, Kansas. He picked up medical licenses from Arkansas and Tennessee. In those days these were good enough for Kansas; organized medicine was that disorganized.

While Brinkley was having these professional ups and downs, his personal life was even more hectic. Once she got to know the man, pretty Sally Wike couldn't stand him. She asked for a divorce but he said no. In April, 1910, she left him, taking their baby daughter and his Western Union paycheck. He found her in August, made off with the baby and went to Canada, refusing to return until she dropped her humiliating divorce action.

They were reunited, but a year later Sally left once more while eight months pregnant. Broke and desperate, she returned with their second child. But the following year, when she celebrated the birth of their third daughter by disappearing again, Brinkley swallowed his ego and gave her a divorce.

That summer, while visiting in Memphis, he met a doctor's daughter and married her before the leaves fell. Minnie Telitha Jones was her name and, if nothing else, she could stand John Brinkley. She was not even dismayed when, shortly after their marriage, he was arrested on a bad check charge. He beat the charge, and the couple beat it to Kansas together.

Fulton, Kansas, small as it was, held the beginnings of big things. Brinkley and Minnie were in town less than six months when he was elected mayor, no less. He served for a year, while tending patients on the side.

Continued from preceding page

His clients were awed. He had begun to cultivate a goatee and they were further impressed by the dexterousness of his oddly pale-skinned hands. A rapidly receding hairline gave him a broad forehead, and a smile played constantly over his owlish face. With his goatee and his strangely beguiling voice, he appeared more a visiting specialist from Vienna than a visiting fireman from the Carolina hills.

But Brinkley was not taken in by this one-horse success. Knowing that Fulton was only a way point toward the financial peaks, he spent his evenings researching the medical facilities of other Kansas towns. By the time his term as mayor expired, he had settled on Milford, a rut-roaded prairie town close to the Nebraska border, which had neither a doctor nor a hospital. And so Minnie and the mayor said fond farewell to Fulton and disappeared into the setting sun. On October 7, 1917, they entered fateful Milford.

Everyone who later investigated Brinkley agrees that he opened a drug store immediately, but the reports of how he opened his surgical career differ drastically.

According to Brinkley, he was grinding away with his mortar and pestle one afternoon when a farmer dropped in and cracker-barreled about his sad home life. "Claimed he'd been sexually dead for sixteen years," said Brinkley, who always preferred the vernacular to the stuffiness of medical terminology.

The farmer led the conversation around to goat glands and finally suggested that Brinkley give him a pair. The good doctor demurred, partly because he wasn't sure transplantation was the road to rejuvenation, partly because he didn't have a goat. The man solved that by assuming all responsibility and scaring up a goat. Brinkley operated and reported that "happy results were obtained."

A year later, he delivered his patient's wife of a strapping baby boy, whom the exuberant man insisted on naming Billy, in tribute to the goat.

So much for Brinkley's version. But another version of the origin of his use of goat glands is no less engrossing. It holds that during his studious evenings in Fulton, he had become intrigued by rejuvenation work being carried on in Paris by a Russian named Serge Voronoff.

Please turn page

In the 1932 gubernatorial campaign when wheat was selling at 32 cents a bushel, Brinkley had opponents running scared with his promises of roads and free schoolbooks.

Brinkley had a cure for everything. He even tried some goat wizardry on mental patients. This one looks like he's about to give Brinkley the n-n-aah for his efforts.

Continued from preceding page

Actually Voronoff was a serious experimenter who confined his work to animals and performed 52 testicular grafting operations on chimpanzees. He made few claims but his work generated tremendous interest.

Another rejuvenation investigator, Dr. Eugen Steinach of Vienna—whose reports were also on Brinkley's reading list—abandoned the fountain of youth field with bitterness when he was also condemned for "tampering with sex."

Brinkley understood that few chimps were worth much money, so he decided to rejuvenate men. Within a year after delivering Billy boy, he gave goat glands to a cousin and to a bank teller who, shortly afterward, was released from a mental institution. Brinkley claimed the man had recovered both his virility and his marbles.

The word got around and soon Brinkley was a big name in northern Kansas. He saw the practicalities, too. In August 1918, with money from his lucrative practice, the healer established a 50-bed hospital that bore his name. It was an impressive hospital, with rooms for nurses and surgical assistants, dozens of trays of gleaming knives and, naturally, storage facilities for goat glands.

The hospital did not come any too soon, for once the wives of his original customers promulgated the doctrine that their husbands were making them happy again, the crush was on, in ages up to 80. Few stopped to consider how strong the power of suggestion must have been on men whose virility had been lagging.

Brinkley wanted to oblige, but he faced a serious problem. It *was* serious; there weren't enough goats in Kansas! But the goat-man demonstrated that he was equal to the crisis. By the opening of 1920, Brinkley agents were swarming from Texarkana to the outskirts of Memphis, buying, renting and kidnaping goats. Arkansas swarmed with nannie widows.

On the premise that high costs demand high fees, Brinkley set $750 as the price for transplanting a pair of goat glands. But one day he saw even greater possibilities when a middle-aged Texas oilman flew up to Milford.

"Doc," he said, "you can't fool me. There's no way old goats can make a fellow young again. You know as well as I do that the only goats that'll do the trick are young billies—not more'n a year old. You won't get a penny until you show me a no-foolin' *young* billy!" He tweaked Brinkley's beard and grinned.

Brinkley grinned back. "Didn't known they grew fellows so smart down in Texas." His washed-blue eyes measured the situation carefully, for he realized he was nearing a new lode of opportunity. "Now I'll tell you what. I'll give you a year-old billy, but it'll cost you. That's a $1,500 job."

"Doc," the Texan said, "I didn't fly up here to argue about numbers. You get the billy."

Brinkley got the billy and the oilman got the no-foolin' glands.

Milford had never seen such action. Merchants beamed as the rail station clogged. Fifty men arrived for appointments every Monday morning; 40 were handled by a half-dozen surgical assistants and the great man himself shifted 10 sets of reproductive glands from goats to men. The patients were then put to bed, where they rested until Friday, when they were shooed out to make room for the next contingent. Each Monday morning Brinkley greeted the fresh hopefuls by remarking that their predecessors went home "scratching and kicking."

Money poured in and a brand new railroad spur delivered Arkansas goats by the carload. Brinkley built neat cottages for his assistant transplanters and a dormitory for his nurses, and gave Milford a modern water supply system. He even organized a baseball team and named it the Brinkley Goats.

But that old devil restlessness would not be stilled. The goat-man suspected that the $15,000 he was clearing each week was like the Republican River that meandered past the town. "A nice river," he would say, "but it's not the Mississippi, is it?"

Which accounts, in late 1922, for his placing a call to an advertising man in Kansas City. Patent-medicine houses and pseudo-doctors were getting away with murder in their newspaper advertisements, but Brinkley wanted to go them one better. He was looking for the biggest huckster horn that money could buy.

That's what he got. The adman suggested he pioneer in the newfangled field of radio. Thousands were buying sets just to hear Paul Whiteman, the King of Jazz.

And so in Milford, Brinkley erected KFKB, a station so powerful it carried into Nebraska, Missouri and Oklahoma. With a license from the old Federal Radio Commission, KFKB took to the air 15½ hours a day, acquainting folks with the wonders and troubles of the prostate gland and supplying cornball music and yodelers for interludes. Sensing the power of repetition that is so irritatingly employed today, he drummed it into his listeners that "a man is as old as his glands."

He didn't realize the amazing power that radio held. Letters poured in from bedeviled people, curious about the goat-gland operations they had heard extolled. He referred them to the Brinkley Hospital: it was the least he could do.

Then, with no one else's help, he fetched up the brainstorm of the 1920s. He decided that people must have a lot of troubles besides sexual ones and so he went into the business of general diagnosis and prescription by air thusly:

Now here is a letter from a dear mother—a dear

little mother who holds to her breast a babe of nine months. She should take No. 2 and—yes, No. 17—and she will be helped. Brinkley's 2 and 17. She should order them from the Milford Drug Company, Milford, Kansas, and they shall be sent to you, Mother—collect. May the Lord guard and protect you, Mother. The postage will be prepaid.

What did Brinkley's 2 and 17 consist of? One was an aspirin compound and the other was castor oil, both labeled with numbers instead of names.

In the seven years that followed 1923, Brinkley's "Medical Question Box" diagnosed everything from fallen arches to cancer. On one broadcast alone, he diagnosed 44 different complaints, in each case prescribing from one to ten of his numbers game medicinals. He gathered up lists of thousands of names, hawked his wares through the mails, and hired 50 girls to open the returns. It was not unusual for 50,000 letters to arrive daily in Milford, and soon, a new post office had to be built; it was bigger than all those in the surrounding area combined.

The goat-man's personal tastes turned *nouveau riche*. He bought a cabin plane with which he could fly his message of hope around the Midwest. Then he bought a $7,000 Lincoln and three other cars, including a 16-cylinder, red Cadillac on which the name John Brinkley was engraved in 13 places. He picked up two yachts, one a 170-footer that had belonged to movie magnate Joe Schenck, and named them—what else?—the John Brinkley I and II. (When Minnie bore a son they named *him* John Brinkley III.) Brinkley's tailored suits were ordered 10 at a time, his cravat held a diamond stickpin, and he became a two-fisted wearer of 12-carat diamond rings.

But life during this period was not all Cadillac and encrusted cravats for Brinkley.

In 1924 he was called to Los Angeles by Harry Chandler, a prominent newspaper publisher, who offered him $40,000 to rejuvenate several aging employees. The California Medical Board granted him a 30-day permit, under which he performed his surgery, but no sooner did he get out of the state than a ruckus occurred. The American Medical Association offered evidence of his shoddy education and charged that he had bought his medical diploma. Brinkley, who was back in Milford, was indicted on charges of violating medical practice laws and California's attorney general asked Governor Jonathan M. Davis of Kansas to return him for trial.

But Brinkley was a popular Sunflower resident by then, and Governor Davis retorted, "We're going to keep John Brinkley here as long as he lives!" The governor further indicated his confidence by appointing the goat-man an admiral in Kansas' landlocked navy. Brinkley erupted in a stunning blue uniform with "scrambled eggs" and vice admiral's stripes.

The unorthodox practitioner also had problems with his mumbo jumbo drugs. The potions were taking business away from the patent medicine houses and the corner drug store men.

So one day he received a delegation of pill-rollers who stated their economic case angrily. They might raise some legal hell, they warned. On the spot, Brinkley formed the Brinkley Pharmaceutical Association, an aggregation of druggists who would carry his privately numbered compounds. In return for the windfall, they would kick back a percentage. Soon 500 druggists were willing to do just that. In one three-month period, the kickbacks came to $27,856. So the tenor of the KFKB broadcasts changed. Now the citizens heard:

> This little lady has been seeing spots before her eyes, has dizzy spells, and is constipated. Prescriptions 66 and 74, which she can procure at the Acme Drugstore in ——, at five dollars and seven dollars, will bring her relief.

That was much better for all concerned, with the exception of sick people. The druggists were less principled, but more cheerful, and the outlets for the drugs were less restricted and more profitable. Financial matters galloped along so well that Brinkley opened his own Bank of Milford.

This back-scratching arrangement built a powerful wall around the goat-man's operations, but it also hastened the day when he would have to face strong opposition. The good, gray medical profession could not afford to ignore his radio diagnosis of disease.

The fact was that the profession was just then beginning to become good and gray. It had been only 20 years since the Rockefeller-financed Flexner investigation exposed a huge number of doctors and medical educators as well-meaning incompetents or ill-motivated charlatans.

Finally, in 1929, the Kansas City *Star* (a Missouri paper, but influential in Kansas) started looking for a way to keelhaul Brinkley. A. B. MacDonald, a crack reporter, nosed around Milford, visited Brinkley letter writers and patients, retraced the rejuvenator's trail to California and back, and dug deeply into his remote past. In 1930, the ink flowed and the *Star* accused Brinkley of everything this side of murder.

It went back to his acquisition of a Kansas medical license and charged fraud. He had used his diploma-mill degree to obtain a license from the Connecticut Eclectic Board, which in [*Continued on page* 68]

In the January CAVALIER

New evidence on the riddle of Richthofen's death by D. A. Russell, famous English WW I Air expert

Horror Fiction to Remember

The Mandarin's Canaries

No one who entered Quong's torture garden had a Chinaman's chance—Quong would do anything to make a canary sing. Then came the horrible day when a bird called the tune

By Robert Bloch
Author of PSYCHO

● There was revelry in the garden of the Mandarin Quong; revelry as attested by the loud cries and supplications for mercy interspersed with high titterings of pleasure.

The Mandarin was amusing himself today in a new fashion. Through the bamboos it could be seen that the stakes were bare, their rusty iron shackles hanging empty in the sunlight. The lotus blossoms and orchids swayed with the wind to reveal that the racks stretched along the garden paths were likewise empty, and the iron beds beneath the vines untenanted. No whips lay amidst the grass and flowers, no pincers or knives or barbed flails.

Therefore, as the cries and laughter proclaimed, the Mandarin Quong had found some new sport here in the Garden of Pain.

In a remote bower, guarded by great trees whose limbs had been trained to twist in torment and veiled by serpentine creepers that extended fangs

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Illustrated by Mary Friedman

The Mandarin's Canaries

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of scarlet blossoms, the Mandarin stood. There had been those who were kind enough to compare Quong to the Lord Buddha, and there were times when his fat little figure held a dignified serenity quite similar.

But in moments such as this, Quong was transfigured; his fleshy face creased into a mask of demoniac mirth, his red, full lips writhed back above his black beard, and his eyebrows were swords over slitted points of flame. Pleasure was an intense emotion in the Mandarin, and his pleasure was pain.

He stood staring across the bower at the two figures before him: The bound man against the great tree, and the robed figure confronting him some 10 paces distant. The bound man was uttering the cries and the pleadings; the robed one was silent. He moved, but no sound emanated from those movements save an occasional twanging *thrum*. For the robed man held in his hands a great crossbow, and upon his back was a quiver bristling with barbed arrows. These he was swiftly and efficiently removing one by one, fitting them to his bow and taking expert aim as he released them at the bound, writhing figure of the captive.

His aim was remarkable—despite the agonized movements and convulsive startings of the victim, he never erred. The arrows sped to a living mark: the wrist, the ankle, the knee, the groin. With curious precision, he avoided placing the cruel shafts in a vital spot, and his arm carefully judged the depth with which each arrow would penetrate the shrinking yellow flesh of his tormented target.

But Quong did not notice this dexterity, or if he noticed it he gave the matter no heed. His laughing eyes were on the victim, watching the impact of each arrow, the jerk of flesh as it sank in and the thin trickle of blood that followed the piercing. Quong studied his victim's pain with amused and detached pleasure.

His delighted laughter fell as an arrow struck the bound man's left eye and penetrated the brain.

The Mandarin Quong heaved a sigh and with a wave of his saffron hands dismissed the archer.

Quong stood stock-still for an instant after the fellow's departure, and his features underwent a curious change. Serenity returned to shine from his slant eyes, and his lips relaxed into a softer smile of pleasure. He moved forward to the tree where the bound body hung, passing the gory thing without so much as a glance.

Behind the tree, suspended from the same ropes sometimes used to bind the victim, a series of thin metal pipes hung. From the sleeve of his robe the Mandarin drew forth a slender stick. With a gentle, caressing motion he drew the ivory head of the stick across the metal. A chiming rang forth—a soft, liquid, almost chirping series of notes holding a peculiar birdlike quality. The tones flooded forth, clear and mellow, as the Mandarin chose his notes with careful attention to harmonics. Music came from the tree where horror hung.

Again the Mandarin stepped back and stood still as though waiting. And suddenly, while the last strains of metallic melody still floated through the garden, the air was filled with a curious rustling sound—hundreds of tiny sounds, rather, blurred into a single whirring note. And there came a cheeping and shrill whistling from all around which caused the yellow face of Quong to glow with kindly pleasure.

Without warning, the air turned to gold. A thousand yellow forms swirled to outshine the sun—moving yellow dots with bejeweled eyes that flamed. They whirled and dipped against the serene sky, then swooped about the tree in a golden cloud that spun round and round about the trunk and its grisly adornment.

The Mandarin watched the golden pageant flow over the tree trunk, watched the shining cluster as it moved across the tree in frantic life.

It was perhaps half an hour later that the swarm dispersed. It rose suddenly in a golden spiral, swerving up from the tree trunk to settle in the limbs. And now, in the space made vacant by the canaries' departure, a silver figure gleamed in the sunlight. Where the dead man had hung there remained only a dry-picked, shining skeleton.

The Mandarin stared quietly, then lifted his eyes to the boughs where the yellow horde rested in its repletion. He waited, and in a moment the melody came forth.

The song of pleasure was indescribable in its sweetness—soft, limpid, yet glowing with tonal color and pulsing with painfully ecstatic threnody. It rose and fell, faintly at first, then culminated in a burst of beauty as the chirping resolved into eerie notes—shrill yet vibrant.

For perhaps 10 minutes the song continued, and the last trills died away, the golden chain shattered link by link, and the birds departed.

Quong turned away toward the oncoming twilight, and as he walked toward the palace the dusk hid the tears that streamed down his yellow cheeks.

The Mandarin Quong loved his birds. This was a matter of common knowledge throughout the South, and the statement of it was generally coupled with the other known fact that Quong loved nothing else.

In these brave days China was used to cruel and dreadful masters, but in a land noted for the perversity of its overlords, the name of Quong was feared above all.

Shortly after the Mandarin usurped his father's throne in the great palace, he had given evidences of those qualities which caused many of his people to flee to Canton's coast where now the foreign devils had landed with many ships.

Those that remained after Quong's accession did so because they were unable to leave the lands. But in them was the same fear which had driven their more fortunate companions to seek the safety of seaports.

They feared Quong even as a boy, for he had given many instances of his cruel precocity when a mere lad in his father's house. With the impatience of youth he did not bother to amuse himself, as his brothers did, with the flogging and torturing of slaves. He was eager for deaththroes, for the spasms of agony, and the servants he toyed with died swiftly in the dark dungeons. It was only in adolescence that he learned to control the intensity of his lusts; then he turned to the more subtle tortures. And not for long did he feel satisfied with the

copper bowl, the water-death, or the seven bamboo chastisements. The time-honored devices of his father's hired torture-masters he improved on, and his days were spent in the study of pain.

It is true that his first favorites were seldom fated to survive his yearning for experiment over the period of a month. Only families utterly destitute sold their daughters into the House of Quong. Each passing month saw the young man's quest of pleasure in pain increase its horror; he grew pale from long hours spent in dark cells and murky oubliettes. This could be readily understood in an old man, whose other pleasures were few, but for a youth it was not seemly to be so confined. Still, Quong was precocious.

This precocity further evinced itself in Quong's judicious disposal of his three brothers, who found their last cups of rice wine to be very bitter indeed. They died quietly, without ostentation, and it was only to be expected when one morning the old Mandarin, Quong's father, went to his ancestors with the cord of a silken bowstring for a necklace about his throat.

Then Quong was Lord of the House, and high Mandarin over the jungles, the plains, and the village lands of all his people. His reign started with a most sumptuous funeral in honor of his father, and then he gave the people of his city a noble tiger-hunt in the streets of a little village close by. But these evidences of propriety did not wholly satisfy his subjects, who unkindly grumbled about the vast number of coolies who were immolated outside his father's tomb during the funeral ceremonies. Other ungrateful coolies said that the tiger-hunt was spoiled by the deaths of almost the entire populace in the village where it occurred.

But when Mandarin Quong made the pronouncement about his law, the flights to the coast began. Quong as Mandarin was the judge over all criminal trials in his domain, but he now specified that he would usurp the office of executioner as well. In the first three years of his official rule every case brought before him ended in conviction; and there were many cases, due to his increasing his force of guardsmen and the peculiar system whereby he paid them a bounty for each criminal obtained. This he could well afford, for an increasing number of crimes seemed to be discovered among the wealthier merchant and land-holding class, and conviction carried with it confiscation of money and property to Quong's house.

As an executioner, Quong scorned beheading or any of the accepted modes of torture. No longer was the sentence carried out in public. Quong preferred the darkness of his palace dungeons or his ivory hall of state. Here, it was averred, the walls were lined with human heads, mounted as one might mount the head of a deer or a buffalo.

In an effort to discourage such unfortunate predilections toward torture, one of Quong's advisers subtly hinted that his constant stay indoors was injurious to the health of the Mandarin.

It was then that Quong built his garden—his beautiful Chinese garden behind the palace, where trees and flowers and mirroring-pools opened to the sky. And he built racks and wheels and scaffolds that blossomed with evil fruit, so that things went much the same as they had in the old dungeons below the palace.

But Nature stirred a new love of beauty in the Mandarin's breast. He caused vines to grow upon the iron racks to conceal the rusty stains; trained creepers to hide the stark lines of his scaffolds. Sometimes he walked in the gardens alone, and was serenaded by musicians from concealed glades and dells.

For the birds did not rest here. Blood nourished the fantastic flowers, and the perfume of rare orchids was rich in the air; but over all was the carrion taint that brought crows and vultures but kept the songsters away.

But at this time two missionaries came to Quong at the palace, and asked if they might stay. They were foreign devils; Portuguese, in robes of black, who spoke a curious tongue and blasphemed against Lord Buddha, the Four Books, and Kwong-Fu-tze with equally impartial fervor.

They had birds, in cages—tiny yellow birds which sang with infinite sweetness. Canaries, the priests called them, and their golden beauty much impressed the Mandarin; so much so, that after listening to an especially severe tirade against his torturing and cruelties by the two missionaries, he conducted them to the garden and accorded them the fate of the one they called their Master.

And he loosed the canaries in the garden, and beheld with pleasure that they did not fly away but remained close to him. To his great amusement one of them perched upon the sagging shoulder of the first priest, and sang up into the dead face with affectionate fervor. He rewarded the birds with the most delicate of meats—the tongue of the priest.

Perhaps, he mused, it would instill the creatures with the eloquence of their former masters.

This did not occur, but the birds stayed. And within a few years they had multiplied a hundredfold, then grew to many thousands. They filled the garden by day, and then fared afield at will, returning only toward twilight to await the feast spread for them.

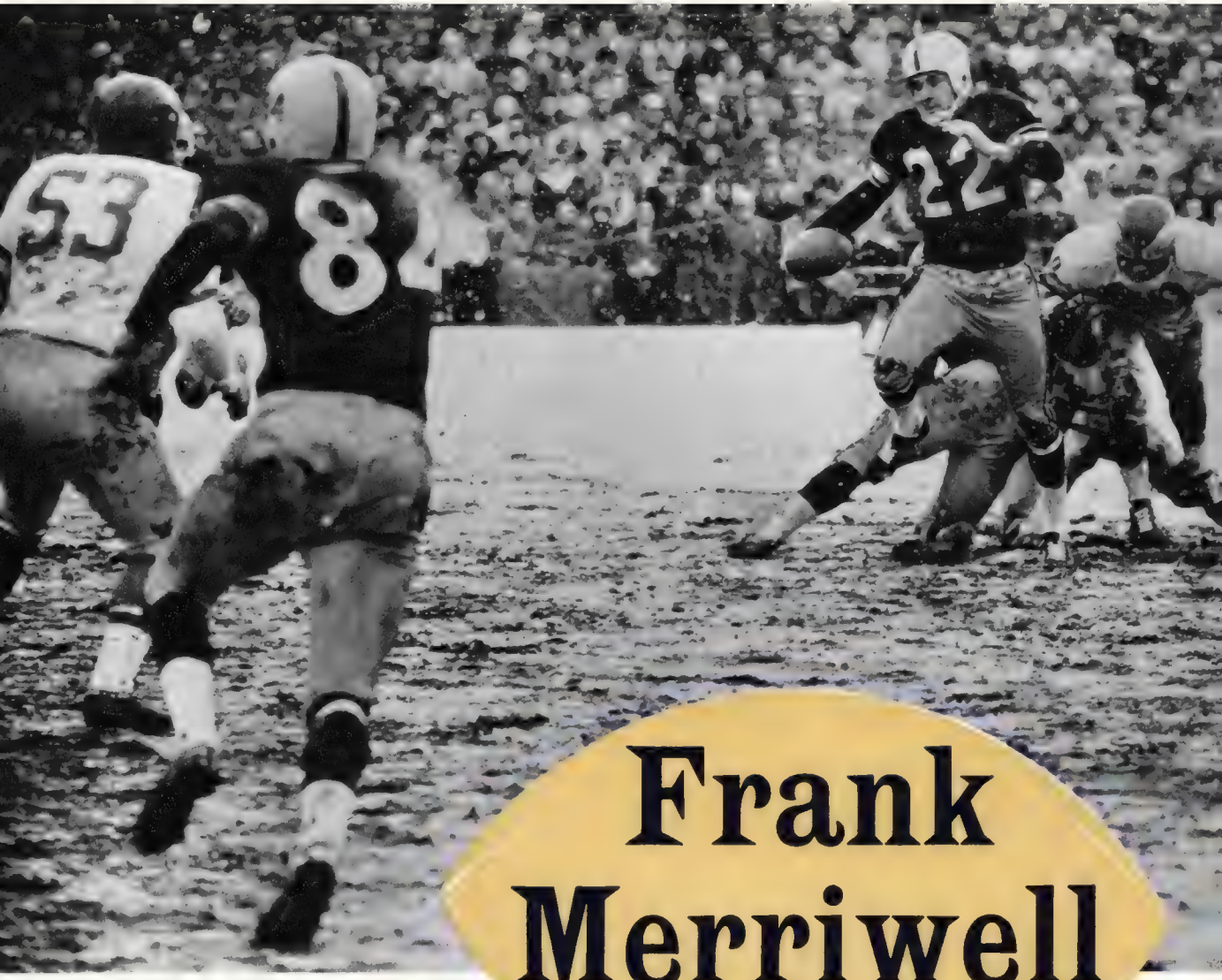
They had developed a terrible appetite for the ghastly fruit which ripened daily in the garden sunlight. It had arisen at the first, and as generation after generation lived and bred and died in the torture-maze, the blood-strain carried with it the nameless hunger.

Formerly Quong had set aside a burial ground on his lands, but now only bones needed to be piled in his great cellars. The birds, thousands strong, did the rest. And after a time they learned to await his signal.

Over all the garden Quong had set up little metal bars which played a curious scale. Upon completing his daily dispensing of justice, he would summon the flock with his chimes and they came to partake of his largess. Afterward they raised their voices in the sweet reward of song—and it was a song infinitely more beautiful than any the Mandarin had ever known. It soothed him like mellow wine, set his blood tingling like the hands of one well-beloved, thrilled his imaginative senses like moonlight over dragon-guarded pools. He loved his birds, loved their daily tribute.

But others feared them. Men learned of his canaries, saw the flocks speed over their fields and descend at will to ravish the grain and seeds. They were not molested lest this incur the Mandarin's displeasure. The growing horde swarmed about the cities and villages, and none might wave them from the streets. A dead bird meant a dead man, if the Mandarin's guards found the creature.

The legend of their feastings in the garden became known, and after that strange [*Continued on page* 80]



Frank Merriwell —Upside Down

Nope, Pittsburgh's Bobby Layne can't throw a double outcurve and for him the day of the big game doesn't always dawn crisp and clear. But his strange ways make him a hero to every guy who's tried to convince the boss that you have to laugh at the rules once in a while

By Jimmy Breslin

● The amateur never would understand Bobby Layne, who plays quarterback for the Pittsburgh Steelers. He is a round-faced, blond-haired guy from Lubbock, Texas, who is six-foot-one and weighs 205 and whether he is on the field throwing passes or getting into a cab to go out for the night he follows his instincts, which are those of one hell of a man.

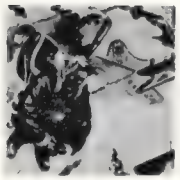
You fit in with Layne if you figure you should get mad and throw the ball at the back of a guy's head if he falls asleep and doesn't look for the ball in a pass pattern, even if it is only in practice. And you fit in if you know how to spend money at night, because when Bobby hits a headwaiter with a tip, everybody else in the joint winds up on the second team.

But if you play it like an amateur and take back a little—whether it's three in the afternoon or three in the morning—then Layne is too much man for you to understand.

Layne comes different. He smokes a pack of cigarettes a day and he does not go to bed until one or two in the morning because he can sleep fast. He also takes a drink. If he wants another he takes that, too. And he is 34 and has 12 seasons of playing behind him. All this should put his playing on a shaky basis because he is in a league where you only have to be hit once to wind up shuffling bedpans in a hospital someplace. But Mr. Layne is, right now, probably the best quarterback to play professional football since Sid Luckman and Sammy Baugh gave it up.

As a rule in sports, the guy you find out at night, whether he is going against whiskey, broads or merely the dark air, does not make it the way he should. There was a night a couple of summers back when Moe Berg, the old catcher, was having a drink in Al Schacht's Restaurant in New York and when it was getting late and they wanted to close, he moved next door to a place called the Harwyn Club. Mickey Mantle of the Yankees was at one of the [*Continued on page* 58]

"AH AIN'T DRUNK AH'M FROM TEXAS" signs popped up in bars all over Detroit after Layne (below with officers) was acquitted of drunken driving charge in '57. As QB (No. 22 in pic at left) for Pitt Steelers he is high-salaried star.



THE DAY HELL REACHED HEAVEN

Continued from page 25

where. There is no way of counting them.

"I feel McLaughlin's [Capt. James K. McLaughlin, the pilot] hand on my arm. It's a hard grip and I see he is looking down and ahead. I lean over, craning my neck, following his eyes. A few hundred feet in front of us a bomber has been hit by a rocket. I catch sight of it just as the right wing starts to fold upward. The fuselage opens like an eggshell, and a man dressed in a flying suit spins clear out in front. I see the pilots still at the controls, then the plane is swept with flame. The right wing breaks free, and with the two engines still spinning it drifts to the rear, flaming at the ragged end. The shattered mess disappears under our left wing, and the sky is clean again. It all happens instantly, but to me it is like a slow-motion movie scene.

"As I look around again I notice our right-wing man, my deputy formation commander, is out of position. He has drifted back a few feet but I can still see him in the cockpit. I call him on our wing channel. There is no reply. I know he is not out of position voluntarily, and I have a premonition that he is not going to be with us long. Our formation has become ragged. Many gaps are left by missing bombers, and our gunfire suffers.

" 'Close up formation, close up formation!' I call it into the mike, then shout the words. *Formation;* it means everything to us now, It is the road to some salvation, some defense against the men in the black-crossed planes.

"Yet it is a futile order, and I know it. But at least it distracts me for a few seconds, and how I want to be distracted from the carnage around me. Capt. McLaughlin glances at me. In spite of his concentration on keeping our formation in position, little has escaped him.

" 'Colonel, I don't think we're going to make it.'

"His words are incredibly calm; a matter-of-fact statement. They are nonetheless grim and biting. I agree, of course, but I refuse to commit my thoughts to words, and as our eyes meet above the oxygen masks, I just nod.

"I get a report from my tail gunner. One of our aircraft has pulled out of formation and is turning back. I take a look. I know that if the pilot is trying to reach England he is condemned. Fighters will pick off his aircraft like a sitting duck. There will be a patrol out looking for such as he. I cannot guess the reason for his action, since the plane appears to be in good shape, but he may have a ruptured fuel tank, or wounded aboard who could not survive the full mission. Or he may have become mentally unbalanced by this fight. Whatever it is, he is lost.

"My deputy has drifted farther back. Now he has lost the protection of our massed guns. The fighters jump him, but he plugs ahead by himself—he is trying to make the bomb-release line if no more. That is pure guts.

"Another bomber leaves us. He is smoking and his wheels are starting down, a signal that he is going to land.

" 'Damn it, please take some evasive action!' someone in the crew begs over the interphone. Yet he knows as well as I do that evasive action in formation is futile—less than futile. 'Jinking' is all we can possibly do—moving suddenly a few feet up or down. Even that serves only to disturb the aim of our gunners, and we are just as apt to jink into a burst as to avoid it. Its only accomplishment is to give some mental relief to the crew. The men feel we are at least doing *something.*

"I have been studying the tactics of the rocket attackers. They make the same approach each time and fire from the same range. I can tell within a few seconds when they are going to fire. I decide maybe there is something that can be done—that I can contribute a little to this fight. There is nothing so useless as being an air commander in an air battle. You just sit there and watch what goes on, for command is lost in the fog of battle and all depends on the training of your crews.

"We will try an experiment. I talk to McLaughlin. As the next rocket formation approaches the firing point, we will start a shallow turn to the right—almost a drift. It will give the enemy an increased deflection shot and will not disturb the formation. As soon as the rockets have been launched we will slide back to our former position.

"I see the rocket planes coming into position. Now! I give the signal. The maneuver works—or maybe it's just luck, or just poor shooting. Anyway, the bursts are to our left. We continue the practice. The bursts still miss.

"We are approaching the Initial Point, the point at which we commit ourselves directly to the bomb run on the target. Schweinfurt, here we come! As we turn, I take a hasty reading on our formation. I have eight aircraft left and my other group has been reduced to six. Fourteen planes left, and we still have so many miles to go! I call the captain leading the other bombers and tell him to close in on me and to drop on my command, 'Bombs away.' He does not respond, but his formation moves in near to ours as we start the sighting run. The fighters know what our intentions are and they come at us like tigers. . . ."

No longer do the Flying Fortresses progress in a stately march through the upper heavens. The majesty has vanished, the crisp efficiency of tight formation is desperately sought but impossible to achieve in that raging hurricane of air. The bombers slog their way through the thickening mass of exploding flame and smoke. The steel is everywhere: it crashes into wings and engines, slams into bulkheads and airplane bodies. And into the bodies of men, spewing out blood, tissue, intestines, and brains.

The fighters arc through the heavens, swift and merciless and terribly efficient. They assemble far ahead of the battered formations, climbing slightly. The pilots are excellent, their coordination is superb. They heed carefully the guttural commands of the leader, and suddenly a haphazard group of Focke-Wulfs slides into an even formation, wing tip to wing tip, woven into a single engine of destruction. Eight fighters; there are eight large rockets to be released first, and then the massed firepower of 32 heavy cannon and 16 machine guns will erupt.

They come in *fast,* and they scare the hell out of all those people in the bombers. They close with a speed up to 600 miles per hour, and they do not flinch or waver or tremble as the gunners hose streams of tracers at them. The B-17s are alive with lights. Two guns on top of the fuselage, two guns in a turret below and as many as four in the nose, all spitting defiance and fire and an avalanche of bullets. But the German pilots hold their formations, and the eight fighters sweep forward like a great flaming scythe.

Each man who survives the attacks swears it is the most helpless feeling in the world. The German planes reach within the range of their weapons. The rockets streak out first, and they distract the gunners, and sometimes a pilot just cannot sit there grimly plodding along, and he jerks on the control yoke. The bomber twitches, it moves spasmodically from its slot in the formation, and that is exactly what the fighters hope for. A man with his eyes glued to a sight notices this weakness; he nudges a rudder pedal with little more than a trace of pressure, and his Focke-Wulf responds.

Within a bomber the noise is deafening. The gunners shout the positions of the incoming fighters, there is the pounding roar of the four powerful engines, the background bass hiss of the air rushing by. The machine guns hammer and bark and cough deeply. Their vibrations ripple through the Fortress, and there can be heard the terrible *whump* of a rocket exploding nearby. There is the heart-stopping sound of metal clashing against metal, of cannon shells exploding against wings and fuselage and engines, the staccato impact of bullets and steel fragments ripping through aluminum.

And there is *the* sound, the one that grates deepest against the nerves, that is hellish and hated, that knifes into the brain and makes a man wince through and through. A scream, metallic, thin, and high, a slender file blade cutting through the nerves. Above all else there is this cry of the fighter racing in close, sounding a scream that can be none other.

Out of the whole armada, out of that

frenzied maelstrom, take just one bomber, described anonymously in the records of Mission 115.

To her crew she has always been a graceful and beautiful creature. They have often talked about this 30-ton craft, of the manner in which she slides through the air in the clean sunshine high above earth. Under her glistening belly the ball turret turns slowly as she moves into German territory. In her transparent nose the bombardier prepares his equipment, checking for the run of 30 to 60 seconds over the target; the meaningful justification for this airplane and all the others to be plunging into Germany.

The first black specks appear in the distance, and there is the barest feeling of a gentle skid as the pilot closes in, tightening up his Fortress's position in the formation. The long minutes pass, the gunners sing out. For the moment they have nothing to fire at, and wait, as spectators at the opening act of the drama, as the rockets and cannon rip into the planes of the initial formations.

And then the waiting is over, the black spots are closer and closer. A man cries out in astonishment: "The whole damned Luftwaffe is out today! Look at those bastards come in . . ."

The fighters come back again and again, and the fourth or fifth time around, or maybe it is the seventh or the tenth—no one is sure—they find the range they want, and then this is *it!* The blazing coals hurled from the fighters crash and bang through the ship, and the Fortress convulses with the force of the impacts. The machine writhes and protests in metallic cries of despair.

When a cannon shell smashes into a Fortress, the way it sounds depends upon where you are. If you're not too close, it's a kind of metallic *whoof* like a small bark from a big dog—and you feel a jar that shakes the whole ship. It is a tremor, it reaches and leaves you quickly. But if the shell explodes nearby, then there is nothing gentle or distant about what happens, and it sure as hell isn't a momentary tremor.

It's a double sound, really—the first from the impact and the second when the shell explodes. *CRAA-AASH!* Like that. Like firing a shotgun into a bucket, so that the sound and the blast all come exploding back up into your face, shaking you up and stunning your mind. For the moment you're not scared, because your senses are knocked silly, and you don't know how to be scared or anything else. Your bowels seem weak and watery and your stomach shrivels up until you know how much damage has been done.

And this happens all the time through the fight; *all* the time, if they pick your airplane and they find the range. Many a man has come off these raids without a mark on the outside, but cut up pretty thoroughly beneath the skin.

Now there's good reason for the weak bowels and the shriveled stomach, because the Fortress *is* hit. Its inner walls are covered with a green insulation that is thick and heavy. The shell has hit right in the middle of the stuff, and the fire moves quickly along the shredded edges. *Fire!* The most dreaded thing in an airplane loaded with fuel and ammunition and bombs. It chokes and stings the eyes, it's hard to see a damned thing, and hell yawns wide just outside the hatches and doors of the airplane.

All the time the fire spreads, the Germans are still hammering away. The fighter pilots also see the smoke, and this is what they eagerly seek. It is the sign of a crippled airplane, one they have hurt, and they close in with the blood lust at its peak to finish off the cripple. The Fortress reels and shakes and pounds. Another fighter comes in from the front, a Focke-Wulf, barrel rolling with extraordinary grace and precision, wings and nose ablaze with the terrible orange light. A bullet from its nose guns races into the airplane. It creases an ammunition can in the radio room and it also scatters incendiary material from one of the tracers in the belt. The insulation is burning even worse than before, and there is new fire, and by now, in most planes, half the crew would have been over the side.

Already the sky looks as though the Fortresses were in the midst of a mass parachute invasion. At one time the crews estimate there are up to 150 parachutes in the air. White ones and brown ones, each of the latter signifying a German pilot whose fire was met with concerted gunnery from the bombers.

The Fortress is now in serious trouble, and the navigator and bombardier abandon their guns to fight the fire.

The navigator crawls through the widespread legs of the top turret gunner. The man in the turret knows there is fire, but he pays no attention to it. He forces himself to remain oblivious to the flames just as hungry for him as all the rest, and he will stay this way, beating out a thundering symphony with his twin guns until he hears the fire is out or sees the airplane breaking into pieces in the sky. He feels the man crawling between his legs, and he ignores the movement.

The navigator squirms through and reaches the catwalk that leads across the bomb bay. He is 33,000 feet above the earth, where the air is thin and cruel, but he has no mask. He has taken it off. He tries to worm his way into the narrow passage between girders, but his parachute jams and holds him fast. If the parachute had not jammed, he would have been several feet away from where he is at the exact moment that a cannon shell comes in through the airplane just behind him, and explodes. The flash is blinding, the roar brings blood to his ears, and he cannot feel the fire extinguisher in his hand. He tastes blood—it trickles from his mouth as well as from his ears. He ignores it. The fire, the fire, must get to the fire.

He grasps for the extinguisher again. It is a useless motion, and it is not until this moment that he discovers that the exploding shell has broken his arm. He cannot do a thing. Despair floods his face, and the bombardier, struggling through to join him, sees this and something the hapless navigator does not even realize. Parts of his chin and nose also are missing.

The bombardier brings the navigator out and moves in first. By some miracle that no one will ever understand they struggle into the radio room—the one who is wounded and with a piece of chin chopped out and a piece of nose shot away and the broken arm and all—*and they put out the fire!* They tear the burning insulation loose and throw it out of the ship through the hatch. To the crews of nearby airplanes it looks as though the Fort is coming apart at the seams.

Not yet. A B-17 resists death with a grim hold on its mechanical life, and this is one reason why her crews, with religious and loving fervor, call her the Queen. This Fortress is not yet dead, but her ordeal is not over; not so long as the Germans see the flame and the smoke that mark her as a cripple.

"Didn't you get my note?"

An engine goes wild, and the vibration shakes hell out of the airplane. The gunners curse a blue streak; they curse the fire and the fighters, the terrible vibrations that throw off their aim. They are wild with anger besides being equally scared, and everything they hate is out there in the form of airplanes with black crosses on them.

The fire is out, but the engine is sheer murder, and out on that wing strips of torn metal flap and clash like a rain of bolts crashing on the top of a tin roof. And just when they sigh in relief the engine has quieted down, a 20-mm. shell goes directly into the top turret and makes a bloody hash out of the gunner. Someone said that God smiles on those who die instantly; if that is true, this man has been so favored.

The Fortress struggles valiantly to hold her place in formation; she still has her bombs, and she fights as fiercely as any of the rest. But the airplane is sluggish, the two men at the controls are working like madmen to get her to respond, and they don't know what's happened until a waist gunner calls in: "Lieutenant, there's a bunch of damned cables slapping me in the face!"

His voice is more irritated than frightened. Intent on working his heavy machine gun, he has not yet realized that the cables run to the controls and that, if just one more cable comes loose to maul his face, this airplane is going to become absolutely uncontrollable and everybody is going to have to get the hell out. No one thinks about that. Not because bailing out means almost certain capture, to say nothing of possible death on the way down, but how is the navigator going to haul on the parachute D-ring when his arm is broken?

The cable, by some miracle, doesn't break. The engine manages to last, and they do not fall out of formation to be picked clean by the vultures waiting to pounce on the cripples. They stay in formation, they make the bomb run, the six heavy missiles smash into the target.

They bring her home a wreck. She is a flying sieve, battered and pummeled and, according to a few of the more important laws of aerodynamics, absolutely unflyable. But they haven't told this to the pilot and copilot, so they bring her home, with one dead, one wounded.

And this is only one of the many Fortresses struggling through the skies over Germany, grimly bent on bringing Mission 115 to its conclusion of target runs and the more personal run for home.

The air is thick with the flotsam of the savage air war. There are shining silver objects, main exit and hatch doors of Fortresses and of twin-engine fighters. Men hurtle through this congested, moving block of contested airspace. They fall through the formations, barely missing the knifelike propellers. And sometimes they do not miss. The blood and flesh and bone and gristle spray outward like a minor rain. It happens many times, for there simply is not enough room for men dropping through the swirling mass of aircraft.

One man—seen by many crews—escaped immediate death by a miracle. Knees clasped to his chest, spinning like a high diver gone berserk, he is flung through the formations. He whirls through two separate bomber boxes, through a line of fighters racing in Indian file, and he emerges through all this without having swerved an iota in his incredible flight through space. He does not open his parachute quickly, and no one knows for certain whether or not the silk really did blossom above his head.

Many men do not fall far before death strikes in its own sardonic fashion. Bombers are crippled; they burn, or suffer a collapsed wing, or a red smear lines the inside of the cockpit windows and the living among the crew hastily abandon their stricken machines. Too often, much too often, the crewmen crawl from their bombers, hang on desperately so they may drop at the right moment to clear obstacles, and then release their grip, only to smash into the tail surfaces of their own bombers. They are flung aside, broken and crumpled, not even twitching as they begin the fall that will last for five miles before the earth accepts the lifeless forms.

The men get hit and some of them die, but more, by the dozens, are wounded. Their fellow crew members rip off oxygen masks in the biting thin air and rush to their aid. Sometimes it is useless; more often it means that a man goes to the hospital that night instead of to the morgue. Attending a wounded and helpless man is often incredibly difficult in the midst of such a battle. There is the cold that sometimes aids the unfortunate by helping to freeze the blood, a strange sort of coagulation. The bombers shake and rock and slide and slip and bounce, and first aid is almost impossible. Sometimes several men are wounded at once, and the inside of the airplane is spattered with blood and gore, and only the fact that a man will die if he does not get help at once keeps his friends from being sick.

One man who went through the entire Mission 115 without a scratch was not fit for duty for weeks. He was not injured, but his best friend, a buddy of many years, suffered a tremendous blast in the face. He fell to the belly of the bomber, writhing, hands clasping a bloody, mangled mess that a moment before had been a normal face. The other gunner, hurrying to his aid, slipped, and fell heavily. He glanced down, and in horror noted the crushed eyeball that had been gouged by the explosion from his friend. . . .

This was the clean air war many an infantryman coveted.

There is a terrible feeling when a bomber dies. Not just among the crewmen who, if not dead, are abandoning their machine in frantic haste before it becomes their tomb, but among those men in accompanying bombers who watch, helpless to assist, as a tongue of flame licks hungrily from a tear in a wing, feeds on fuel streaming backward, gathers strength, and throws itself through the rest of the airplane.

"These are the sights that tried our souls the most," a pilot once explained. "To watch from your own bomber as a sister ship suffers the flame and begins to fall off in her opening death throes. To know that within her blazing heart the men are your friends and buddies, and maybe you know the pilot's wife well, and know the kids, too.

"It involves more than the men. You don't fly a Fortress for months and years without coming to know that gallant lady in the most intimate respects. You know her, and you place in her sturdy construction, the manner in which she flies, in everything about her, not only your life, and those of your crew, but all the life to come—if we survive this stinking war, that is.

"But one thing I'll tell you. A Queen dies hard. She doesn't want to go, no more than any man inside her. You may not believe this. If you don't, it's only because you haven't been there, and you haven't watched combat-hardened men cry as a ship goes down; cry as much for the machine as for the man. Because, you see, when 10 men claimed her for their own, she was no longer just a machine. She was *their* bomber. That made her special, and made her come alive."

Again, select one of the 60 Flying Fortresses that went down over Europe on Mission 115. This story was pieced together over a period of time. It is authentic, and the result of the reports —after the war, when they were freed from prison camps—of the navigator and the tail gunner (their names, unfortunately, are not given in the documentary records), the only two to survive. The story is also based on the accounts of crewmen of other bombers, who watched it happen. . . .

In the midst of the savage opening attack, one B-17 eases out of formation. The other pilots wonder at this, for there is no flame, no jagged metal showing. The heavy bomber begins a graceful slide on one wing, a lazy and gentle maneuver, but she does not stop her motion as her wing approaches dangerously near a neighboring Fortress. Frantically, the other pilot tramps hard down on his rudder, and skids crazily out of the way with barely a second to spare.

The Fortress keeps in her slide, beginning to pick up speed, and everyone stares hard at the big ship, and still not a mark shows. They are too far away to see a single bullet hole in the side of the B-17, near the cockpit. The hole testifies to a single armor-piercing bullet that entered the Fortress and without losing momentum struck the pilot in the head. Slicing in at an upward angle, the lone bullet entered the pilot's skull just below his eyebrow. At that moment the lifeless body of the pilot slumped back.

The shock froze the copilot in the right seat. Eyes bulging, he stared in horror, his mind and senses numbed.

He did not move, did not close his mouth within his oxygen mask, yet began to choke, his respiration paralyzed. Now the great bomber, controls untouched, answers the tug of a shock wave

and one of wing tips drops. The B-17 slides out of formation.

The navigator, feeling the slide, watching the other bombers receding, fights his way to the cockpit, afraid that either both pilots are dead or the control cables have been cut.

Leaning between the two pilot seats, the navigator shouts at the copilot. It is to no avail, and shock retains its grasp on the horror-stricken man until the navigator in desperation strikes him on the side of the face. He begins to shake off the numbness, but it is a slow process, and his mind stays frozen from what he has seen. With a gasp that rattles deathlike in his throat—heard by all the crew—he draws back in revulsion.

Now the Fortress loses altitude quickly. With every passing second the heavy bomber picks up more speed; she is in the beginnings of a death dive. Frantic, the navigator reaches over the body of his dead pilot to grasp the wheel. With all the strength at his command he hauls back, a desperate struggle to bring up the nose of the bomber from its steepening descent.

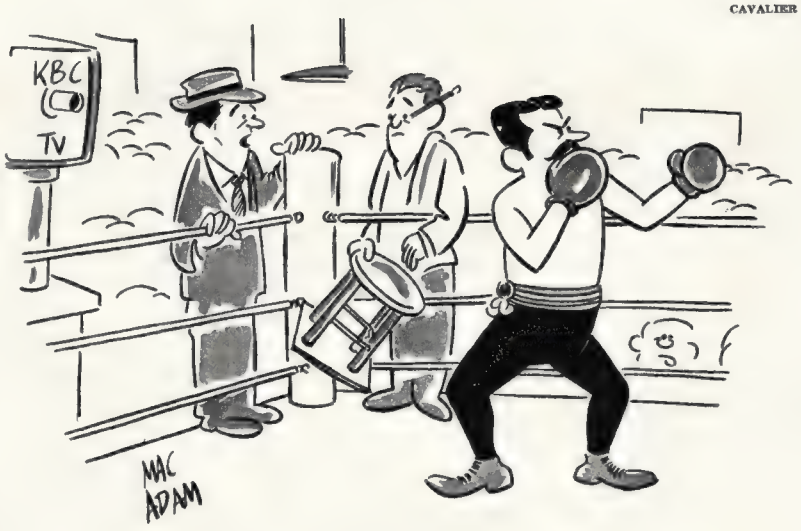
The navigator is successful in his struggle and the nose of the Flying Fortress responds to the back elevator movement. She comes out of the curving dive with a brutal force, punishing the crew and the airplane alike, imparting nearly triple weight to the men. With her dangerous speed and the elevators still hauled in the back position, the navigator has done the best he knows how, but it is far from enough.

Then she is shuddering. The nose points at the blinding sun and the effect of the pullout vanishes too quickly. The big ship hangs on the edge of a stall and buffets in warning of potential disaster. She buffets, and then she vibrates from nose to tail from the recoil of her guns. The stray is the quarry of all the fighters.

Facing death, the navigator does everything he can to right the airplane that hangs almost on her nose but thebomber answers sluggishly. You simply don't fly with the elevators alone; you must coordinate the ailerons and the rudder and the throttles and the trim and match everything with the demands of gravity, air resistance, angle of attack, power, and a lot more. The navigator can't do it, it is impossible for him to force the Fortress to respond. The ship doesn't receive the control she needs, and she ignores the hysterical mauling of the wheel by the sobbing man who struggles for balance over his dead pilot.

The nose drops, but it is not a smooth maneuver that will bring the heavy ship about. The B-17 slews to the side, wallowing in an almost helpless skid, like a man trying desperately to climb up a steep, slippery embankment when he has no handhold and the embankment keeps shifting beneath his frantic movements. It is impossible, of course.

The German fighters see the signs, and the Focke-Wulfs rush in, eager for the kill. Their guns and cannon blaze, and within seconds the bomber is cut and slashed to ribbons, her skin and wings punctured, two engines spitting oil and smoke, and two men already hammered to the belly of the ship, lifeless. The



"Now don't make any foolish mistakes. It's taken us a long time to get a shot at the title."

gunners are swinging their heavy weapons about, screaming out the positions of the incoming fighters, begging the pilot to evade, to maneuver the big airplane to give them better firing positions. The gunners are frightened men; not from the fighters, for these have been faced many times before. It is the yawing, sloppy motions of the airplane that speaks of slashed controls or a dead crew behind the yokes. Yet there are the fighters, and the bomber still flies, and they are gunners. Despite the fear, they squeeze out short, steady bursts.

The nose comes up again, but the wings are banked dangerously near the vertical. The Fortress slews around in a helpless bank, shuddering as the air burbles off the wings and lift spills away. Gasping for breath, the navigator fights helplessly against the weight of his dead pilot. He screams at the copilot wrapped in his protecting shell of shock, and then he can scream no more, because the air is too thin to begin with and he cannot gasp enough oxygen into his starving lungs. He slumps down, spots before his eyes, desperate for air. It comes without warning, a mask slapped onto his face by another crewman he never sees, never recognizes. A man has saved his life, and he doesn't know who it was.

Now it is too late. The nose of the bomber keeps coming up as the wings continue to roll, and then the Fortress has had it. Caught behind the deadly effect of the raised nose, the diminished air speed, and the near-vertical bank, the big airplane seems to groan, and then she simply . . . quits. The lift is gone, the controls are useless, and the B-17 falls over on her back, wallowing and shuddering, the last convulsive movements before the final death plunge.

The fighters are still in there, and the navigator's fear sweeps over him. With the world reversed and gone crazy, the terrible drumbeat of cannon shells exploding through the airplane, he rips open the pilot's escape hatch—now at the bottom of the airplane—and squeezes through. The air blast throws him back and away from the Fortress and he falls gratefully through space, counting to ten slowly before yanking the D-ring.

Within the dying, battered B-17 the guns fall silent as the crew feels the horror of a totally helpless airplane. In that moment of the inverted stall, as the bomber shudders again, the final gasp of warning, the tail gunner—wisely—scrambles through his escape hatch into space, following the navigator whose body has fallen free, unseen and unnoticed.

They are the only two men to leave. No sooner does the gunner fall away than the Fortress claws around in a sudden, fierce, inverted spin. She whirls crazily, spinning like a dervish as the earth rushes upward. Centrifugal force pins the men into the aircraft. In their heavy clothing, their parachutes and flak vests, the shrieking B-17 becomes their final tomb.

No one can ever say for certain, but it is likely that the frozen gaze of the copilot never left the face of the man next to him . . . not until that last terrible instant when the bomber met the soil of Germany, and disappeared with her eight imprisoned men in a flaming explosion.

And there were those bombers which could have been abandoned by pilots and other crewmen, and were not. This scene of carnage and horror is perhaps the brightest page in the history of the VIII Bomber Command: The great bombers that fell from their protecting formations with gaping tears and wounds revealing the skeleton framework within, that careened and tumbled with gunners hanging lifelessly over their weapons, with bombs still in the racks, turning red hot with the fire of hydraulic fluid or fuel whipping violently through the

bays. Bombers dying, their death assured, but not abandoned. Still with a pilot and copilot at the controls because within that battered, torn fuselage there was a badly wounded crewman who could not leave the airplane, or, if this was possible, would never survive the wrenching shock of an opening parachute. Sometimes men were unconscious or their parachutes had been shot to ribbons.

So the pilots stayed at their controls. Sometimes they made it down, and most or all of them survived, and the injured received the medical attention to keep them alive.

More often they did not succeed.

[With Schweinfurt now below the bombers, the saga of Mission 115 is continued by Col. Peaslee.] "We are right behind the leading formation as the bomb run starts. They are in good order, but one of their groups of 21 bombers has been reduced to two! The unit has been devastated, and it's more than a little pathetic to see those two lonesome guys plugging along as though all were intact.

"McLaughlin is all concentration now. He ignores the tigers completely and talks to the bombardier. They are hooking the controls to the bomb sight. From now until bombs are away the bombardier will fly the Fortress by remote control. The pilot rests his hands on the wheel. He can overpower the bombsight control if it becomes necessary. The controls move in little metallic jerks.

"Down below us, in the nose, the bombardier is searching for his aiming point. When he finds it, he will push a switch and the bomb-bay doors will grind open. The trick is to move the sight indices together, and to do this the bombardier controls the flight of the airplane by moving a knob on the AFCE. This swings the Fortress slightly to the right or the left.

" 'Let's make it good,' I called to McLaughlin. 'We've come a long way for this.'

"The fighters come at us from all directions. It will be almost a relief to get into the flak zone. They will break off there, to pick us up again as we come off the target and out of the zone.

"We begin to get a few bursts of flak. It is inaccurate. They are scared, too, down on the ground 23,000 feet below. They are firing while we are still out of range. We rapidly move into range, and the ground fire changes from meager and inaccurate to accurate and intense. The sky around us is filled with black bursts. Some of it we hear—the handful of rocks on the tin roof again, when the bursts are within 50 feet. The men handling the guns at Schweinfurt are no amateurs.

"It is past time now for the fighters to leave us, but they do not. They stay with us, fighting in their own flak. This is very strange. Their orders must have been to defend Schweinfurt at all costs.

"I have never seen braver men than these fighter pilots, our mortal enemies. If I were the German in command of men and machines like these, I believe I could stop the daylight bombing of Germany—at least up to this point. But Hermann Goering is their commander, and he has chosen to violate a simple principle of war. He should have ordered total annihilation of the first formation of each attacking force. Our commanders live in fear that he may one day do so. Today he has come the nearest to achieving that principle, for his guns allow only a few of our leading aircraft to escape. But he does not know—and at the moment neither do I—that soon the Mustangs will come, the fighters that can cover us anywhere in Germany. Thanks for Hermann—he is our friend.

"The determination to keep us from reaching the target has been futile, but they have made us pay a terrible price, a price that we cannot afford to pay. The stakes in this game have been terrific for both sides, and the devil took the pot. Below us Schweinfurt is rapidly going to hell as the bomb strings ahead of ours walk through the city. Its dead will outnumber our own by fantastic figures, and the machinery that has made the ball bearings is literally beginning to fly apart.

"The bomb run is good in spite of the fighters and the flak—the kind we refer to as 'flak you can walk on.' It seems as though our aircraft will never reach the bomb-release line—the seconds drag by. Finally, just as we are thinking the bombs must be hung, we feel the bomber lighten in regular little jerks and we know the halfway point has been passed.

" 'Bombs away,' the bombardier reports.

"McLaughlin releases the controls from the bomb sight, and we swing into a right turn toward France. It's a slow turn for reassembly, but there is little need to reassemble. Those left of us are already huddling close.

" '*Primary bombed.*' The strike message flashes back to England. It is a simple statement, nothing more.

"As our right wing dips in the turn, it reveals our approach route, both on the ground and in the air. At our level I can see the rear formations approaching Schweinfurt. They look ragged and are under intense attack. The fighters have left the empty planes for the time being to charge those still carrying bombs toward their city. Our formations do not waver as they crawl across the sky. It is as though they were being pulled by an invisible chain into the thresher of flak over the city, and there they will disgorge their heads of grain, the 1,000-pounders.

"Far below them on the ground I see part of our ante to the devil's pot. Our course is plainly marked by rising columns of smoke. I know what those columns mean and I count them 9, 10, 11. They represent 11 bombers, with 110 men aboard, punctuating the line from the Initial Point to the target.

"Behind our dipped right wing I can see the city, and it is smudged with smoke in the sunlight. As I watch, and as more bombs splash down, the smudge is renewed and thickened. From now until long after the war is over there will be no windows in this city, and the cold winter winds will sweep unchecked through the homes—all the homes, rich and poor alike, for there will be no window glass at any price.

"We are pulling away from the target toward the French border when there is an unexplainable occurrence. One of our bombers climbs out of formation. He does not appear to be damaged and has plenty of power left in his engines. There are no fighters near us at the moment, and I wonder what the pilot's object can be. I broadcast an order for him to return to formation, but there is no acknowledgment. Then parachutes begin to blossom behind and below him. They come at regular intervals until there are 10—the full crew.

"What in hell is this? I will never know. The bomber continues momentarily to fly beside us, then slowly noses over and, gaining speed, disappears below. I cannot fathom it. Did the crew hold a caucus—decide there was no future in this business, decide to quit the war? I wonder.

" 'Well,' McLaughlin tells me over the interphone, 'we have done our flying for Uncle Sam for the day. Now we fly for *us*.' "

Crippled badly, and suffering from many disabled planes in its formation, the 40th Wing turned in one of the most excellent bombing runs of the entire war. Fifty-three per cent of all its bombs dropped, photos revealed beyond question, fell within 1,000 feet of the aiming point of the primary target.

During the bomb run of several groups, starting at about the time the Fortresses approached the Initial Point, there occurred one of the most baffling incidents of World War II, an enigma that to this day defies all explanation.

As the bombers of the 384th Group swung into the final bomb run after passing the Initial Point, the fighter attacks fell off. This point is vital, and pilots were queried extensively, as were other crew members, as to the position at that time of the German fighter planes. Every man interrogated was firm in his statement that "at the time there were no enemy aircraft above." (Memorandum of October 24, 1943, from Maj. E. R. T. Holmes, First Bombardent Division, to the British War Office).

At this moment the pilots and top turret gunners, as well as several crewmen in the plexiglass noses of the bombers, reported a cluster of discs in the path of the 384th's formation and closing with the bombers. The startled exclamations focused attention on the phenomenon, and the crews talked back and forth, discussing and confirming the astonishing sight before them.

The discs in the cluster were agreed upon as being silver colored, about one inch thick and three inches in diameter. They were easily seen by the B-17 crewmen, gliding down slowly in a very uniform cluster.

And then the "impossible" happened. B-17 No. 026 closed rapidly with a cluster of discs. The pilot attempted to evade

an imminent collision with the objects, but was unsuccessful in his maneuver. He reported at the intelligence debriefing that his "right wing went directly through a cluster with absolutely no effect on engines or plane surface."

The intelligence officers pressed their questioning, and the pilot stated further that one of the discs was heard to strike the tail assembly of his B-17, but that neither he nor any member of the crew heard or witnessed an explosion.

He further explained that about 20 feet from the discs the pilots sighted a mass of black debris of varying sizes in clusters of three by four feet.

The secret report added: "Also observed two other A/C flying through silver discs with no apparent damage. Observed discs and debris two other times but could not determine where it came from."

No further information on this baffling incident has been uncovered, with the exception that such discs were observed by pilots and crew members on missions prior to, and after, Mission 115 of October 14, 1943.

Most of the tactics that the Germans employed against Mission 115—formation attacks, use of rockets and heavy nose-mounted cannon, air-to-air bombing, concentration on one bomber group at a time, and hitting swiftly at all stragglers—had been used before. But not until October 14 did the Luftwaffe reach such efficiency in the maximum coordination of all their weapons and tactics.

The blows hurled against the B-17 formations varied from wing to wing, but consistent general patterns emerged. The most dominant of these was the large screen of single-engine fighters, usually Messerschmitt ME-109s or Focke-Wulf FW-190s. These raced into the bombers with an attack from dead ahead, firing their 20-mm. cannon and machine guns until very close to the formation. On the heels of the single-engine fighters, thus protected from B-17 defensive fire until the last moment, were large formations of twin-engine fighters. These roared in to attack in waves, the fighter mass launching deadly rockets in heavy salvos (with four rockets released from underwing positions by each fighter).

The majority of single-engine attacks came from the nose, between 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock, and were pressed home with three to five fighters. While these nose attacks closed to point-blank range, other single-engine fighters attacked simultaneously from high and low positions "in such rapid succession that gunners could not even make observations. At the same time the twin-engine fighters stood out from our tail positions and lobbed rockets into the formation."

Another pilot reports: "Flights of the twin-engine aircraft stood off at fifteen hundred yards at both sides and on the tails of the formations to lob rockets or heavy cannon shells into formations. They hit with devastating effect. Simultaneously the single-engine fighters attacked from the nose, from high and low, spraying us with 20-mm. cannon. During the interval between waves of the twin-engine aircraft, the single-engine fighters dived through the formations from all angles.

"Those single-engine boys resorted to every tactic of aerial combat known, and from all angles. They even dreamed up a couple of new ideas. They barrel-rolled wildly through the formations, hurling out streams of cannon shells and tracers."

The moment the single-engine fighters exhausted their ammunition, they dived at high speed for the nearest fields to refuel and to replenish ammunition, and returned at once to the battle as it marched across Germany. Since re-forming into tight groups was impossible for most of these fighters, they swarmed individually into the Fortresses like hornets, striking targets of opportunity and racing into and through the formations from all directions. During the intervals when the twin-engine fighters dropped away to refuel and rearm, the single-engine planes especially harassed the bombers. And soon afterward the heavier fighters returned. They reassembled in tight formations, sweeping in with their advantage of massed waves in precision attacks.

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As the stream of Flying Fortresses neared the target, a definite change in the pattern of attacks emerged. The Germans began to concentrate on a single formation, closing in in point-blank firing runs. This was the most feared of all the tactics the Germans might adopt, and its effectiveness was appalling. The masses of twin-engine strikes sent rockets into the midst of the formations, scattering the planes and diluting the effectiveness of their defensive fire screen. Pressing their advantage to the utmost, both single and twin-engine fighters rushed in close, pressing their runs with heavy cannon and machine guns. The moment a cripple showed, a swarm of single-engine fighters immediately pounced to deliver the *coup de grâce*.

The Germans changed completely one previous pattern in their air-defense maneuvers. On earlier raids, a cripple that straggled from the formation was left to the attentions of fighters such as the Messerschmitt ME-110. Heavily armed with four cannon and two machine guns firing forward in a massed stream from the nose, the ME-110 was handicapped by a much slower speed than the single-engine airplanes. Against a crippled Fortress, however, its speed was excellent, and its ability to deliver tremendous bursts of firepower usually assured that the B-17 went down. On this mission, however, the Germans' single-engine fighters swooped away from the mass formations to hit cripples and stragglers, while the heavier and larger fighters stayed with the bomber stream.

As best they could, the planners of Mission 115 routed the two bombardment divisions around German ground defenses. The bombers reported "en route meager inaccurate flak" at Domburg, West Schouwen, Woensdrecht and Antwerp, and "en route meager accurate flak" at Limburg, Friedberg and Würzburg. Flak over the target was "intense and accurate."

Bomber crews reported anti-aircraft bursts as red, white and black, and also caught the interest of intelligence officers with descriptions of flak that burst with a rich "purple flash and produced a purple smoke cloud." For the first time in any numbers the Germans employed flak rockets. These were seen near Worms as intense bursts of flame near the ground and thin smoke trails racing into the sky after the bombers. They proved ineffective, and were more interesting than dangerous.

The array of aircraft thrown into the battle was unprecedented, not merely in number but in types. The single-engine fighters included the familiar Messerschmitt ME-109s and Focke-Wulf FW-190s. For the first time in daylight intercepts the crews also sighted the small Heinkel HE-113. "They were unmistakable as the HE-113s," a pilot reported. "They were flown by green kids, were sloppy in their maneuvers, and they left themselves wide open for our gunners. They got hell shot out of them."

German twin-engine fighters included the twin-tailed Messerschmitt ME-110s and swarms of Messerschmitt ME-210s, much faster than the earlier fighters. Also among the twin-engine attackers were the Junkers JU-88 bombers modified to carry rockets and heavy armament batteries. Focke-Wulf FW-189s, normally seen close to the ground in support operations, also swept in against the Fortress stream.

B-17 pilots identified the vintage Heinkel HE-111 bomber with its broad, unmistakable elliptical wings, which the Germans used primarily as rocket launching platforms. At 22,000 feet several bomber crews were startled to see single-engine Junkers JU-87 Stukas, broad fixed landing gear unmistakable, as they struggled in the thin air. Dornier DO-217 twin-engine bombers, bristling with rockets and cannon, also attacked in waves.

Into the savage air struggle the Germans threw even their two main four-engine bombers. Heinkel HE-177s made rocket and cannon attacks against the Fortresses, while the giant Focke-Wulf FW-200K Kuriers, raiders of Atlantic merchant convoys, cruised behind the Fortresses to radio to fighter vector stations and flak headquarters sites the exact altitude, speed, and position of the American bombers.

The enemy fighters were marked with a dazzling variety of colors and stripes. ME-109s were distinctive with gleaming paint surfaces that featured an orange-colored nose and underside of the cowling, with the rest of the airplane black. Several FW-190s were completely yellow, and polished to a high gloss. ME-

110s had a large yellow patch on the center underside of the airplanes, and many JU-88s were seen with all-white bellies and multicolored striped tops.

The Third Air Division reported still further variations in fighter identifications. They saw JU-88s with all-black bellies and upper surfaces painted white and cream. ME-109s appeared with green bellies and the rest of the aircraft all silver. The four-engine FW-200K kuriers were all painted silver. Several FW-190s were seen with yellow noses and green cowlings, and the HE-177 four-engine bombers appeared in mixed black-and-white color schemes.

The First Air Division reported that between 250 and 300 enemy fighters were airborne and in positions to attack their formations in a continuous running air battle. Groups of from 50 to 60 fighters pressed home their attacks to "ramming distance," and broke off their repeated passes only when fresh groups arrived as reinforcements to institute new sweeps into the formations. Other attacks were made from various positions of the clock in groups of three to seven fighters, with every firing run "pressed home most vigorously." These served to distract much of the firepower from the heavy massed fighter runs from dead on.

The first attacks of the day against the lead air division began at 13:33 hours, after the Thunderbolts turned back near Aachen. They continued until the French border was reached near Ludwigshafen. At 16:47 hours—after 3 hours and 14 minutes of battle—the Germans left.

"The air was literally filled with single-engine and twin-engine fighters," states the official report of Mission 115 by the First Bombardment Division, "with FW-190s acting as diversion screens for the twin-engine ships. The single-engine aircraft attacked to attract the gunners, and at the same time twin-engine fighters in formations of three, four and five slipped in behind the diversionary groups. When the Germans attacked in this fashion, twin-engine fighters released their rockets as close as 200 yards and then slipped away. Most of these attacks were made against tail positions."

The First Division encountered most of its intense opposition en route to the target. Attacks by German fighters dropped off considerably after the bombs were released, with only a few attacks made on two of the withdrawing task forces in this division.

The Third Air Division in its withdrawal suffered a particularly severe and determined attack. "A very intense attack was made against the lead group by approximately 160 single-engine fighters just after the target," reported a Third Air Division wing commander. "They attacked in waves of ten to twenty." The Third Air Division commander reported that "the enemy aircraft approached our formation in compact groups and in overpowering strength."

Certain groups were virtually slaughtered by the Germans, and others miraculously found the gaps in the air battle and met only mild defense by the German pilots.

Usually the heavy fighter planes released their rockets from beyond the range of the bombers' .50-caliber guns, though many also came in as close as 200 yards. Single-engine fighters carried these projectiles beneath the belly, and the twin-engine planes held two rockets beneath each wing, making a total of four. When fired, the rockets trailed a brilliant and long red streak.

Several crews reported ME-210s closing in to about 500 yards, when "suddenly the aircraft seemed to disappear in a brilliant glare. There were four very bright flashes. The rockets were on the way. Then they came in close to use the twenty-mm cannon."

All reports were consistent that the rocket bursts were at least as large, or larger, than a heavy flak burst. Many of the rockets obviously were of a larger size, for the crews stated emphatically that these were "at least four times as large and as powerful in their effect as an 88-mm. gun burst."

In the Ruhr area, the fighters released rockets that "burst in a continuous stream of flashes. A red flare exploded first, followed by the dense black smoke. Out of each burst came clusters of smaller shells that exploded a few seconds later. Some rockets were extremely large, bursting with four times the size of flak.

Another report described a new type of cannon never experienced before Mission 115. "Several large twin-engine aircraft closed to 850 yards to fire their rockets, or to blaze away with cannon shells of a large size and type never before experienced. Large flashes were seen from the leading edges of the wings close to the wing roots. Continuous fire for a short time was observed, until the aircraft turned away. Gun flashes and projectile bursts were larger than 20-mm fire, and the bursts exploded in the formation with black smoke on top and white smoke on the bottom. The bursts were equivalent in explosive force to flak.

"B-17s hit by these projectiles invariably started to burn fiercely, and immediately. One projectile, not otherwise identified, was observed to hit the No. 4 engine nacelle of the lead aircraft of the second element of the 92d Group, and after one-half minute the engine caught fire. The shell seemed to sit on the wing of the nacelle and burn brilliantly."

Both air divisions reported attempts by German fighters to bomb the formations from higher altitudes. In one instance five Focke-Wulf FW-190s drifted in above the 92d Group, approximately 1,500 feet over the bombers and flying parallel. When almost directly overhead several objects, "which looked like small standard bombs," fell away toward the B-17s. White smoke streamers trailed the bombs, which fell in a tight spiral. None of these bombs struck the Fortresses, and they all dropped out of sight without exploding.

And to add a final note to these attacks, several ME-110 twin-engine fighters were observed to fly above and ahead of the formations, releasing aerial mines slung beneath parachutes. These drifted wide of the formations—their closest approach was reported to be at least 5,000 feet. Several exploded with a "blinding light" in the air, the others drifted out of sight without any detonation.

In no instances were the attempts to destroy the Fortresses by these aerial bombing attacks reported as successful.

One sighting—made up by the crews of several bombers—has to this day remained unexplained. The sighting is included in the mission report of the 92d Group, and is reproduced verbatim:

"Four P-47s, thought to be friendly American aircraft flown by the enemy, were observed on the approach to the Initial Point at 22,000 feet, heading 120 degrees magnetic. These aircraft flew out to the side and parallel with the combat wing formation in the manner of fighter escort. They suddenly executed a 90 degree turn in toward the head of the combat wing formation. These aircraft were originally at 800 yards on the port beam. They approached to 300 yards when they nosed up and away, showing a full-plan view of themselves. *Positive identification is claimed.* The aircraft had brown fuselages and the wings were a very dark color, almost black. No white cowling and no white tail markings were observed. No insignia was observed and the aircraft did not open fire. Several B-17s fired on them. The last P-47 escort had long since departed and the enemy aircraft had been attacking for some time at this point."

Heavy anti-aircraft shells and rockets from the ground, and in the air machine guns, cannon, rockets, bombs, aerial mines, incendiary bombs, and even hand-thrown weapons, made up the arsenal the Luftwaffe hurled against Mission 115. There was still another; this report is typical of many:

"On three different occasions FW-190s swooped down and just over the parachutes of our men who had bailed out. They raced in close, propellers, just clearing the chutes. The slip stream either scooped air out of the chutes or collapsed them, and on each occasion the chute and wearer plummeted straight to the ground."

It is agreed by many veterans of the raid that 351Z was the outstanding performer in defending itself against the German fighters and exacting the heaviest toll of the enemy. This airplane's saga during Mission 115 is one of the most remarkable of all World War II. Some of the engagements are presented in the words of various crew members.

"A big gaggle of JU-88s had rushed through the formation, going like hell and firing steadily at all the B-17s in front of them. I don't know how many fighters, at least thirty of them. Then a single JU-88 closed in from five o'clock level. Sgt. D. M. Radney in the tail tracked him, and fired in short, steady bursts. The Junker poured in his shells; his nose was lit up like a Christmas tree. At five hundred yards Radney called out that the fighter's port engine was aflame. The fighter closed to two hundred yards, Radney still firing, when it broke away sharply. Fire licked back from the engine along the entire fuselage. Nobody saw it crash or the crew go out." A dis-

gruntled Radney received a *Damaged* claim for this one.

In another mass attack, this time by single-engine fighters, Sgt. J. W. Disher in the ball turret called out an FW-190 rushing upward from 7 o'clock, and firing everything he had. Cannon shells exploded all over the belly of the Fortress as Disher fired several long bursts. Suddenly Disher was hit by fragments from a shell; he kept firing, and was rewarded with smoke trailing from the Focke-Wulf. It nosed over into a dive, and the smoke thickened to obscure the fighter. The pilot leaped clear. Disher received a *Destroyed*.

Another heavy attack was made by JU-88s blasting away with their grouped cannon. One fighter closed in at 2 o'clock to 300 yards, firing steadily. Sgt. B. L. Boutwell in the top turret fired a steady series of bursts as he tracked the JU-88 in. The fighter dropped suddenly, and as it raced closely beneath the B-17, the ball turret gunner reported that both engines were burning. The dive steepened, and the copilot shouted back to Boutwell that the Junkers was a ball of flame.

Almost at the same moment as this attack, a JU-88 came in slightly low at 5 o'clock. Radney in the tail fired at 500 yards, hosing a stream of tracers into the fighter as the range closed to 350 yards. Even as the B-17 shook badly from the exploding shells the tracers set the JU-88's entire right wing aflame. Then the left engine blossomed out in fire as the plane fell into a dive. No one saw the airplane crash, and there was no time to follow it in the dive to look for parachutes. He received a *probable*.

A newcomer to the attacks was a large Dornier DO-217 bomber which climbed at a shallow angle from 4 o'clock low, pumping very large cannon shells into the B-17. Disher in the ball turret fired three long bursts, scoring steadily. The big German airplane staggered in the air, and Radney in the tail called in as both engines flamed, and the DO-217 fell out of control. Nearly two miles below it exploded, and Disher had his second *Destroyed*.

The Dornier disappeared from sight, and then a swarm of JU-88's enveloped the Fortress in a cascade of exploding cannon shells. From his tail position, Radney snapped out burst after burst at the Junkers and frantically swung his guns to track an FW-190 which raced in from dead astern. Radney had the horrifying view of staring into the FW-190 from only 25 yards away, the wings and nose blazing with firing guns and cannon. Radney's well-directed fire set the Focke-Wulf smoking heavily, but the German plane rushed in. A collision seemed imminent, but at the last second the fighter swerved sharply to the left. There was no mistake about this one. Radney received a *Destroyed*.

Lt. K. A. Pfleger, bombardier: "Two FW-190s came in at one-thirty o'clock and I opened fire at four hundred yards. I continued firing at the first ship to the limit of movement of the gun. The first FW-190 was seen by Hultquist in the right waist, going by out of control. It tumbled and crashed into another FW-190 which was coming in at five o'clock from above. Both ships exploded in flames when they crashed into each other." At the debriefing they gave Pfleger credit for *Two Destroyed*.

Sgt. N. J. Barbate in the left waist: "A JU-88 came in from above at seven o'clock. He dived on us, firing, and I caught him in my sights at six hundred yards, and opened fire. His right engine suddenly flamed. He went out of sight at three o'clock; Hultquist saw him going down in flames in a steep dive. He struck the ground and exploded." *Destroyed*.

Sgt. C. T. Hultquist in the right waist: "ME-109s came in a bunch just below the right wing at two o'clock. I fired at the second ship. Right away a stream of smoke poured from underneath the engine. Radney in the tail saw him come out, smoking heavily. Then the airplane exploded into small pieces." *Destroyed*.

The final attack came from the nose. Lt. P. L. Stebbins, the navigator, tracked a JU-88 coming in level at 1:30 o'clock, firing steadily. Stebbins opened fire at 400 yards, squeezing out long bursts through the limit of arc of his gun. As the JU-88 raced by the Fortress, Boutwell in the top turret reported the fighter trailing heavy smoke from both engines. The Junkers dropped in a steepening dive and never recovered; Disher in the ball reported the crash and explosion. *Destroyed*.

B-17 No. 351Z was a busy airplane. Score: Nine destroyed, one probable, one damaged.

In the sky over Germany . . . let us return to the B-17 with Col. Peaslee and Capt. McLaughlin in the cockpit as they come home.

"The bombers string out behind us as we turn over the runway and head for the landing. From one of the rear aircraft a red flare blossoms, and the men in the ambulance spring to life—there are wounded aboard.

"Capt. McLaughlin sets her down on glass—it's hard to tell when flight ceases and the landing roll begins. As we start to slow and the weight of the bomber relaxes, we feel the roughness of the runway.

"We roll to the end of the runway, past the waiting jeep and the ambulance, and turn smoothly onto the taxi strip. Jockeying the plane is easy now in the daylight, and as we move through the woods we pass the hardstands with their waiting crews. Invariably they wave and make victory signs in our direction. In a few moments many of them will return silently and sadly to their squadron headquarters to receive the condolences of more fortunate comrades and to wait for a new bomber and a new combat crew assignment. Some may get a 48-hour pass and head for London to find distraction with the girls of Piccadilly or oblivion in a sodden drunk.

"We approach our own hardstand and turn in. My boss Slim Turner, the wing commander, and Bill Reid, the group commander, stand by the staff cars and smile and wave as my pilot wheels the bomber onto the hardstand to be made ready for tomorrow's mission. As the engines roar out, then die into silence, I stand up.

"It's wonderful to stand up after so many hours in one position. It is an indescribable feeling—I stagger a little at first, and with the vibration of the engines missing, I feel a little numb all over. I ignore the slow exit route around the gun turrets, through the bomb bay, through the radio compartment, past the waist guns to the door in the rear of the fuselage. I simply step down to the catwalk into the bombardier's and navigator's compartment and drop out of the forward escape hatch in the nose. I stagger noticeably as Slim and Bill both

CAVALIER

"Now, just what seems to be the trouble?"

reach for my hand. Their faces are bright with smiles that are about to fade. The questions start.

" 'How did it go? Where is the rest of the group—Southern England or still on top? Have any trouble letting down? Hear it was a milk run. How was the bombing? Did you get the target?'

"I hold up my hand. I suppose I'm guilty of making a try at the dramatic.

" 'You have just watched the group land—all that's left of it,' I say. 'We had a hell of a fight.'

"The bright faces sag, there are seconds of silence, then come expressions of disbelief, punctuated by curses. They want to think I am lying or joking, but they know I am doing neither. The crew has debarked, and each member becomes the nucleus of a questioning group.

"They fire questions at me, many questions, but they all lead up to two words. *'What happened?'*

"I look at the silently waiting crews on the empty hardstands. I tell them—the highlights only—what took place in that terrible sky over Germany. They remain silent until I have finished. There are a few more scattered questions, then Bill says, his shoulders slumped, 'Let's go to my quarters.'

"I know what that means—a drink, and I need a drink. Bill needs one, too, for he has lost two thirds of his boys, the boys he has trained, criticized, disciplined—made members of the official family. Tomorrow he will be signing letters to their folks. Inside he will be crying, just as all the parents will weep with visible tears.

"I don't envy him. How many times can a man's heart break?" •

FRANK MERRIWELL

Continued from page 49

tables in the place, doing nothing more spectacular than talking, and Berg took a look at him, then went back to his drink at the bar.

"He should be the greatest you ever saw," a guy with Berg said.

Moe nodded yes.

"But he's never going to go all the way, is he?" the guy asked.

"No," Moe said.

"But he's not drinking or anything."

"It doesn't matter."

Layne never had any trouble at all. He goes out at night, but he has thrown more touchdown passes than anybody in professional football history and he is second on the all-time list in passes completed and yards gained to Baugh. In eight years with the Detroit Lions he took the club to four Western Division championships, three league titles and two second-place finishes. And he has shown he can make or break a ball club. In a big mistake, the Lions traded Layne to the Steelers during the 1958 season and the Lions started falling apart the next year while the Steelers are given a good chance to win the Eastern Division title this season.

This switch in power comes from more than Layne's ability to pass or pick the right play or keep a team alert on the field. There have been plenty of big football players who can do this. Layne goes so far beyond this he simply loses you. The way the Lions won the league championship in 1952 shows you this.

The Detroit club that year started off favored to win the Western Division, but they dropped two of the first three games.

In putting the club together, the Detroit management had good luck in coming up with the best football talent available. But at this time your best college ballplayers were either at the University of Notre Dame or in Texas, at places such as Southern Methodist University. It didn't take the Detroit guys long to find out something the politicians spent millions to fight all Fall—those old Notre Dame-Southern Methodist jokes are as funny as being shot at.

With Bobby Layne, there are only a couple of things that count. If you go out with him, you bring a five-dollar bill and a clean shirt and you can be with him for a week and you won't change either of them. And if you play football with him you knock guys down with blocks or you hear about it. Everything else is for amateurs. So after the second loss that year, Layne took over the ball club. He called a morale meeting at a place called Carl's Chop House on the Grand River and when everybody got there Layne said, "This is all on me, and if there's any cliques on this team, we're going to get rid of them now."

It was his version of a speech. Then he sat down and picked up a glass. Everybody else started to take a drink and at the end of this morale meeting guys were too worried about standing up straight to bother asking what college somebody went to. Layne picked up the bill. By the time he was through he had gone for something like $500.

The Lions went out and won their next nine games and in the league championship game they were trailing the Cleveland Browns, 16-10, with a little less than four minutes to go when they got the ball for Bobby. The Lions were on their own 20 when Layne took the field, but he didn't care about yardage or the clock. He wanted the ball.

Hands on hips, shoulders swinging in a swagger, Layne ducked into the huddle. "Let's relax here," he said. "Just give L'il Bobby some blocking and ah'm goin' get you a touchdown."

Eight plays later, Dorn Dibble, the end, cut to his right and Layne's pass was right in front of him and the Lions were the National Football League champions.

This is Layne's style. There is no other way for him and because of this you can expect about anything from him.

Earlier in the 1957 season—on September 17th—Bobby was, police said, drunk and driving a car containing fullback Tom Tracy and four companions down the wrong side of the street, exceeding the speed limit and with no lights on. A police cruiser stopped Layne. The cop said Layne got out of the car, leaving it in gear, then walked behind it. The car started to roll into Layne and pin him to the front of the police car. The officer said he had to pull Layne away.

In a situation like this, when you are a guy whose name gets in the papers, the classic thing to do is duck, pay a fine on the quiet, and then hope the whole thing is forgotten. Layne demanded a trial.

At this time there was a drive on against drunken driving in Detroit and Bobby's case quickly became a much headlined and hot affair. Layne, however, never does things in a small way. He retained Joe Louisell as counsel. At this time Louisell, a crack lawyer, was busy suing the United Auto Workers Union for Tony Likavado and a couple of the boys from Detroit who had been accused by the union of doing a harmless little thing: trying to put holes in labor leader Walter Reuther with a shotgun. Layne's case was so important in Detroit—where everybody is a Lions fan—that Louisell took a couple of days off from the other affair to defend Bobby.

Louisell maintained that his client's Texas accent was hard for some people to understand and the officers therefore figured he was drunk. The jury took 12 minutes to deliberate, then came in with a not guilty verdict. It was greeted by spectators with a locomotive cheer for Layne, the judge, the jury and the lawyer. Around Detroit barrooms thereafter, signs cropped up saying, "Ah'm Not Drunk. Ah'm From Texas."

If you know of Layne, you laugh at things like this.

Late one afternoon a few seasons back, Nick Kerbawy, the Lions general manager at the time, talked about this. "I don't know of another one in sports like him," Nick was saying. "He is the original class guy. Now at the end of the 1954 season, for example, he could have been murder. We had won three consecutive division titles with him and now we have to sign him again. So I went down to Dallas to see him and for the first three days I never get a chance to mention the contract. We're in the Variety Club. We're here, we're there and finally he's got me in the Neiman Marcus store buying a silk suit and then I say, now wait a minute, what about that paper. Off we go to the Variety Club again and he writes out a figure for me and he says he expects other quarterbacks get so much and he is worth so much and I look at it

and it's 100 per cent. Then back at the hotel he took the contract forms, I had them on a pad, and he started signing and he never stopped. Wound up he had signed for three years.

That's his style. Now those parties he throws. Every time the club gets down he throws one. They cost him anywhere from $200 to $500. He's never let the club pay for one of them. We told him we wanted to pay for them. He was doing the club more good than you could buy. But you can't pay with Layne. I mean nothing. He calls me up sometimes and says, come on down to Lubbock and we'll go out and I say, when I get a week I don't need I'll go take a walk with him. One night we're in a place around here and the band is playing some song Bobby liked. So he goes up to the bandstand and throws a bill on the floor. Now it wasn't any twenty or something like that. I mean he throws a bill on the floor. They pick it up, get over the shock, and start playing the song for him again. And they don't stop. They play it all night. We're out in the front of the place and Bobby says to me, 'Nick, if you like that song go on back and be my guest.' They played it so much I don't even remember the damn thing now."

Playing football for money is Layne's business and he is one of those who stands up and keeps standing up. He looks as good on a field now as he did 10 years ago, except maybe he's better in tough spots.

Last November it came up cold on the Sunday the Pittsburgh Steelers came into New York to play the Giants and to get to the place under the stands at Yankee Stadium where Joe Stevens, the caterer, had some whiskey available you had to pass the Giants' dressing room.

Jim Lee Howell, the Giant coach, was coming down after looking at the field and as he passed a guy said that it was a good day for a football game.

"It's never a good day when you play Layne," Howell said. "He's got a way about him."

There were 30 seconds left in the game and the Giants were leading, 16-14, when Layne found the way. The 71,000 spectators knew he was going to pass. So did the Giants. But Bobby hit Tom Tracy with a 40-yard touchdown pass and broke up the game. The next week he was in Cleveland and there were 40 seconds left against the Browns when he put a 26-yard pass onto Gern Nagler's chest for a touchdown. Then he kicked the extra point for a 21-20 win.

He is always like that. He'll go out and fight, and you can go, too, but you better be there to catch that pass because he is going to be throwing it. With Layne, you show up for football and nothing else should count.

One hot day in July of 1956, for example, Bobby decided he had been around Lubbock long enough. Presently, he was at the desk of the Tuller Hotel in Detroit.

There now were six days standing between Bobby and practice. Which was just right for him. He went upstairs and put in a call to Windsor, Ontario, for a four-piece jazz band. The bandleader listened to Layne's price, then put his boys in a fast car. Bobby started to pass the word around town that a pre-season morale party was about to start.

Five days later, one Edgar (Doc) Green, who is one of the nation's finest sports columnists, and also a man who stands one-two as the best tequila drinker in the Western Hemisphere, had a complaint about the affair.

"The band isn't playing loud enough," he said.

When the party ended, the host was driven out to Ypsilanti, where the Lions were setting up camp at Western Michigan Teachers College. Many thought that he would be buried there.

The sun was bright and it seared the field with 90-degree heat when Coach Buddy Parker and his coaching staff walked out of the locker room and the big fresh-eyed team followed him. Layne was in the pack. The equipment had him sweating freely as he walked across the grass. There was a bulge where the top of his pants ended.

He lined up with the backs and ends for wind sprints. There were guys who had done 9.5 for the hundred in the group. There were others who hadn't touched anything stronger than dark coffee in their lives. But when they started running, Layne left them red-faced and spitting up phlegm.

He was second in one sprint. Then he was third in the next. Then second. Now

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he was getting loose and they had to run all-out to beat him. Back in Detroit, guys were taking hospital rooms because of his party, but under the hot sun of a practice field Layne was improving each time out.

Art Rooney, the gray-haired, all-heart guy who owns the Steelers, was at New York's Aqueduct Race Track one day last summer, listening to a couple of guys in the clubhouse dining room talk about Vernon Law, the Pirates pitcher who was out with some kind of a virus at the time. "Law?" Rooney was saying. "That's the fella who is a preacher, isn't he?" A Mormon, one of the guys told him. Doesn't smoke or drink. "And he's out sick," Rooney mused. "That's funny. You know, my man Layne hasn't missed a play yet."

Late one afternoon at the start of this season, Bobby was sitting in the cocktail lounge of the Hotel Westbury in Toronto and he was talking about this. He had on an expensive solid brown suit, white shirt and dark tie and he kept tapping the mouthpiece of his cigarette with his thumb. It was one of those little, nervous gestures you find a lot of times in the big athlete. Now this sounds mysterious, but if you've ever seen Willie Pep try to sit still at a table or Eddie Arcaro start to snap his fingers then you'd expect something like this from Layne.

Bobby was drinking a Coke and he was talking about something which had run in the Toronto *Star* the day before. Layne and the Steelers were in town for an exhibition game against the Toronto Argonauts and the paper's sports column was a thing entirely about Layne's supposed drinking habits.

"That happens all the time," he was saying. "Some guy never even met me sits down and writes what a bunch of people put down before. Then he thinks it's funny. It gets me sore. Papers, you take how they do things. One time in Detroit a couple of the players borrowed my car and went out and got in an accident with it. Next day, they got the headlines reading, 'Layne's car.' Read just like ah was in the car. Then a day later they take the trouble to check and they find ah wasn't in it so they decide to make up for it. They run a story on page 83, right under the stock tables, and nobody's seen it yet."

A guy from Toronto who was drinking beer at the bar turned on his stool and got in the conversation.

"Why would the big, successful Bobby Layne get upset over a little story in a paper in Toronto?" he said.

"Because ah got pride," Layne said. "Here's a man writes about me like I'm some character. Do you see him putting in there how I can play football? No. That's what gets me sore. Ah'm a professional football player. You'd never know it from reading this.

"Ah do things my own way," Bobby was saying. "Like sleep. Back home you can find me six thirty, seven in the morning down at the coffee shop having breakfast while the wife and kids are sleeping. Most sleep ah can take is six hours. After that, it's get up. So you put me to bed at ten o'clock at night, you gonna find me up at four in the mornin'. What kind of sense does that make? Ah go to bed late so ah can get up at a human time.

"And as for going out, hell, ah'm an adult. Let the other guy go sneaking 'round the back door of some place. Ah go to the best places. Right through the front door. So you take a couple of beers. Somebody watching sees you do it and the next thing he's telling some guy Bobby Layne was drunk last night and by the time the story makes the rounds ah been on a bender.

"And they forget one thing. Ah'm always in the field Sunday afternoon, so I must know what I'm doing with myself. You got to play this game and if you don't come ready to play just stay right at home because it's no place to relax. What good is a guy who goes to bed at nine o'clock at night and then comes around and doesn't get the job done Sunday afternoon?"

Layne resents most of the stories written about his off-time habits because of this. Also his two boys are growing up now and Bobby doesn't want anybody writing something that would hurt the kid. Which is what can happen when those who write sports and don't understand what kind of a man Layne is go overboard on what he does.

The fact of the matter is that it makes no difference what Layne does. When you know how he gets the job done then his taking a drink becomes something nearly every man does when he isn't on the job.

Everytime they've tried to place a rap on Layne, they've forgotten about this. And Bobby has made them look silly.

In August of 1957, the Lions, who were champions, held their annual booster banquet at the Statler Hotel in Detroit and what had started out as a big night wound up a mess.

Buddy Parker, the coach, got up. In six years as head coach he had won two championships and had been raised from $12,000 to $30,000 a year. He had a championship team to handle at practice, which had just opened. Instead of being the winning coach, Parker got up and shocked the place.

"I can't handle this football team," he said. "When you can't handle players it's time to get out. That's what I'm doing tonight. I'm through with football in Detroit."

The audience was shocked. But Parker meant it. The next day he blew town. Art Rooney immediately hired him as Pittsburgh head coach and the papers all started to say how Layne and the others were impossible to handle.

Layne broke his ankle late in the season and Tobin Rote took over as quarterback. In a tremendous showing he ran and passed the Lions to the league championship. The next season George Wilson, who had succeeded Parker as coach, kept Rote as the starter. Layne was, at best, an alternate. After two games of the season were gone, Bobby was at the Detroit airport to meet his wife when he was paged on the public address system and when he went to answer the call he found it was from the Lions. They were telling him he was traded to Pittsburgh.

Later in the day, Bobby was in a room at Old Grace Hospital in Detroit visiting a guy he knew and he took a couple of raps at a Scotch bottle and said he felt bad about the way he had been traded. But he never said a word about Wilson, the coach, or Rote, the quarterback who was supposed to be better than he was.

Two weeks later it was wet and miserable at Yankee Stadium and anybody who was out to see the Steelers play the Giants needed a new wife to keep him at home. The Giants were big favorites and they looked it, scoring quickly. Layne was just getting used to the Steelers. But he was a guy who was 32

CAVALIER

"FORE!"

now and his ankle had been broken the season before and everybody said he was a lot slower. He had been cut off from a championship outfit and been sent to the Steelers, who never got anyplace, had already lost their first two games and, here in the poor footing at the Stadium, were on their way to blowing another. The Giant defense was the kind that pounded the passer with better protection than Layne figured to get.

This was the classic spot for the amateur, the half-way guy, to give it up and start playing safety first. But Layne never traveled that road and he came on the field after that Giant touchdown with a little, cocky dog trot, then put his hands on his hips and started to order the Steelers around.

The rest of the team was terrible, but Layne was something to see. He kept throwing passes and trying to set up the Giant defense, but the rest of the Steelers were terrible. They fumbled seven times in the backfield and four of his passes—two of them should have set up touchdowns—were dropped. Bobby was all over. On the sidelines, when the Giants had the ball, he walked up and down in front of the Steeler offensive club and snapped at them. In the third quarter, Jimmy Orr, the end, was all alone on the New York 15 and Layne hit him with the pass, but Orr dropped it. When the end got back to the huddle, Layne, hands on hips, was waiting for him.

"You sonufabitch," Bobby screamed. "Ah'm gonna kill you if you drop another pass on me."

It didn't seem to mean much to anybody but Layne. The Giants won the game, 17-6, and after it the Steelers were in the dressing room talking about what they were going to do that night and the next day and the last thing they were worried about was the game they had lost to the Giants.

Nobody went near Layne. He was sitting on the stool in front of his dressing stall with a cigarette in his dirt-stained right hand and he kept taking quick drags and then spitting out curse words as he exhaled the smoke.

"Ah don't like losing ball games," he kept saying. "Damn! But ah don't like losin' ball games."

Art Rooney came into the dressing room with a little guy named Georgie Breen, who comes off the race tracks. Layne shifted the cigarette into his left hand, then started to say something about a sonufabitch.

"He acts like he got beat a photo," Breen said.

Rooney chewed on his cigar. "I think we're going to get our money's worth out of this fella," Art said. He liked Layne's style. He got to like it even more after that. The Steelers didn't lose a game the rest of the season, then went on to win eight the next year and Bobby Layne was playing the best football of his life.

The Lions got nowhere with Tobin Rote and he has been since shipped off to Canada. And around Detroit everybody knows letting Bobby Layne go was a mistake. One night a year later, when somebody decided to ask Parker about his quitting at Detroit, Buddy said, "Forget about that. Except for one thing. Layne had nothing to do with it. I never had a complaint in the world about him. How could you? He wins football games."

Parker is always like this with Layne. In August of '59, the Steelers were at San Maroos, Texas, for an exhibition game and at 5:30 on a Sunday morning, in nearby Austin, the police picked up Bobby and said his car had brushed another and that he had been drinking.

The lawyer said Layne merely had a case of laryngitis and the cops mistook it for intoxication.

To which Blackie Sherrod, in the Fort Worth *Star*, noted, "a *whole case* of laryngitis?"

Parker never said a word about it. He wanted Layne for playing football, not for private talks.

When the Steelers came on the field for the game against Toronto, a night affair, Layne was on the sidelines waiting for the kickoff and you could see he was not going to make it a light night. He was straight-faced and he was bending down and touching his toes, then moving his feet around a little, then touching his toes again. He was like an old fighter getting into the corner before a fight. Not a lot of action. Just a little shuffling to stay loose. And he wasn't talking much. With a professional like this it is more important to concentrate on exactly what you are going to do when the action starts.

When the Steelers took over the ball, Layne went onto the field at a dog trot. As his team came into the huddle you could see none of them kept his head down. "When I call a play," Layne always yells, "you look me right in the eye. How the hell can you pay attention to me if you're looking at the ground? You look at me. Right in the eye, too."

The Steelers broke from the huddle

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with a rush. Layne came after them slowly. He stayed a step away from center Ed Beatty as he looked over the Toronto defense. Then he stepped up, hunched over and put his hands under Beatty's rump. Across from him the blue-shirted Toronto linemen tilted forward, their white-taped wrists outlined against the green of the grass. Layne barked signals, then took the ball and went straight back to pass.

A big Toronto guy was coming in strong from defensive left end, but Layne didn't even notice him. He looked past the Toronto end at Tom Barnett, his halfback, who was cutting toward the right sideline. He was open for a moment and Layne looked at him and he was still looking at Barnett when he turned a little and threw the ball deep down the right side to Buddy Dial, who had gone straight downfield. Dial took the ball and went in for a touchdown that started the Steelers to an easy win. Layne kicked the point and came off the field and went straight to Buddy Parker and began to talk about what he was going to do the next time.

It went like this for the whole game and after it Layne was sitting in the team bus. "It wasn't an exhibition game," Bobby was saying. "There's no such thing as an exhibition game. Ah figure ah'm on an eighteen-game contract for this club and one's the same as the other. You got to play them all."

The bus stopped in front of the hotel and the players got out and went to a big private dining room a flight down from the lobby where they were to have a late dinner. And sitting there with them you could see what Bobby Layne means around a ball club.

The waiters put cardboard ice buckets filled with beer along the buffet table after the dinner and when the players started to go up and hit the beer, Layne, who was sitting at a round table in the middle of the room, lit a cigarette, looked around, and pounded his hand for silence.

"Where those rookies?" he said. "Ah want a little singing around here. Here we are. Here's my man." He was pointing to a huge 300-pound kid named Ken Longenecker. The big kid got up and walked to a little bandstand, which had a piano on it.

"Make it loud now," Layne said. "Ah want to hear every note of this."

Longenecker started to sing, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" in a high-pitched voice.

Bobby gave everybody a going over. He called on Art Lewis, one of the coaches, and Lewis got up and sang "When You Were Sweet Sixteen" in an abominable voice. Bobby said he was fine. Then Harry Gilmer, the backfield coach, had to get up and since he sings worse than Lewis, Bobby told him, "Tell a story."

Gilmer told one of those football banquet stories. The players laughed at the story and then they turned around and looked at Layne again. Bobby was making up his mind what he wanted next. Then he told somebody to get up and the guy started to sing a mountain song. Layne liked it and he told everybody to join in. The whole room was singing now and Bobby was banging his hand against the table in time with the singing and he gave Rebel yips, then banged his hand louder and you could see that in this roomful of 55 big football players he was in charge. And in charge in a way you'd never seen anybody in sports take over.

Rooney was sitting in one corner of the room, killing time over a cup of coffee. "Athletes," Art was saying. "I've seen athletes who stood out and were supposed to be leaders. But those fellas were all amateurs compared to this guy."

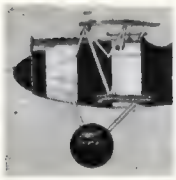
Winning football games is the only thing that ever counted with Layne. For a simple reason, too. He started off a winner, playing on the Highland Park High School team in Dallas, Texas, with Doak Walker as a backfield mate. He went on to Texas, then came to the pros as a Chicago Bear. But a rookie quarterback at that time, 1947, had no chance with the Bears, who had Sid Luckman and Johnny Lujack. So Layne was traded to the now-defunct New York Bulldogs, one of the worst pro football teams ever assembled. Then Bo McMillan of the Lions got him in a trade and Layne made it big.

Since then, anytime you go and talk to somebody about Layne all you hear is that this is the big guy; everybody else is an amateur.

Vince Banonis, an all-pro center at Green Bay, wound up with the Lions one season in a trade and he was still remembering assignments when he got over the ball for the first scrimmage of the training camp. "I missed an assignment and they got to Layne," Banonis was saying one day last Summer. "I come back to the huddle and he says, 'Damn, I thought you knew how to play this game.' I wanted to kill him. But then I looked around and saw the rest of the club just took it for granted. It was Layne's style."

He is the same at Pittsburgh. One of the bog things around that is to see is Layne after a play has gone wrong. His mouth is working and his finger points at somebody on the club as he blows his top over a mistake.

Nobody ever snaps back at him. Not as long as they consider themselves professionals. Only the amateur wouldn't understand Bobby Layne. •



THE LOST COLORS OF GERMANY'S WAR BIRDS

Continued from page 37

show in full color some of these markings and are a modest start of a series which it is hoped will be expanded.

In the case of the rather complex lozenge pattern camouflage, actual tracings of the only two geometric patterns used by the Germans were made from museum aircraft. The brightness of these lozenge colors is startling. There are two reasons why the color plates appear so. Firstly, the colors used on the reproductions are those of the fabric after the three coats of brown-pigmented dope were removed. We chose to reproduce them this way in the hope that these colors would serve as a guide for anyone making an authentic restoration of this unique camouflage. Secondly, even though our colors used on the plates are matched to those on the full-size plane, the small-scale rendition of the pattern seems to intensify them. This is an optical illusion.

Lt. Heinz, Freiherr von Beaulieu-Marconnay's Fokker

The Fokker DVII made its combat debut in April 1918 and was used thereafter until hostilities ceased. This plane was not only built at the Fokker Flugzeugwerke at Schwerin, but was also made under license by the Albatros Werke at Johannisthal, and its subsidiary, Ostdeutsch Albatros Werke at Schneidemühl. It therefore reached the front in comparatively large quantities at a time when it was most sorely needed.

The lettering on the fin and rudder of von Beaulieu-Marconnay's machine, too small to be reproduced in this plate, is as follows: Fok. DVII (O.A.W.) 4635/18 which signifies that this particular machine was made at the Ostdeutsch Albatros Werke. The number 4635/18 is the Army serial number, the slash 18 indicating that this number was a 1918 allocation.

This machine was completely covered with lozenged fabric according to the prescribed method cited. The fuselage and tail surfaces were overpainted by squadron mechanics to conform with Jasta colors; the brown nose and tail surfaces and the slate-colored fuselage identifying it as belonging to Jagdstaffel 65. The white "U.10" on the fuselage sides and upper wing is the pilot's identification.

"U.10" was captured on November 9, 1918 by Lts. Curtis McLanahan and Sewall of the American 95th Aero Squadron. During the Meuse-Argonne drive, this squadron used an advanced aerodrome on the outskirts of Verdun, only four miles from the front line.

To the consternation of these three officers, the enemy pilot landed his plane there, thinking it was within the German lines.

The captured officer was taken in tow

to the nearest bottle of cognac and, after some conviviality, was turned over to a nearby American artillery unit for processing and transmission to the rear. The distinct impression was left that the German had purposely gone astray. Moreover, members of a German Staffel directly across the lines shared the same conviction.

During subsequent interrogation the prisoner stated that he was a brother of the late commander of Jasta 19, who had been mistakenly fired upon by his own side and died of his wounds. Archives research identified the pilot as Lt. Heinz, Freiherr von Beaulieu-Marconnay. The accompanying color plate gives an idea of how the German plane looked when it landed at Verdun on that far-off day.

Leutnant Heldmann's Fokker DVII

The factory finish of Fokker DVII's built at Schwerin with serial numbers up to approximately 410/18 bore printed lozenged camouflage only on their wings and tailplanes. The top and sides of the fuselages were covered with plain linen on which the streaking camouflage was painted. The base color was a light gray-blue which was overpainted with dark green in a vertically streaked manner so that the colors ran somewhat together. The bottoms of the fuselage and tail planes were painted a light blue to blend with the sky. This scheme may have been a carry-over from the manner in which the Fokker DRI triplane was prepared at the factory, possibly because of a supply of plain linen remaining from that production run. The national markings were formé crosses on white fields placed on wings, fuselage and rudder.

The first production models of the DVII Fokker were completed before March 20, 1918, when the order was issued to change from the formé cross to the straight-sided cross. Lt. Heldmann's Fokker, bearing the serial number 244/18 was of an early production run, and of a batch delivered to Jasta 10. This Jasta was the first formation of Jagdgeschwader I (Jastas 4, 6, 10 and 11) to receive the Fokker DVII. Close inspection reveals rather fat, straight-sided crosses on rudder and fuselage, obviously broadened to convert from the old formé cross to the new one. Similarly it will be noted that the wing crosses faintly show the outline of the old curved-sided crosses. The somewhat lighter area around the fuselage cross shows this area was overpainted with dark green, not quite covering up the white background of the old curved cross.

The metal parts of the engine hood were painted yellow, Jasta 10's color scheme at that time. Lt. Heldmann's personal markings were the checkerboard tail, initials AH on the wing, and the streamers.

Rittmeister Manfred, Frhr. von Richthofen's Fokker DRI

Of all the photographs we have seen of Fokker triplanes not one of them shows evidence of being covered with lozenged fabric. All of them were finished at the factory with a brown-pigmented dope painted on the plain fabric so that transverse streakiness was purposely produced on top and side surfaces. The under surfaces were painted a pale greenish-blue.

But as soon as these machines were delivered to squadrons, they were altered by overpainting according to the dictates of the current color schemes. It is generally accepted that at this time all triplanes of Jasta 11 were painted red on some part of the aircraft. Since Richthofen still flew with Jasta 11 (he now commanded Jastas 4, 6, 10 and 11), red was his color, too. Whereas other pilots of Jasta 11 used additional identification markings, Richthofen, being the creator of the tradition, flew only the mother color.

Some Jastas changed their squadron colors from time to time. Pilot replacements brought new personal markings into the squadrons, so it was not unusual for squadron colorings to be in more or less a constant state of flux. Later in the war, some planes of Jasta 11 had no red on them at all.

Oblt. Lörzer's Albatros

Standard factory camouflage colors of the early Albatros' D III seemed to have been the two-color patch scheme on the top surfaces of wings, with the bottom surfaces colored pale greenish-blue. The plywood fuselages were varnished, leaving the body the natural plywood color. Sometimes the bodies were painted a mahogany, and sometimes they were sprayed on the bottom the same pale blue as the bottom of the wings.

Early Albatros D Is, D IIs and D IIIs came out when the experimental work on camouflage was at its peak. Late D IIIs, D Vs and D Vas began to appear with the printed camouflage fabric. The five-color pattern seems to have been used more than the four-color pattern. This pattern is shown to good advantage in the color plate.

Lozenge printed linen was supplied to the aircraft companies in bolt widths of four and a half feet. It was usually applied transversely, butting the selvages and double-stitching them together. In some cases the fabric was applied along the length of the wing, and sometimes diagonally.

This camouflaged fabric was also applied to the horizontal tail surfaces and rudder, but never to the plywood fuselage.

Metal engine hoods, spinners and wheel discs appear to have been left in natural finish in some cases, while in others, they were painted either dark green or gray at the factory.

Oberleutnant Lörzer's Albatros D V was overpainted as shown in the color plate. The serial number was D.2299/17 and some of it was obliterated in the overpainting process. •

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I WAS CASTRO'S KILLER

Continued from page 15

trial for the accused. And equally well-qualified firing squads awaited those found guilty.

The night Castro was in my camp, a captured rebel deserter who had been in charge of a strategic observation post was dragged into our midst. Though the man had fought valiantly for six months under my command, I could not justify his sudden cowardice before my superiors. We all knew the penalty. The man would be taken to La Plata to stand trial and would be sentenced to death. But I did not expect his return to me for the dirty work of execution.

In June of '58 we had our backs to the wall. We could retreat no farther. It was by sheer guts and determination that the rebels fought their way back down the mountains driving the Army before them. The descent which came with each succeeding victory seemed to breathe new life into our battered forces.

Much has been written and spoken about the weapons and ammunition funneled to us from the United States and other countries. I personally never saw any of it. Any arms in my group were those we captured from the enemy. Our food was captured or was purchased from local farmers. Medical supplies and attention were non-existent—I helplessly watched men die from non-mortal wounds when a few bottles of antibiotics would have seen them through.

The end of August we had reached the foothills of the Sierras and were moving west across the plains, making for the southern coastline of the island which we followed to the Sierra Escambray of Las Villas Province in central Cuba.

The 52-day march to the Escambray mountains was a nightmare of agony and deprivation for the 153 men who made it. The major portion of the trek was through swampland thick with monster mosquitoes whose bite caused serious infection.

Fever, dysentery and hunger took their toll until the men were hardly more than walking skeletons. I went from 160 down to 128 pounds; others shrank to less than 100 pounds.

Crawling out of the swamps in Las Villas, I don't think any of us cared whether he lived or died. Some sat down and begged to be left behind to take their chances with the Army rather than force themselves any farther. But somehow we all made it into the Escambray, the stronger dragging the weaker.

Four days of rest, food and medical attention was all we were allowed before beginning our major offensive which was to take us through to the end of the war, climaxing for our group with the capture of Santa Clara on December 28, 1958.

It was a skinny, ragged, half-barefoot band that made the first attacks on Army installations in Las Villas. But as the weeks of bitter fighting brought the capture of *cuartel* after *cuartel*, we were able to clothe and feed ourselves until we began for the first time to look something like an army—with the exception of all that hair.

The news that Batista had fled Cuba New Year's Eve came as a shock to the rebels. We had expected to have to fight our way into Havana, not enter in triumph being pelted with flowers. My group was in Santa Clara when the word came; I was in a hospital at the time, rejoining my unit in Havana on the third of January.

Che had taken over La Cabaña, a fortress built by the Spaniards to protect the bay and harbor of Havana. There is a saying in Spanish that "he who holds La Cabaña, rules Cuba."

On my return to active duty, Che made me security officer of Cabaña. Consequently, while nine out of 10 rebels were balling in Havana, I worked round-the-clock to bring some sense of order in the midst of mass confusion. With close to 2,000 rebels, having no defined duties or units, milling about and nearly 1,000 political prisoners in the prison, my headquarters was besieged by a wild assortment of persons.

My memories of La Cabaña are not for the most part happy ones. It was there I was dealt the dirty job of conducting the execution of war criminals as fast as the military tribunals could grind out sentences.

In addition to being security officer many administrative and organization responsibilities were placed on my shoulders. Though my work load was heavy at Cabaña, I made time to sit in on as many of the war crimes trials as possible. They were, in my opinion, thorough and just. The murders and atrocities committed by some of the condemned were of a sadistic nature difficult for any decent human being to understand.

The sum total of war criminal executions conducted by me in La Cabaña fortress was 79—not over 200 as reported in the American press.

Among those 79 were officials with scores of proven murders to their credit, military men who had ordered executions of entire families including small children, and secret police who reveled in sadistic torture of prisoners.

The most famous of those executed by my squad was Cmdte. Sosa Blanco, a high-ranking Batista Army man. I knew Sosa Blanco solely through testimony given by the families of his victims. A man who had committed such crimes could only be a coward, I thought, and I dreaded the task of standing him before the *peleton*. However, when this time came, I admired his courage.

The condemned man was transported from the prison block in a small bus to the *paredon* or execution grounds (in this case, the foot of a dry moat) where he faced a squad of seven rebel riflemen.

Normally, the executions were witnessed by six officers, a doctor and medic, a priest and the prison escort. But Sosa Blanco was the most famous of the Batistianos tried and his execution drew a crowd of nearly 200 rebel soldiers and officers.

Complete silence fell over the area when the prisoner was marched in. I removed his handcuffs and the priest administered last rites. I then asked the prisoner whether he had any final words or request.

He asked permission to direct the firing squad himself. This was his right as an officer. He also asked to address the soldiers gathered, which I also permitted.

Sosa Blanco was a tired and beaten man but he drew himself up in the illumination of the single floodlight and told those gathered to watch him die that he held no hatred in his heart for them and knew they were carrying out their orders as he had carried out his. "Although I am marked as a criminal," he said, "I have served my government to the best of my ability as an officer." He wished goodbye and good luck to all, then turned to me with a salute, came to attention and in a firm voice gave the orders:

"Peleton, atencion!

"Prepare!

"Apunte!

Pause.

"Fuego!"

The rifles cracked simultaneously with the last order and Sosa Blanco collapsed with seven bullets in the heart.

There were not always seven bullets in the mortal area. On a few occasions I was forced to kill a live man with administration of the coup de grace. Most rebels from the mountains are extremely superstitious, worshiping saints of weird cults called *Sante* brought by slaves from Africa along with voodoo which some also practice. Playing upon this knowledge, one condemned man showered *Sante* curses upon the *peleton*, shaking a hex charm at them. He cursed the squad, their children and children's children upon whom would be visited death, disease and deformity if they killed him. He achieved the desired result—not one bullet touched him. But he died a few seconds later with a bullet in his head. The firing squad then received a second cursing—mine. I had them disarmed on the spot and marched by the escort guard to the prison for court martial.

All of the condemned died—most as men, but many as cowards. It usually developed that those who had committed the most heinous crimes and displayed airs of bravado in court were those to sink into sniveling cowardice in the final hour. These were the executions I dreaded most. The job itself was enough to drive a man to drink. Try to imagine the torment of dragging a pleading, whimpering wretch out to be shot.

The thought that carried me through these wretched moments was the knowledge that these executions were not only justified but necessary. Had Fidel not

carried out his promise that justice would be dispensed, the Cuban people would have taken matters into their own hands, lynching and shooting at mob behest. Fidel knew that once mob violence took hold much blood would be shed before it could be brought under control. Those who know the Latin mind can understand the passions which could have been loosed by these people who had endured years of persecution and suffering had not some of the greater of their oppressors been brought to justice.

However, amid the tension of overwork and emotional strain of those early months in Havana, there were a few bright moments. One of them was an extra-ordinary dinner with Errol Flynn. Flynn, whom I met at a party, said he was interested in making a film based on my experiences in the revolution. We made a date to discuss the possibilities over dinner in his hotel suite.

We were drinking and joking about his invented tales of combat services with Castro's troops when a waiter wheeled in a table set for three. I had assumed we were alone but when the waiter left a bedroom door opened. Beverly Aadland, Flynn's blonde teen-age mistress, pranced into the room stark naked and plopped herself down at the table.

After dinner Flynn and I sat talking while Beverly fidgeted on a couch ignored. Flynn told me later she was greatly annoyed by my inattention to her, and I told him if she had been my woman I'd have tanned her hide.

I didn't need Beverly Aadland—as a scrawny, knobby-kneed bleached blonde she couldn't hold a candle to the lush beauty of the Cuban women who practically stood in line to bestow their favors upon the liberating heros. In those days Havana belonged to the *barbudos;* we were wined, dined and loved to excess. Luxury hotels threw open their doors, the best restaurants gave no checks and the senoritas dropped ropes from their balconies. We were penniless—the rebels received no pay in the mountains nor during the first three months of Castro's reign—and we were ragged. We were beggars treated as kings.

While all of Cuba was celebrating its liberation, the Communists were hard at work. The revolutionaries had won the war, the country and a responsibility for which they were not prepared, that of governing. The Cuban Reds had long ago prepared a program to be executed in the eventuality of rebel success and easily and quietly moved into key positions of government.

My first awareness of Communism in the Castro government came in May of 1959 when the Reds began heavy infiltration of the rebel army under the guise of education. I did not realize how strongly organized they were and thought by kicking them out as they turned up, we would gradually eliminate them. With the typical American naive attitude about Communism, I took them on as they came one by one instead of looking for their breeding ground.

About half of the rebels could neither read nor write. I thought it was great when the Ministerio de Cultura (since renamed Ministry of Education) sent

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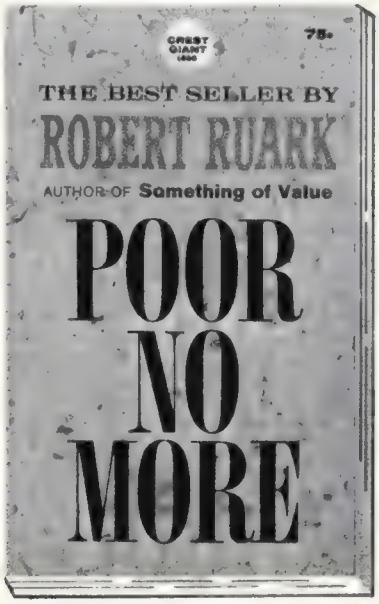

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me teachers. But it was not long before I realized these teachers were preying on illiterate minds with Communist indoctrination courses.

The afternoon two of my boys brought in Marxist pamphlets distributed at school, I blew my top. I went over to the school, made a bonfire of all the Commie books and literature and ordered the "teachers" out of the regiment thinking that was the end of the matter, never realizing how strong an organization was at work and how deeply it had penetrated the rebel government.

The teachers were replaced by carbon copies and we went through the same ejection procedure several times until the men began to ask before going on leave whether we were going to have another bonfire that day because they didn't want to miss the show.

Weeks of harassment of the Reds finally brought about my transfer to a post of demotion in the provinces. I spent one day as head of an infantry battalion in Las Villas. I walked into a Commie lecture my first day in charge. After listening for half an hour, I walked to the front of the room and helped the speaker out to the gate of the *cuartel*, sending him on his way with my boot at the seat of his pants. We had another bonfire.

The next afternoon, an order came by radio from general headquarters in Havana relieving me of my post. I was reassigned to another battalion as executive officer. How I lasted 10 days in this command, after slapping several Reds in jail, I do not know.

The breaking up of civilian Commie-held meetings in small coastal villages rated me a transfer to no man's land in the Sierra Escambray, where I was assigned a platoon of 25 misfits who were sent up there as punishment for insubordination, sleeping on duty and being AWOL.

With nothing to do but work with the 25 men, in a month's time I had a well-trained, disciplined anti-Communist unit. I guess the brass got a little curious as to what I might be doing. A *comandante* came up on an inspection tour. He was surprised and impressed by my snappy outfit, slapped me on the back and told me what a wonderful job I had done.

Ah, I thought, *I'll get transferred out of this hole—perhaps to training troops again*. There was a transfer all right—but not for me. I lost my platoon and got 25 new misfits.

When it was discovered I was preaching anti-Communism in the hills, Cmdte. Acosta brought me down to Santa Clara, the capital of Las Villas, where he could keep an eye on my activities. No particular duties were assigned to me, so after a few days I asked Acosta what he wanted me to do.

"Nothing, Herman, nothing," he said. "Just don't do anything at all."

He suggested I go to Havana and get drunk or chase girls. I gathered anything to take my mind off heckling the Reds would be fine with him. Also he particularly did not want me around his headquarters at this time when he was moving great quantities of arms out of *cuartels* into the homes of known Commies in the area. What became of those arms, I never found out because after a month or so of doing nothing I got myself transferred to Havana.

One of the few high officers of the rebel army who was pro-U.S. was Cmdte. Camilo Cienfuegos, army chief of staff until his disappearance in a small plane October of 1959. It was Camilo who assigned me to an infantry battalion in Camp Libertad.

For five months in Havana I had no difficulties and the world looked pretty bright. I was content in my work and was left pretty much alone.

The visit to Cuba of Soviet Vice-Premier Anastas Mikoyan in February of '60 to open the USSR Exposition and the subsequent surprise trade pact Castro signed with Russia caused alarm among great segments of the Cuban population and raised the subject of Communism in the revolutionary government to a level of public controversy. A number of anti-Communist organizations began to take shape, some of them openly—such as the Christian Democratic Movement and groups of university students—and others secretly. I joined one of the underground organizations, a group of rebel army officers who had fought with Castro but realized that the revolutionary government was now Red-controlled. Our plan was to organize within the army to overthrow Fidel who had become the pawn of Communists. If necessary we were prepared to return to the mountains to fight the revolution over again.

In the January CAVALIER
WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE
VISITS
CARYL CHESSMAN'S VICTIMS
ON SALE NOV. 29

As to whether Fidel Castro is himself a Communist, I don't believe anyone really knows. In the Sierras, he spoke lengthily at every opportunity to (*to* being differentiated from *with*) the rebels of the ideals of the Cuban revolution. At that time, he said the revolutionary government would be provisional, that elections were to be held as soon as new political parties could be formed. Fidel said he would not personally participate in the government but he would see that it was kept clean. His 26th of July Movement was not to be a political organization but a guarantor of a democratic government.

Politics as such were never discussed in the mountains. Plans of reform were discussed in the simplest terms the most illiterate *campesino* could understand. The fighting farmer understood he would have his own plot of land with a few head of cattle.

After we moved to Havana, my access to Fidel became more and more difficult. Policies of the Sierra Maestra seemed lost in the total confusion of the early months of 1959. Before anyone could talk with the man, now it was necessary to wade through guards, adjutants and secretaries. And when I did talk with him—on rare occasions in the mob scene of his Havana Hilton suite—he seemed unable to concentrate upon any one subject.

While in the early months of his leadership Fidel denied—at times heatedly—any taint of Communism, the policies of his government grew gradually more to the left. Within six months, Communists had moved into key positions of the rebel government, each bringing his entourage of trusted lieutenants to help supervise his appointed domain. Rebels who were anti-Communist were shunted to jobs of no importance, while new faces which had never been seen in the mountains began to appear in O.D. bearing the chevrons of lieutenant and captain. These are the hard-core Communists. Obviously, they did not just don uniforms and walk into the army. Somewhere high up their grades and powers were approved.

The Castro government has tried to stamp out anti-Communism by labeling its proponents "counter-revolutionaries." Anti-Red groups are rounded up and jailed on charges of plotting to overthrow the government. Outstanding Cuban citizens are sent to prison and their properties confiscated. Rebel combat officers who had fought with Fidel in the Sierras have been jailed by the dozen and Castro has turned on them, branding them traitors in collusion with Yankee imperialist interests.

When asked my opinion, whether Castro is a Communist, I am reminded of the man who said: "If it looks like a duck, walks like a duck and quacks, it would seem reasonable to assume it is a duck."

At any rate, not long after becoming involved with the dissenting army group, I received a transfer which made me chief security officer of Havana's Principe Prison which houses both common and political prisoners. Before I had been a month in the job it became apparent that I was on the way to being railroaded into one of my own cells. Alleged abuses of political prisoners in various prisons throughout the area were attributed to me and my men, even though we were not present when the incidents were supposed to have taken place. Prison searches and shakedowns were ordered in my name by Capt. Carbonell of general headquarters long after I had left that command and alleged brutalities during the searches were attributed to me. The slandering job was subtly handled by the government-controlled press—they fed it out to the American wire services and then quoted their releases.

Just at this time, the first week of May, several officer friends participating in the anti-Red movement were arrested and I found myself under constant surveillance of two military intelligence agents. I decided the time had come to get out.

A lot of people were coming to the same conclusion: get out while there was still a chance to do so. One of them was an American reporter—who also happens to be an attractive girl.

Jean Secon had been working and living in Cuba since January of 1959. She

had also been working for over a year on a personal pet project of gathering information on Communist activity in Cuba. We frequently discussed the political situation and swapped information. She knew virtually everyone in Cuba, from Fidel down to the political prisoners. She would talk with anyone who might add another piece of information to her files. Apparently she had talked with at least one wrong person because G-2 intelligence not only had her under surveillance, but had issued an order to all points of exit for her arrest should she try to leave the country.

Jean was determined to get out with all her precious files and photos, and she would entrust them to no one. It was she who suggested we try to get out by boat. Our original plan was to rent a small sailboat and take it to Mexico, but things just didn't work out that way.

Giving our respective tails the slip, we drove to a small fishing village on the western tip of Cuba. In Los Arroyos we rented a commercial fishing boat, supposedly for a day's fishing.

We went fishing all right—from 4 a.m. til late afternoon—accompanied by three Cuban Navy men and a machine gun-toting soldier who came aboard as we were casting off. When I walked off that boat, there was no question in my mind that they knew I had planned to take over and make for Mexico. It was also certain they would report my whereabouts by radio to Havana.

We decided to make a try from Isle of Pines, a small resort island off the southern coast of Havana Province. Communications between the island and the mainland were extremely poor and possibly we could get there before the word to pick us up.

We searched about the island for a sailboat. None was available, so we chartered a 33-foot motor launch for its first free day. Then for two days we tried to appear as casual vacationists. I even brazened out a visit to the huge Isle of Pines prison where a number of my army friends were stationed.

The *Coral del Mar* was a bad choice in many respects but we had no alternative. Once at sea we discovered there was less than 35 gallons of fuel aboard.

I had hoped to make the northeast point of Yucatan Peninsula at San Rafael. There might possibly have been enough fuel to make it but we were forced to take a zigzag course to avoid patrol boats while running along the southern coast of Cuba.

Our crew consisted of Julio the skipper —a strapping middle-aged Cuban of European stock—who owned the boat and knew next to nothing about the sea; his landlubber brother, filling in as mate because the regular man was ill; and the skipper's 13-year-old son who had come along for a Sunday outing.

Though the skipper denied having any weapons aboard, I kept everyone on deck until there was an opportunity to search below. Under the mattress of a cabin bunk I found a .22/410 combination shotgun-rifle and cartridges. Fish knives, bats for killing fish and anything else which might be used as a weapon were gathered up and locked in the galley cupboard. While normally these three people were no doubt mild-mannered folk, they were dead set against making the trip to Mexico and had to be closely watched every moment.

Keeping the *Coral* on course was tense and tiring work. The flat-bottomed boat wallowed in the rough sea, and her exceptionally small rudder and slack rudder cables made holding her to course extremely difficult. As she rode up on a crest and crashed down on her flat bottom, she shuddered from stem to stern and I began to wonder whether she would hold together. I wished I hadn't inquired when Julio told me he and his brother had built the boat themselves. There wasn't a bolt in her entire hull; they had put her together with ordinary carpenter's nails and screws. The only saving grace of the *Coral* was her sturdy German diesel which throbbed reassuringly under my feet. By nightfall my eyes were burning and my back ached from ten hours at the wheel. I put Julio on to spell me, but had to take him right off again when he tried to head for the lights of a Cuban port.

About 10:30 p.m. as we were passing the western tip of Cuba, Julio tried to convince us we were off course, that those were lights of the Mexican coast and if we kept to our westerly course we would run aground. We had no radio, instruments or charts, but there were the stars and a compass and I had not spent eight years at sea for nothing.

After midnight the wind subsided considerably and the moon came out on a rolling sea. With a stern wind and sea we moved along at an estimated 9 to 10 knots on a due westerly course. Cuba was finally at our stern and the safety of Mexico was inching closer. We tried to calculate our fuel supply from a stick measurement I had taken from the tank in the late afternoon. Since Johnnie and the skipper had given two different figures on the tank capacity, differing by 25 gallons, we concluded we could only cross our fingers and wait.

We were standing in the darkness talking when the bad news came. The engine gave one short cough and died. I checked my watch at the compass glow—exactly 5 a.m. The others wakened immediately. When the skipper stumbled forward to say "I told you so," I handed him the binoculars. Off the starboard bow was the faintest glow of light from the Yucatan coast. We were about 15 miles short—two or three more gallons and we would have made it! As it was we were too far out to be in the steamer lanes and were caught in the Gulf Stream which was carrying us NNW above the Yucatan tip into the middle of the Bay of Campeche where we could drift for weeks without being found. We could only hope to be spotted by a friendly boat or plane before the Cuban patrol boats were sent to search for us. These waters were particularly perilous for us because they were fished by Cuban snapper fleets.

Three days of monotony followed broken only by the sighting of a steamer which either did not get our signals or

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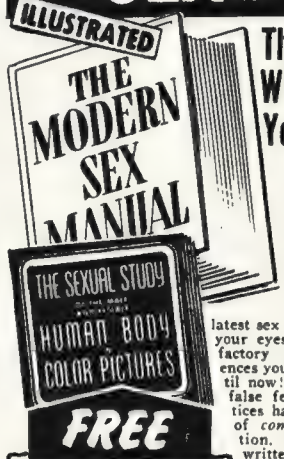

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else did not realize we were in distress.

The morning of the fourth day adrift a speck on the horizon grew gradually into a fishing boat. We sent the skipper on the foredeck with a large mirror and the flashing light brought her to us. She was an American fishing boat and could spare us a little fuel. We celebrated our good fortune by consuming the few ounces of rum aboard and everyone drank his fill of water believing we would be on land before night.

Obviously we had drifted much deeper into the Bay of Campeche than I had thought because when daylight faded the renewed fuel supply was down to a gallon and a half and still no land in sight. We shut down the motor to wait until morning before continuing. Morning brought only an empty horizon, so we decided to reserve our little fuel until we spotted land or a ship.

At night we kept the Cubans below; one of us slept while the other stood watch. This night, however, exhaustion had set in and neither Jean nor I could keep our eyes open. We kept dozing off and barking at each other to stay awake. We realized that before many more days had passed the Cubans would find the opportunity to jump us and we would be over the side dead or as shark bait.

Early the next afternoon fortune again smiled on our sun-black skinny faces. An off-course American fishing boat came upon what her captain took to be a fishing party in distress. We had put the boy and mate below, allowing Julio to remain on deck with a warning to keep his mouth shut. I did not want to chance frightening aid away with any show of arms. The captain was a kind and generous man. We received a full tank of fuel—enough to take the *Coral* into Mexico and back to Cuba without refueling—and nearly 10 gallons of water.

In Mexico I have applied for political asylum. But it seems I shall not be permitted the quiet life I hoped to find. From Yucatan to the Texas border I have been tracked by Cubans of varying political groups as well as representatives of other Latin American would-be revolutionists. Because I fought with Castro they seem to think I am a mercenary for hire.

Concerning the executions, I carried out my orders as a soldier and officer. It is not a soldier's prerogative to debate the moral issue of whether capital punishment is justified—he carries out his orders regardless of his personal convictions.

With the publishing of this article, I consider the subject closed once and for all.

Since I became famous as Castro's executioner, my private life has been raked over the coals—not once but a dozen times—in public print. Each appearance of my name in the U.S. press has been accompanied by notations that I was a jailbird, draft-dodger and rapist.

For myself, I don't give a damn what they print about me. But I do have a family, and for their sake I want to set the record straight just once.

Sure, I have a bad reputation. As a kid I was sent to reform school for refusing to go to school. And I had been arrested for drunken brawling and vagrancy during my eight years as a sailor. As for draft-dodging, serving in the Merchant Marine from 1939-46 is, in my opinion, a strange way to be dodging the draft. I also served 3½ years for carnal knowledge and abuse which constitutes *statutory* rape—there is a difference. You can't be expected to ask a girl her age when you pick her up in a bar. Many a guy has gone to bed with a 17-year-old girl—I just happened to get caught at it. Enough said.

"AIN'T SEX GLAND?"

Continued from page 43

turn got him licenses from Arkansas and Tennessee, which had reciprocity with Connecticut. Kansas had reciprocity with Arkansas and Tennessee and so, the *Star* said, Brinkley had entered Kansas medicine through a rathole. Then it showed that a 1923 investigation had exposed the Connecticut Eclectic Board and revoked 167 of its licenses, including Brinkley's. So, the paper said, he had no right to practice in Kansas under any circumstances.

The *Star* found and interviewed Sally Wike, Brinkley's first wife, and reviewed their spattered marital life. It alleged that Sally had never left him, but had been driven out each time, and was finally deserted with her three children.

And finally, the paper came close to charging "the Brinkley industry" with outright murder. It said that a New Jersey carpenter died of tetanus after submitting to a goat gland operation.

To top the revelations, the *Star* printed interviews with Brinkley patients who said that, after the psychological uplift of their operations had let down, they were still as old as their original glands.

Brinkley hustled up a lawyer and filed a libel suit against the *Star* for $5,000,000. Then he went down to KFKB, grasped the microphone firmly and complained to the people. He said that poor boys who try to get into exclusive clubs—such as medicine—were always persecuted. He had never been one of the clique and never would be. And anyway, he said, the crux of the matter was that his noncommercial KFKB was luring listeners from the *Star's* own WDAF, which was costing the station advertising revenue.

Letters of support and encouragement

poured in and there was no noticeable letup of patients.

Brinkley relaxed and continued talking and transplanting, meanwhile purchasing another airplane. But in April he received an order to appear before the Kansas Board of Medical Examiners and show cause why his license to practice should not be revoked.

While his assistants continued operating at the Brinkley Hospital, he conferred with attorneys and lined up witnesses.

He put 500 affidavits into the record. Then he challenged the doctors to observe one of his goat-gland operations. It was difficult to convict a man without doing that, so they traveled to Milford and sat in the operating room while Brinkley performed. They agreed he was skillful.

But the goat-man really couldn't win this round. Suddenly Brinkley was confronted with an exhibit there was no combating. It consisted of certificates bearing the names of 42 of his patients. They were death certificates; he had had to sign them because the patients, under his care, had died.

In September his Kansas license was revoked. He quickly hired regular licensed surgeons to operate for him and got ready to fight in Washington, D.C., for the retention of his radio license.

There, the hearing was no less bumptious. Brinkley took the stand and told how he had given new life to seven Los Angeles newspapermen when *Star* reporter MacDonald leaped to his feet and shouted, "Yes, except that one died!"

That hurt. And so did evidence that he had repeatedly violated good taste. The transcript of his April 1, 1930, program provided an example. It told of his randy reply to an Olathe woman who had complained she was having too many children.

"I suggest you have your husband sterilized," Brinkley had told her in his most lecherous voice, "and then you will be safe, providing you don't get out in anybody else's cow pasture and get in with some other bull."

The radio commissioners refused to renew KFKB's license, but only by a three to two vote. Brinkley won the right to continue broadcasting while he appealed.

He and Minnie flew down to Florida to rest from their battles. There he read that the Kansas Supreme Court had upheld revocation of his license.

Brinkley appeared to have been knocked out, but the practical fact was that up to the moment at least, he was untouched. He could still broadcast and his hired doctors could still operate.

"John R. Brinkley will be the next governor of Kansas!" he announced in late September, 1930.

Reporters descended on Milford for a Roman holiday. Armed by the chuckling politicians of Topeka, they sprang a critical piece of news at Brinkley's first press conference.

"Doctor Brinkley, do you know the election laws of this state?"

"I am aware that it is too late for my name to appear on the ballots," Brinkley replied. "The people of Kansas will write in the name of John R. Brinkley, and I will see you in Topeka."

The regular candidates were no world beaters to start with. Those were the armor chinks, and to them Brinkley brought a bunker of opportunism. He was aware of the discontent the depression had spread through the nation. In Kansas, where the drought was emasculating farmland and wheat was down to 60 cents a bushel and still sliding, the farmers were looking for a man on a white mule. Brinkley had no mule, but he had a fast airplane and a bellowing radio station.

"If I am elected," he promised, "I will build a lake in every county in Kansas. The water will be evaporated and pour down as gentle rain on the fertile fields."

Then he flew up, down and across the state, neglecting no area, pledging old-age pensions, state-financed game preserves, and, above all, lower taxes. Soon he was speaking to 10,000 people at a time, holding giant torchlight rallies at which they learned to spell his name correctly by shouting its letters in unison: J-O-H-N R. B-R-I-N-K-L-E-Y. The savior passed out pencils and sample ballots and sent the oppressed home to practice.

As election night wore on and the politicians' faces grew longer, the order went out from Topeka to cancel every write-in on which even an *i* hadn't been dotted. That was legal, and ballots went out every window, but the next morning Brinkley had still scared their pants off. The totals read: Woodring: 217,171; Haucke: 216,920; Brinkley: 183,278.

Brinkley claimed he'd been euchred out of 56,000 votes and had really won, but he couldn't get anyone in authority to listen.

Minnie Brinkley cried, but the goat-man was stoically philosophic. He realized the remarkable thing he had accomplished and it was enough for now.

In between his political gyrations, he had sized up the radio situation down in sunny Mexico. Mexican officials were miffed because Canada and the United States had already taken over the best air channels on the continent. So they were not inclined to worry about the niceties of licensing a station on a channel already in use north of the border.

Brinkley lined up a permit for a $350,000 border-blaster, a 100,000-watt station that was being built for him in a scratchy hamlet just over the Rio Grande from Del Rio, Texas. In June 1931 he sold KFKB to a Wichita insurance company for $90,000 and went on the air over XER, Villa Acuno. XER was easily the most powerful radio station in the world at the time. In fact, Brinkley had to reduce his operating wattage when Del Rio residents picked up their telephones and got him for 15 minutes on his favorite subject, the cause and cure of prostate gland troubles. Some people said Mexico was crazy to let him carry on like that, but Mexico took care of its own. Behind XER the government had erected giant steel towers; to hear Brinkley, Mexicans had to live in the United States.

And in the United States, Kansas re-

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ceived big news loud and clear; Brinkley had filed as an independent candidate for governor. On the 1932 ballot, his name would appear with those of Democratic incumbent Woodring and a Republican oilman, Alf Landon.

Since he was recording his broadcasts, the goat-man was free to roam the state, where wheat was now down to 32 cents a bushel. He toured every county seat and hundreds of smaller communities. In Dodge City he drew bigger crowds than Democratic and Republican rallies combined, and at Liberal, Coldwater and Salina he made promises even more extravagant than he had in 1930. Speaking from a sound truck bathed in the glow of a spotlight, he used his soothsayer's monotone and pledged he would pave thousands of miles of roads, distribute schoolbooks free, and reduce the minimum cost of license plates from $6.50 to $2.50.

Alf Landon retorted that such a reduction was ridiculously modest; he would bring the minimum down to 60 cents. The politicians were in a stew.

Brinkley ignored the fact that a Democrat was running against him and, to its embarrassment, contributed money to the National Democratic Party.

In Emporia, the fur flew. When the folks in huge Soden's Grove burst into Brinkley's campaign song, *He's the Man!* their voices were heard down the street at the *Gazette's* offices by the editor, William Allen White, who blew a gasket. He called seven Kansas editors and publishers together to map a coordinated anti-Brinkley campaign, then knocked out an editorial titled, "Save Kansas!"

White raised so much anti-Brinkley hell that the New York *Times* cautioned him against being so vitriolic. "There is a perversity in human nature," the *Times* quipped, "that sometimes prefers the goats to the sheep."

White responded by telling the voters darkly that Brinkley had spent over $200,000 already and that insidious forces must be at work behind him. "Do they think that by making grass widows out of nannie goats this man can make all this money to spend as lavishly as it is going these days?" he asked.

Brinkley, cheered by the publicity, sent the *Gazette* a crated billy goat that sat in its offices through a hot summer afternoon until White could prevail on a small boy to take it home as a pet. In a dither, he wrote: "The Kansas fray never was so fraptious, so entirely galluptious as the fray we are now fraying in this old state."

It had to be said that, for all his faults, dullness was never a Brinkley failing. Two weeks before election day he learned that the State Department, more out of national embarrassment than partisan pique, was pressuring the Mexican government to shut down XER. Interrupting his campaign, he flew to Washington and sat down with a fellow Kansan, Vice President Charles Curtis. He asked Curtis to assure him a fair deal and got a vague response. So he laid it on the line. If XER was closed, he would seek the Republican presidential nomination in 1936. Curtis, sensitive to the vagaries of Kansas politics and to blackmail, hurried him over to the State Department. The pressure on the Mexicans was halted.

Brinkley flew back to Kansas and wound up his campaign with a town-hopping tour of the corn belt. He swept the rural vote, but he couldn't trump the big-city boys and their newspapers. The final vote stood: Landon: 278,581; Woodring: 272,944; Brinkley: 244,607. Brinkley, the maverick goat-man, said the hell with Kansas. He closed up the Milford hospital and moved to Del Rio, where he established a new clinic in a hotel.

Politically, the defeat was severe. But Brinkley could at least find solace in money, and XER was raking it in. He built a $200,000 marble and tile home on six acres and had his name installed in neon over a swimming pool and splashing fountains. And he backed up his cash assets with 7,000 acres in North Carolina, an oil well, 3 airplanes, 12 automobiles, and a cluster of South Texas citrus groves.

In Del Rio, he was warmly regarded by the leading merchants, who appreciated the business he attracted. They made him president of the Rotary Club.

Nearing 50 now, the great man felt it was time these worldly efforts were engraved for posterity. He hired a writer to listen to him by the hour and set down his exploits. The writer amassed 75,000 usable words by employing as many rapturous adjectives as Brinkley had used scalpels.

Then the medicine man made a historic decision. He was abandoning goat-gland operations because, he announced, he had found an even shorter route to virility. This consisted of injections of mercurochrome combined with a ductteing operation; cost: $750, plus $100 for five postoperative ampules to be injected by a local physician at home. The ampules were found, on analysis, to contain one part bluing to 100,000 parts water.

Brinkley was so happy with his new formula that he made the first serious blunder of his charmed career. Mexico finally decided to silence the border-blasters. In February 1934 the government announced suspension of XER's license for breaking every law that regulated medical advertising.

Brinkley sped over to Villa Acuna and confirmed his suspicion that he was regarded as a sort of north-of-the-border god. The government had better not tamper with their State of Coahuila, the locals said. Faithful Minnie tried to insure that the government wouldn't interfere by hurrying down to Mexico City with cash in unmarked bills. But it was no go. The government sent a radio inspector to Villa Acuna to take over. When the villagers threatened to lynch him, he retreated. But early in March he returned with troops.

Brinkley stood at the edge of his estate and watched the take-over through binoculars. He knew the jig was up and announced he was closing XER to "prevent civil war between the Mexican Government and Coahuila."

That was the first blow from which he didn't bounce. The second came after an ill-advised decision to try once more for the governorship of Kansas. He filed

for the Republican nomination, but Alf Landon wiped him out in the August 1934 primary.

A third deflation came two years later, when he asked the Federal District Court to force Kansas to reinstate his medical license. Robert E. Lewis, one of three judges who heard the case, called him "an out-and-out charlatan." Another judge said his old goat-gland operation did "about as much good as putting a piece of dough under the skin."

Hearing of this dictum, the Texas Board of Medical Examiners became aroused, so Brinkley shored up his position by establishing another hospital in Arkansas, on a country club estate that contained a 100-acre lake and was surrounded by a 360-acre golf course. In the heart of nearby Little Rock, he opened the Romulus Drugstore, at which acid-stomach pills were mailed out at $5.00 for 100 and a laxative at $3.00 for six ounces. Orders for these items soared at one point to 2,000 a day.

But he could not forever evade the inevitable. The end was clearly signaled when Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the A.M.A. magazine, *Hygeia*, called him a charlatan and quack in print. Brinkley sued for libel, but the jury agreed that "charlatan" and "quack" were not libelous terms when applied to "Goat-Gland" Brinkley.

Jarred by these various exposures, Brinkley's patients began reassessing the benefits of their goat glands, mercurochrome and indigo. They started suing and winning judgments against him.

Minnie was frightened, but her audacious husband assured her that the tempest was temporary. He sold an airplane to some Britons to pay off a few verdicts, then sold a yacht to the president of Venezuela for $125,000. Then the cars were disposed of one by one, next the Little Rock hospital and finally his last airplane, for which the U. S. Navy gave him $119,000.

Now 54, Brinkley reached in desperation for any political handhold that was convenient. He gave $5,000 to William Dudley Pelley, leader of the anti-Semitic Silver Shirts, and urged him to ferret out Communists and publicity with it.

In February 1941, weighed down by judgments and the countless dollars that had been paid under the table during his circuitous career, Brinkley was bankrupt. The Federal Court at San Antonio estimated his assets to be $221,065 and his liabilities at $1,625,565. Despite this blow, his name appeared the following June as a candidate for Texas' Democratic nomination for U. S. senator. William Allen White lathered up again: "He is irresistible to the moron mind, and Texas has plenty of such."

But few people cared. Brinkley was no longer an issue. In August, he suffered a coronary occlusion and entered a hospital in Kansas City, where his left leg was amputated. In May 1942, at 56, Goat-Gland Brinkley dropped dead.

He could claim as distinction that he rifled the pockets of 20,000 wistful men for a net of roughly $10,000,000, helped Alf Landon to a chance at the U. S. presidency and almost became the first American spellbinder to reach a political position of high standing. •

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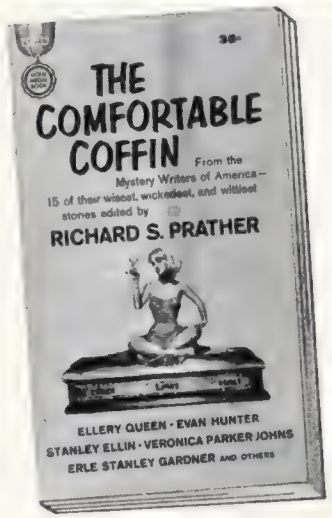
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THE MOST DANGEROUS ENEMY OUR ARMY EVER FACED

Continued from page 31

That and the story of William Weatherford himself.

Many men destined for strange and unusual futures are born in ordinary circumstances. But there was nothing ordinary about the birth of William Weatherford on April 28, 1780. He was born in the very shadow of greatness. He was born at Coosada in the heart of the Creek Nation of Alabama Territory. Coosada was the home of Alexander McGillivray, son of a Scotch trader and a Creek princess. In 1780 McGillivray was the undisputed emperor of the Creek Confederacy with powers and wealth greater than those of most Oriental maharajahs. And his power and fame was not a local matter. He had been introduced into the Masonic Order by no less a personage than President George Washington. He had been royally received in the court of Louis of France. He had dined aboard ship with Capt. John Paul Jones.

William Weatherford was Alexander McGillivray's nephew.

McGillivray had arranged the marriage of his youngest sister, Sehoya, to another Scotch trader named Charles Weatherford and brought them to live with him at Coosada. The birth of their son was attended by a huge delegation of the Great War Chiefs and prophets of the Creek Nation for the important reason that Sehoya, as sister to McGillivray, was a ranking princess in the ruling Wind Clan of the Creeks.

Young Weatherford spent his first 10 years in the royal atmosphere surrounding Alexander McGillivray. The association had its effect.

To understand Weatherford, it is necessary to understand the country and the people that spawned him.

It would be an instant mistake to assume the American settlers in the Alabama Territory of the late 1700s were fiercely loyal American citizens. On the contrary, most of these settlers had pushed into this frontier in order to escape the bickering and confusion surrounding the new government.To their chagrin, they had found they had really never known what taxation could be until the new Congress took charge.

By the thousands, the disgusted poorer classes deserted the more heavily populated centers and headed for the clean free air of the frontiers.

When they reached the southern frontiers, they found a highly intelligent race of Indians with a proud heritage and a system of government that really worked. The Creeks were especially surprising. The migrating whites found them living in permanent houses, keeping slaves and domesticated cattle and farming the rich lands along the great rivers. The Creek chiefs were actual landowners and many of them were wealthy beyond belief.

Even more disturbing, the Creeks showed no inclination to bow in submission and move away from their beautiful towns when the white man arrived. In positions of power they found another stubborn breed of people—the earlier immigrants from the Scottish Highlands who had long ago entered the Creek Nation through the French port of Mobile. They found chiefs named McGillivray, McIntosh, Weatherford and McQueen. These powerful chiefs wanted but one thing from the Americans—to be left alone. They enforced this desire with a united show of strength that couldn't be disputed by these disorganized refugees.

But, there was the usual element who could not accept the idea that Indians were human beings—and this small group managed to keep hatred and intrigue and mistrust constantly brewing.

President Washington realized the dangerous potential of the powder keg that was Alabama and in 1790 he invited McGillivray to New York for a treaty conference. McGillivray, hailed in New York as "The Indian Talleyrand," signed a treaty of non-intervention in any trouble between the United States and the ever-scheming British. The Creek emperor was given guarantees in writing that the lands of the Creeks would be held inviolate, but McGillivray was already painfully familiar with American treaties with Indians. He knew the treaty would be violated whenever some American officer deemed it expedient. He stood ready to retaliate, and George Washington knew it. If there was one thing Washington didn't want, it was to have the Creeks driven into an alliance with the British who still held Pensacola.

While McGillivray was in New York, Charles Weatherford moved his family to Little River, 70 miles north of Mobile, where he built a beautiful colonial mansion and established a prosperous plantation. He had the first breeding stables and race track in the new territory, and his fortune increased rapidly.

American officials from Mobile were frequent visitors at Little River. Young Weatherford was now in his early teens, and he smarted under the righteous insinuations by politicians' wives about his half-breed mother.

At 16 William Weatherford completed three torturous years of preparation and became a warrior in the Creek Nation. At 20, he was a minor war chief and had grown into a hall, handsome man with undeniable qualities of leadership. By now he was a wealthy man in his own right and able to indulge his flair for dramatic costumes and fine horses. He dressed himself in carefully bleached white buckskins and rode the finest stallions from the Little River stables. He made a striking appearance with his eyes black as obsidian and his handsomely bronzed face.

Weatherford soon married an Indian girl, another of his calculated moves in the jockeying for power in the intricate Creek Confederacy.

At the same time, Weatherford put his brand on the most gorgeous woman in the territory—Mary Moniac. He moved about with her as his mistress in Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans. They were the darlings of the social set everywhere and few of the Americans ever realized that the elegant young Scotsman was the ambitious Red Eagle they had been hearing about.

Alexander McGillivray died and was laid to rest with full Masonic honors in a Pensacola garden. Weatherford wore a black plume in mourning for a fortnight—then stepped up his campaign to succeed McGillivray as emperor. He spoke in every council from Mobile to Muscle Shoals on the far away Tennessee. His mastery of the flowery art of Creek oratory was little short of brilliant. Dressed in his shining white buckskins, with a luxuriant red egret plume sweeping from the Scottish tam of the Clan McGillivray, he was a splendid firebrand —impossible to ignore. He was already known far and near as Red Eagle and now the Red Sticks gave him another name—Truth Maker. This didn't mean he was doomed to tell nothing but the truth for the rest of his life. It would just seem that way to his listeners.

Up in Nashville a fiery young senator, judge, duelist, lawyer named Andrew Jackson had been keeping a wary eye on Weatherford's stepped-up activities.

Most of Jackson's information was brought him by a wandering riflemaker-trader named Russell Bean who, about 1805, brought back a juicy story.

He had been at Emuckfau and watched Weatherford sit in judgment of a young Creek maiden accused of infidelity by her husband. Creek law allowed her to prove her innocence on the spot.

The accused girl was taken to the middle of a wide meadow and stripped naked. Fifty yards away a large group of warriors waited eagerly. A white stake was driven into the ground about 300 paces from the girl. At a signal from Weatherford, the girl bolted for the white stake with the warriors in happy pursuit. With a 50-yard head start and unhindered by clothing, it was assumed the girl had a fair chance to outrun the warriors. If she reached the stake ahead of them, her husband was judged guilty of falsely accusing her and she would be allowed to set out one of a number of interesting punishments for him. But, if the warriors caught her, she would be brought before the chief who had the right to take her to his lodge and turn her over to the warriors afterward.

In the race that Bean witnessed, the chase was a dandy and the warriors outdid themselves due to the beauty of the girl. Bean reported she didn't seem to be trying too hard to outrun the young braves. They caught her and brought her to stand demurely with downcast eyes before the stern gaze of her handsome young chief. He pointed imperiously toward his lodge.

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The girl obeyed eagerly, and Russell Bean sat and whittled for the next hour or so. She came finally from Weatherford's lodge looking triumphant, if not exactly cleansed of her shame.

Talking about the incident to Jackson, Bean chuckled.

"You mean he's really got the Creeks that fooled about him?"

"Fooled, hell! Bill Weatherford ain't tryin' to fool nobody. He don't have to. I'm tellin' ye, Andy, he's in the best position any white man ever was in with the Creeks . . . and that includes that uncle of his'n, McGillivray."

"They ain't made him emperor yet, have they?"

"Jest give 'em time. Why, ever' Red Stick chief in the Nation follers him around like they thought he could turn the sun on and off when he felt like it.

"I'd sure as hell like to see him," Jackson mused.

"I got myself a feelin' you're goin' to, Andy. You're jest sure as hell goin' to."

Bean had good reason to feel that way. The United States was being forced into a war with England and the situation became deadlier every day. The British were openly demanding the port of New Orleans and permanent use of the Mississippi. They knew the Americans had only one leader in the entire South—Andrew Jackson. And the War Department still refused to commission the trigger-happy, red-haired hellion from Nashville. With shrewd knowledge, the British planners knew Jackson would fight anyway, commission or not, and they knew he would be followed by a large army of the roistering frontiersmen who idolized him.

The British generals figured there was only one way to keep Jackson away from New Orleans—Weatherford and his thousands of well-armed Creek Red Sticks.

The British had already secured the allegiance of the Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, and commissioned him a brigadier general. Now they went about getting Tecumseh and Weatherford together, but it took some doing. Tecumseh was 400 miles away and the United States wouldn't hold still for more British scheming. In June of 1812, the Americans declared war on England.

Andrew Jackson immediately mustered his ruthless riflemen and headed hell-bent for New Orleans. He managed to reach Natchez before a master stroke of espionage and intrigue on the part of the British had the War Department order him back to Nashville. Jackson was furious, but he obeyed the strange order and went back home and fumed helplessly while the frontier burst into flame.

Weatherford was doing his best to fan the flames, but the Creeks still refused to take part in a white man's war. Weatherford saw the war as his opportunity to display his military genius. He traveled and talked constantly, and the Creeks promoted him to Great War Chief, second in command in the Creek Confederacy only to an awesome chief named Menawa.

The British finally brought Weatherford and Tecumseh together at Holy Ground in the summer of 1813. It was probably the most bizarre meeting that ever took place in America.

Every chief in the lands of the Creeks, Choctaws, Cherokees, and Seminoles was there to hear Tecumseh tell his great dream of a mighty Indian federation that would sweep the white man away forever. They listened, though they knew it would never work. Pontiac had had the same dream and others before him, but it was a strange fact—fatal to the Indian—that there was some unknown reason why it was impossible for any two tribes to form a united front and fight shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy. Even Weatherford knew this, but he was definitely in favor of any plan that would turn him loose on the hated Americans.

British astronomers had furnished Tecumseh with the handy news that his meeting with the chiefs could be cleverly coincided with the near approach to the earth of a huge comet. They had it timed almost to the hour. The educated Tecumseh knew the effect of nature's rampages on the superstitious Indian mind and the astronomers had carefully instructed him in the best way to take full advantage of the phenomenon.

Tecumseh had shared his unusual knowledge with Weatherford.

When it became apparent that powerful chiefs like Menawa were not going along with their plans, the artful pair started making broad statements about the Great Spirit showing his anger at their stubbornness. Weatherford skillfully warmed to the task.

"I will raise my arm and wave my war axe and the arrow of the Great Spirit will streak across the sky.

He flung his arm upward and brandished his war axe, his voice increasing in volume to a triumphant crescendo as the comet made its appearance and streaked swiftly across the warm night sky.

It was everything the astronomers had promised and then some. But its main effect in Alabama Territory was to put several thousand warriors under full control of William Weatherford.

Weatherford had convinced everybody but Menawa. The Big Warrior had waited too long for McGillivray to die so he could become emperor of the Creeks. He was sensible enough to avoid an open break with Weatherford because he could see all the other chiefs ready and willing to follow this firebreather wherever he wanted to lead them. He left Holy Ground with a warning that Weatherford was forced to accept as a direct order from his emperior.

"Hear my words and mark them well, Red Eagle. Do not lead my people into a war which we cannot win. Do not strike at the white man unless it is to defend the lodges of my people. If the white man wishes peace with us, he will leave us in peace. If he strikes my people, you will take the warpath against him . . . but only if he strikes first. Menawa-Hothlepoya has spoken."

Andrew Jackson soon received word of Weatherford's coup at Holy Ground. He listened grimly to Russell Bean's report. It was small consolation to know

Weatherford had been restrained from drawing first blood.

When Jackson heard this, he sent strict orders to Fort Stoddard in Mobile.

"Under no circumstances will troops engage in combat with Creek warriors unless first attacked. Under no conditions will any officer or enlisted man engage in argument with Chief William Weatherford of Little River or with any of his chiefs or prophets."

Orders or no orders, the white settlers in lower Alabama were now fully conscious of the danger from the renegade they had been in the habit of taking lightly. They knew they were sitting on a powder keg and they knew some fool was bound to light the fuse. The only question now was just how long the fuse would be.

Large numbers of the settlers started migrating down the rivers toward Mobile and the supposed safety of Fort Stoddard. Seventy miles north of Mobile several hundred of them gathered at a trading post run by Sam Mims and set about building a crude stockade in the unprotected center of a huge flat potato patch. They called it Fort Mims. A hundred soldiers under command of Maj. Daniel Beasley were sent up from Mobile to guard the settlers.

But Fort Mims was a poor choice as a haven of safety. It was barely 20 miles from Weatherford's Little River plantation. The stockade held now well over 500 men, women and children, along with their slaves and some of their cattle.

Then, an ambitious young colonel named James Callier lit the fuse.

For some obscure reason, Callier led an attack against a Creek hunting party near Burnt Corn Creek, 70 miles north of Pensacola and only 30 miles east of Fort Mims. Callier's troops came out a very poor second in the useless battle, but Weatherford figured a poor excuse was better than none.

On August 30, 1813, a Negro slave ran into the fort and reported seeing a large party of Creek warriors out in the canebrakes. This was the last straw as far as Maj. Beasley was concerned. He ordered the slave strung up and whipped. The guards in the blockhouses turned to watch this new diversion.

As the slave was being whipped for giving a false alarm, a huge black stallion pranced from the edge of the canebrake. In the saddle was William Weatherford, resplendent in white buckskins and with the scarlet egret plume blazing from his famous Scottish tam. He raised his arm and a thousand war whoops ripped the noon air.

The largest single massacre in American history was under way.

Weatherford, riding like an avenging devil, swept through the open gate with almost a thousand warriors at his heels.

Maj. Beasley and his men fought with the fury of desperation, and the settlers joined his men at the walls with their wives and daughters loading their rifles, but the outcome was never in doubt.

By sundown Fort Mims was a shambles of blood and ashes. The unconcerned notes of a whippoorwill in the canebrake fell on a ghastly silence that shrouded 564 dead and mutilated bodies.

Weatherford and his warriors had taken over 200 of their own dead and departed, loaded with dripping, grisly trophies.

Up in Nashville, the news reached Andrew Jackson of Weatherford's staggering blow at Fort Mims. Jackson was already flat on his back at his home, The Hermitage. His shoulder was smashed as the result of a tavern brawl with the Benton brothers. Three inches from his heart, he still carried an ounce of lead from his famous duel with Charles Dickinson. His long face was yellowed with jaundice and his hands trembled with pain and the ague that wracked his thin body. But the news of the massacre acted as a stimulant on him. He cursed Weatherford for every kind of filthy bastard in creation until the air in his bedroom fairly crackled.

The next day they helped him into his saddle despite the pleading of his wife, and he led his three formidable battalions south toward the Creek Nation. Riding beside him was a young scout named Davy Crockett, blissfully unaware that he was about to see the wild frontier he would someday be hailed as king of. At the head of one of the platoons behind him was a young lieutenant named Sam Houston who had never tasted the smoke of battle and had never heard of a place called The Alamo.

There were few uniforms of any kind and the force didn't even have a flag. There was no organized attempt even at maintaining discipline. The whole thing was held together by the caustic determination of the violent man riding in front of them.

But catching the fast moving Red Eagle was easier said than done. They were about to see for the first time the sort of cavalry tactics for which Jeb Stuart would later become famous.

Weatherford's Red Sticks swept across central Alabama like a tornado. After Fort Mims there was no repetition of the mass killing of women and children. Weatherford fought a purely cavalry war against soldiers who quickly became filled with consternation at the deadly mobility of his forces. The flashing red egret plume was seen everywhere. He slashed at Calabee Creek and left 84 dead militiamen. Then, while the soldiers waited for him to strike again the next morning, as Crockett assured them he would do, he struck instead at Emuckfau 40 miles away and left another 33 casualties. At Tohopeka he was caught between two converging infantry battalions but, instead of taking cover to fight it out the way Indians usually did, he swept his horsemen straight over the first ranks of one force, scattered them, and whirled to smash the rear guard of the second force.

If Jackson didn't have troubles enough, he now was faced with mutiny among his battered and hungry troops. The whole thing had ceased to be a lark. Following the taunting Weatherford was like trying to bottle up a whirlwind. And, to make it worse, he was using the scorched earth policy against them and they were reduced to eating acorns and hickory nuts. Jackson was forced to hold

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back by his feverish will power an entire company of his militia who decided they ought to call the whole thing off, too.

Then Jackson got his first break.

Without orders, Brig. Gen. James White, a Mississippian, suddenly attacked the headquarters of Menawa, the Big Warrior, at Hillabee Town. Menawa had stubbornly remained neutral, and Jackson had issued strict orders that the Hillabees were not to be bothered. White's men killed over 200 of Menawa's warriors and their women and children in a surprise attack.

Jackson was speechless with rage, but it was actually the luckiest stroke of the Creek War. For this unprovoked attack sent Menawa on the warpath and took full command away from Weatherford. Menawa quickly showed he would fight as Indians are supposed to fight, and that was right down Jackson's alley.

Menawa gathered his warriors and prophets together at Holy Ground on the high bluffs overlooking the Alabama River. He took the word of his prophets that white bullets would never harm a Creek warrior on Holy Ground. Weatherford knew better than this, but he was powerless to fly in the face of his emperor in violation of the words of his prophets.

Gen. C. C. Claiborne was moving up from the south along the river and Gen. John Coffee was moving in from the east. Jackson was coming in from the north, and the Creeks at Holy Ground were caught in a three-pronged pincers.

The prophets had been mistaken. When the white bullets hit Holy Ground, they not only harmed the Creek warriors, they killed 200 of them outright. A disgusted Weatherford looked at the bodies and decided to move on.

But he was trapped in the pincers.

Gen. Claiborne first spotted Weatherford on the highest point of the towering bluffs. The chieftain sat his horse like a disdainful god and rode back and forth looking for an exit that didn't exist.

"Give up, Weatherford!" Claiborne yelled. "There's no way out—we've got you surrounded."

The lone horseman ignored the general and the soldiers moved warily closer as the giant stallion danced precariously on the edge of the bluff. Weatherford rode back a few paces, looked coldly at the approaching enemy then suddenly wheeled the horse and rode full speed at the edge of the cliff.

Claiborne stared aghast as horse and rider arched outward into chill nothingness, then plunged in a dizzying drop to the icy waters of the river 100 feet below.

In a written report Claiborne listed Weatherford as killed in a suicide leap.

They lived with this happy thought for three weeks before they learned that Weatherford wasn't even hurt. The red egret plume was sighted at the head of 100 warriors who slashed like a sabre at the rear guard of troops attempting to cross the Alabama at Bowdens Ferry.

Weatherford continued his devastating raids for a short while, but Menawa was still in charge and fighting the kind of war Jackson understood. He demolished Menawa's forces under the prophet Francis at Talladega and pushed the remainder of the Creeks southward. Claiborne moved in from the west and Coffee drove up from the southeast.

Everything was converging on what Menawa believed was the last great stronghold of his people—Horseshoe Bend on the Tallapoosa.

A young British engineer had supervised the erection of giant barricades across the narrow strip of land that was the only entrance to the sweeping bend in the river. Weatherford's objection was that the only entrance was also the only exit. He had approved the fortifications but envisioned a vastly different use for Horseshoe Bend. He had planned to use it as a fortified base of operations from which his cavalry could raid in safety. But the great Prophet Monahell had predicted that the impregnable stronghold would mean the beginning of a new day for the Creeks.

Weatherford knew what the bullets would do. And he knew now that Jackson was bringing light cannon in from Georgia, pulled through the dense swamplands by the Cherokees who had cast their lot with the hated Americans. He knew the breastworks, erected to repel rifle fire, would be swept away like dry twigs by the cannon shot.

Disgusted and heartsick, the Red Eagle rode away from Horseshoe Bend to seek solace in the soft arms of Mary Moniac while Menawa and Monahell prepared to teach Old Mad Jackson a lesson in fortification warfare. Weatherford stayed away for almost a month. Why he later chose to go back to what he knew to be a hopeless trap is just another of the many mysteries in the career of this enigmatic fighter.

At sunrise on the morning of March 29, 1814, Jackson opened fire on the Horseshoe Bend breastworks.

Lt. Sam Houston was severely wounded in one of the first infantry charges. Maj. Lemuel Montgomery fell dead beside Houston and never knew the capital of Albama would be named for him.

In the afternoon the breastworks fell under merciless cannonading. The infantry moved in and the slaughter began.

From the hillside Jackson had spotted Weatherford only once, earlier in the day. He ordered his men to take the elusive chieftain alive if possible.

"That's one bastard I don't want shot," he snarled. "I'm goin' to hang him personally."

By early darkness the river was filled with floating bodies. Weatherford used this means of escape from the slaughter. He didn't dare attempt to swim the bloody river, for the soldiers were on both banks firing at anything that moved in the water. He cut a two-foot length of hollow reed and quietly slipped into the water. He floated submerged beneath the lifeless body of a Red Stick whose brains had been blown out. He breathed for over an hour through the reed as he slowly drifted with the dead body around the bend and downstream from the dying battle.

Over 1,000 Creeks had died in the ill-advised attempt to defend Horseshoe Bend. The power of the great Creek Confederacy was broken forever.

A bitterly frustrated Jackson refused to sign a treaty with Menawa. He was convinced that Weatherford had escaped again, and he callously announced the war would continue until Weatherford either surrendered or was brought to him bound hand and foot.

He took over old Fort Toulouse and renamed it Fort Jackson. Beside his headquarters he had his soldiers build a huge oak gallows with the noose tied and ready. Then he sat and grimly waited for William Weatherford.

Weatherford knew nothing of the gallows yet, but he couldn't have cared less. He and Mary Moniac were the honored guests of Gen. Manxique, governor general of the Floridas, at Pensacola. Meantime the Red Eagle was planning further annoyances for the man he called Old Mad Jackson.

How long this idyll at Pensacola would have lasted is anybody's guess, but Weatherford himself brought it to an abrupt end.

A wealthy young American trader named James Parnell began to find it impossible to ignore the lush charms of the gorgeous Mary Moniac. When Weatherford found out what was happening, he cunningly maneuvered young Parnell into an argument and Parnell was forced to challenge the Creek chief to a duel.

That night, Weatherford's practice of sleeping on the floor saved his and Mary's lives. Two pistols were fired through the open window into the shadows of the canopied bed where Mary would have slept after leaving Weatherford's blanket.

The two were found the next morning by Parnell's seconds. Their blood had soaked into the sandy soil beneath a poinciana tree. An unperturbed Weatherford had gone back to his blanket and mistress. That same spring morning, with the chilling calm of a man shooting clay pigeons, Weatherford obeyed the duelling code to the letter and placed a pistol ball in the heart of the man who had been reckless enough to covet Mary Moniac.

After this, Pensacola was no longer a safe haven for the Red Eagle. Parnell & Company let it be known they would pay $1,000 in gold to the man who would avenge the death of James Parnell.

Weatherford had long known the truth of the axiom that he who fights and runs away lives to fight another day. He headed for the comparative safety of the Creek Nation.

On their first night back at Little River, news was brought to him of Jackson's ultimatum and his gallows tree. Now, he examined his position. His only advantage, as he saw it, was that Jackson could not possibly know yet just how many Red Sticks were left.

He left Little River the very next morning for a swing of his own through the Nation. At this late stage of the game the prophets saw things his way. He managed to stay a day or so ahead of Davy Crockett and he left the right news for the scout everywhere he went. Then he waited for Crockett to get the news back to Fort Jackson.

Crockett's carefully gleaned information almost threw Jackson into a fit of apoplexy.

Old Hickory was still fuming the next morning. Sam Houston and Crockett sat and watched while he paced around his headquarters and looked at his maps.

Whatever decision he might have made was interrupted by a sudden commotion outside. The air was filled with shouts of rising anger as Crockett stepped to a window and looked out.

"Well I'll be double damned if it ain't Weatherford hisself," he said in an awed voice.

Jackson was beside him in a flash. "By the 'tarnal, I've got the bastard," he gritted and headed for the door.

Weatherford had entered Fort Jackson like a conquering Roman emperor and he looked like one. He brought the horse to an uneasy prancing halt directly in front of the menacing figure of Andrew Jackson.

The general glowered.

"So we finally meet face to face, eh Weatherford?"

"And if I'd had my way, the conditions would have been much different," Weatherford said quietly. "I believe there has been some talk of hanging me."

"We didn't put up that gallows tree just for decoration," Jackson snapped acidly. Then he looked questioningly at his haughty visitor. "What made you decide to give yourself up?"

"Give myself up?" Weatherford laughed disdainfully. "I came to see if you wanted to talk peace or if you think my Red Sticks will sit quietly by while your soldiers slaughter and rape our women and children."

He eased himself in his saddle. Would this bitter man sense that he was bluffing? It was too late to turn back now, so he carried this encounter through as he had always directed his cavalry: Take the offensive—especially when they think they have you.

"You feel you should hang me because I led my people against you. You call me murderer and renegade because I fought the white man who came to take away the lands of our people. I am not a renegade, General, because I was never one of you. I am a Great War Chief in the Wind Clan of my mother, and I fought with my people against an invader. When my warriors won a battle, you called it a massacre, but when your soldiers murdered my people at Horseshoe Bend, you called it a great military victory. Remember, you invaded our land, General; we did not invade yours. My people signed your treaty papers many times and each paper bore the seal of your Great White Father in Washington. The white man broke every treaty. I think it will ever be thus with your people, if you can somehow drive away the soldiers of the British king.

"When I was a child, my uncle, Alexander McGillivray, read to me from your great Declaration of Independence and your Constitution. They were great words written by great men, but I have never met an American who was willing to follow these great words if they did not suit him at the time. Your Constitution binds your politicians to your treaties, but you have found no means of binding

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your people to your politicians. Wherever your settlers go they will find the Indian and they will make these hollow treaties with the Indian and they will always break them—and the Indian will strike back in anger until the day will come when there is no Indian or no white man."

He glanced disinterestedly up at the towering gallows.

"So now the great General Jackson would hang a chief he could not defeat on the field of battle." Disdainfully he threw his rifle at Jackson's feet and the general looked at it as if it was the first rifle he had ever seen. Weatherford smiled coldly.

"Ten times I could have slain you with that rifle, but the Red Eagle kills only on the field of battle. Leave our women and children in peace, General Jackson. I am your hostage for the lives of my people."

"Hang him! ! Hang him! !" swelled from a thousand throats.

Jackson angrily held up his hand for silence then made the most astounding statement of his career.

"Anybody who'd talk of hangin' as brave a man as this would rob the dead!"

Then, while the astonished crowd stood open-mouthed, Jackson invited Weatherford to step down and come in for a glass of brandy.

Devout as they were in support of Old Hickory Jackson, the outraged settlers still intended to hang William Weatherford. Many of them had lost relatives and friends at Fort Mims. They held a meeting by firelight that night outside the fort. As soon as they were fully stoned on raw rum, they selected a delegation to call on Andy Jackson the next morning. This august body was due for a stunning surprise.

Weatherford had vanished again!

The incredible fact of the matter was that Jackson had sent one of his officers during the night to escort Weatherford to a place where the chief would be safe.

Later, after Jackson had returned to The Hermitage and the boundless adulation of a grateful nation, Weatherford joined him and spent almost 14 months there as an honored house guest.

The day finally came, though, when Weatherford reluctantly mounted his horse and returned southward to his grand plantation at Little River.

The Creeks were banished from Alabama, but Weatherford stayed quietly at Little River. He died at a peaceful old age of pneumonia contracted on a bear hunt with his neighbors.

An impressive stone cairn marks the grave of William Weatherford. It stands almost in earshot of the haunted ruins of Fort Mims. •

I AM THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE

Continued from page 19

to cover the six miles from the mountain.

When it hit the buildings there was a single ear-splitting explosion, followed by a sudden spurting of fires throughout the area. It was as if 1,000 matches had been struck at once. And in less than 30 seconds 30,000 persons died and the city was reduced to rubble. *At eight minutes of eight 30,000 people lived in a beautiful city. At seven minutes of the hour the people were dead and the city was totally destroyed.*

It is hard to believe that such destruction could be so rapid. As I stood on the hill, frozen with horror, the city was enveloped in black smoke through which fires gleamed. I could see no life among the buildings, but down on the beach perhaps 100 people dashed through the pall. As I watched them run frantically about they began to stumble and fall, and then they too died.

Out in the harbor the ships were on fire. Those closest to the shore were rocking under the force of hurricane winds—the giant waves smashing large vessels as if they were toys. Fire was everywhere. Seamen were leaping into the sea by the hundreds, but even so they would burst into flames and disappear.

Then the cloud roared out of St. Pierre toward me. I turned and started to run. In a matter of seconds hot ash began spilling down on me. In my fright I hardly felt it. I just ran. There was a mixture of rain with the ashes. Like hot wet plaster the ashes poured down on me as if I were being sprayed with cement. In a minute the cloud was gone and, trembling, I was running toward the little town of Carbet to the south.

I had been, needless to say, extremely lucky. Only the edge of that fiery cloud had touched me. Plastered thickly with the wet ashes and exhausted and frightened, I stumbled into Carbet. But I was alive. The lovely city of St. Pierre and its entire population, including my two brothers, were dead.

It is a strange thing that today the St. Pierre disaster seems to have been forgotten. Only 250 persons were killed in the Chicago fire, 452 by the San Francisco earthquake and fire and 2,200 by the Johnstown flood, but those lesser catastrophes are still well known. Even the classic volcano disaster at Pompeii nearly 2,000 years ago killed only a handful of people—most of the population had been evacuated. The Pompeii story is very familiar. And yet the St. Pierre holocaust, one of the two or three great disasters in recorded history has been virtually forgotten.

At the time, of course, some half dozen books explored the subject, and count-

less magazine articles described the terrible minute to readers all over the world. But the first news to the outside world was really no news. At precisely 7:52, the moment the fireball struck St. Pierre, the telegraph operator at Fort-de-France [now the capital of the island] received the single word *allez*—go. Then the wire from the city was silent. But within minutes, some of the ships farther out in the harbor had flashed the word to Fort-de-France authorities.

The government sent in French soldiers by sea on rescue operations. They tried to land on the beach but could not. The noxious fumes were everywhere and the city itself was boiling hot. A torrential rain pouring down had no effect on the heat, so the soldiers could do little more than take off a few sailors who had struggled ashore from doomed ships. They all died in the hospital.

Meanwhile, the harbor was a frightful mess. A number of ships were burning in the water. The floating rubble the mud avalanche of three days earlier had carried into the harbor was flaming. The bodies of the gulls were burning. Everywhere you looked corpses of sailors smoked and smoldered in the water. The stench, mixed with the poisonous sulphur fumes from the mountain, was incredible. Choking and gasping, surviving sailors were trying to get their ships out to sea.

The *Roraima* had pulled into the harbor at 6:30 that morning, anchoring 600 yards off shore. Almost immediately the powder ash had begun to drift onto the decks, and the crew had set to work cleaning it off. When the fire began to pour off the mountain most of the men were on deck. Capt. Muggah came charging down to the capstan and hastily ordered up anchor. Glancing anxiously at the deadly cloud, the men began to spin the bars. Faster and faster they worked, but the cloud boiled on toward them.

Then Third Officer Thompson came running frantically up to them screaming, "It's coming, it's coming, open the windlass and let it run!"

The sailors jerked the gear on the windlass open and the chain began to pour out into the water. It was only half out when the cloud hit. Immediately the deck burst into flames. The smashing wind blew the men at the capstan overboard in one swift suck of roasting air.

Capt. Muggah shouted abandon ship and leaped into the water. He clambered onto a piece of drifting raft, only to have it, too, burst into flames. He jumped back into the water, and was instantly struck on the head by falling fire. Third Officer Thompson watched him go under, his face ablaze. The *Roraima* burned all afternoon and went down at evening.

The *Roddam*, Capt. Freeman commanding, had better fortune. When the hurricane wind struck, the ship nearly capsized. But luck was with it, and it remained afloat. Then the fire began to pour down from the black cloud. Blossoms of flame bloomed on the paint, on the rails, even on woodwork inside the ship. Only 10 men were on deck at the time; but they all burst into flame and were killed instantly. Capt. Freeman dived into the chart room and began frantically beating out the fires on his clothes and on the papers in the room. As fast as he put one blaze out others sprang up. All the ship's lines burned through instantly, and as there was a strong ground swell, the ship rolled heavily in the waves. But luck held and the *Roddam*, stripped of all but the metal on the decks and minus 10 seamen, remained afloat. Capt. Freeman had a ton and a half of ash cleared from the deck. In the harbor burning bodies sloshed about in the waves.

When rescue workers finally got into St. Pierre three days later, they were nauseated by what they saw. Strangely, the city was clean. Two days of rain had soaked the town, yet there was neither mud nor ashes. Hardly a house was standing; whole streets had disappeared. A thick layer of rubble lay everywhere. In some sections, it was hard to tell where houses, or even streets, had been, but the bodies were not hard to find. There were 30,000 of them, remember, in an area not much more than a mile square. And again this was a curious matter; most of them lay face down.

As the rescue workers went through the rubble, peering around a bit of standing wall or into half-filled cellars, they found whole families lying together as if they had been at breakfast when the holocaust struck. Of course thousands had been burned to death by the flash fires, but many thousands had been suffocated by the terrible heat. Yet so swiftly had it come and gone that it had not charred their bodies. Death, in most cases, had been instantaneous.

The enormous cloud which had passed through St. Pierre had been almost pure heat. There was not much rock, not much lava; only fine dust, heated to incandescence and flying at 100 miles an hour. When the fiery mass hit the city, the buildings simply exploded from the sudden expansion of gases. The searing heat had burned the air right out of people's lungs, and fired everything in the city except stone and metal.

I went into St. Pierre to look for the bodies of my brothers. It was a hopeless task. Thousands of bodies were burned beyond recognition.

The rescue workers were moving slowly through the city, pushing the rubble aside in the faint hope that perhaps somebody was alive under the mass of stone. As they moved along they found nobody alive, only the dead.

There was nothing to do with the bodies but burn them. Even as I entered the ruined city, rescue workers were heaving smashed corpses up onto funeral pyres of wood and tree branches. They were soaking the bodies with oil and then setting them afire. There was nothing else to be done. There were simply too many bodies to bury. The problem, of course, was to prevent the spread of disease. If the corpses were left lying around to await burial, there was a good chance that a plague would sweep the entire island of Martinique.

And then, as we moved through the rubble, from somewhere below us, under

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the mess of broken houses we heard somebody cry, *"Save me!"*

The voice was weak and indistinct, but it was a voice. The workers began to dig frantically, heaving stones aside with crowbars and shovelling away plaster and debris. As they dug, they began to realize that they were working near where the St. Pierre jail had stood. They dug deeper. And then they found him—the sole survivor of the St. Pierre holocaust.

He was a big Negro named Auguste Ciparis. He had been deep down in the dungeon of the jail. When we got him out he was extremely weak and his back and legs were burned so that the flesh peeled back black and raw. We hauled him up out of the rubble, and dazed and frightened he gazed around at the ruins of his city. He did not know what had happened and he was half incoherent with pain and fear.

His story, as it came out later, was this. He had been jailed on a minor charge only a couple of days before the volcano erupted. The morning of May 8 he had been standing in his underground cell, waiting for breakfast. The cell had no windows, and only a grating over the top of the door to provide fresh air. It was this lack of vents that saved him. He had been pacing the cell when suddenly an enormous blast of heat slashed in on him. Writhing and gasping, he flung his hands over his face and collapsed to the floor. Above him the noise was incredible, as the city collapsed around him.

He was wearing a cotton shirt and a pair of cotton trousers. The intense heat burned the flesh from his back, but, strangely, it did not even blacken his clothing. As he lay on the floor screaming with pain white ash continually drifted into the cell, stinging him with sharp pricks of fire. Then abruptly the cell cooled, and he could hear rain.

For three days he lay there, crying out for help in the dead city. His burns were agonizing, but fortunately he had a small bowl of water from which he nursed his parched throat. It is odd that the water had not boiled away in the heat. But apparently, as with his clothing, the heat, intense as it was, was of so short a duration that there was not time for the water to evaporate. And so he lived—the only survivor of the destruction of St. Pierre. Later on P. T. Barnum brought him to the United States and took him on tour.

St. Pierre is now a small fishing village of little importance on the coast of Martinique. The proud, handsome "Paris of the Caribbean" died May 8, 1902. Mount Pelée still hangs above us to the north, but it has behaved itself for 50 years now. The only reminder of the terrible disaster is the Volcano Museum erected on the site of the destroyed city. If you are ever in Martinique, come to see it. Among other things you'll have a chance to talk to the director. His knowledge of the cataclysm is very sound. He saw the whole thing happen.

He is, of course, myself. •

THE MANDARIN'S CANARIES

Continued from page 47

tales were told of the foreign devils who had brought the birds as spies. It was whispered that the tiny chattering creatures possessed human souls; that they sucked evil nourishment from the dead, and absorbed the wisdom of men. They came to be hated and feared as living symbols of the terrible power which ruled the land.

Now lately Quong had devised a new torture which pleased him greatly. He was writing, on many parchments, a history of pain to bequeath to the Great School in Peking, and it heartened him to be able to include interesting variations invented by himself.

This death of a thousand arrows was such an invention. Barbed darts of various sizes, shot with various degrees of force into certain carefully-selected portions of a victim's body, produced a lingering torment delightful to members of the aristocracy of pain.

Quong had devised the idea himself, but he needed an expert bowman to assist him. It was then that he sought Hin-tze, the Emperor's archer, and offered him employment.

Hin-tze came to the palace with his wife Yu-li, and the Mandarin noted with pleasure that his bowman was efficient and the bowman's wife lovely to see.

So it was not many days after Hin-tze first employed himself with victims in the garden that the Mandarin caused the woman to be removed to his quarters and gave himself over to dalliance.

The archer learned of this, and his heart was sore. He did not like his dreadful task, but he had come at the emperor's command and dared not disobey. He hated the cruelty, hated the Mandarin, and was repelled by the nauseating birds.

And one evening not many weeks after the taking of his woman, Quong grew enraged and with his dagger slit the golden throat of his new favorite.

Hin-tze saw, and said nothing, even when the pitiful limp form was carried into the garden by servants.

He returned to his quarters and sat alone in the moonlight, awaiting what he knew he would hear. And then came that sweet, detestable song from the tree tops, the satisfied song of the canaries.

Of this he said no word to the Mandarin, for that was not seemly; and with lordly courtesy Quong forbore mention-

ing the occurrence when they met the next day.

Hin-tze carried a bound coolie into the garden sunlight; a poor, choking wretch who had stolen a few taels in some market outside the town. He pleaded with Hin-tze as he walked, and it was curious to the archer to hear that the doomed man did not fear death nearly so much as he feared the loss of his immortal soul. He and all the people were afraid of the canaries of Quong, whose feasting deprived them of proper burial.

But Hin-tze said nothing as he slipped a knife through the man's bonds and awaited the Mandarin.

Quong strode down the path, smiling in the sunshine. A fat prisoner—a greater song. He advanced, beaming serenely on his bowman, whose gentle tact in ignoring the unfortunate accident of the previous evening he greatly admired. Quong clapped his hands to signal that the ritual binding begin, and indicated the great tree as the one to which the victim was to be tied.

But the lord of pleasure and pain was chagrined when the prisoner suddenly wheeled and bolted off through the garden, his severed bonds trailing behind him. He opened his mouth, forming it for a shout of anger; but it gaped still wider in astonishment as Hin-tze advanced and seized him by the throat. There was a great arrow in the bowman's hand, and its point was barbed. It moved slowly toward the Mandarin's neck as he struggled back against the tree-trunk.

Hin-tze drew the point over the breast of Quong and pinned him to the tree.

Then the bowman stepped back and fixed an arrow to his great bow. He shot the dart, eyes blind with rage and ears deaf to the cries of his living target. He drew, fixed, fired automatically; a half-hundred times. Only then did he cease and approach the living horror that still stood before the tree-trunk.

One of the hands was moving, a bloody claw. It curled around the bark, fumbling, fumbling. It rested, then moved again. And suddenly shrill chimes rang upon the air—chimes that summoned and commanded. The hand fell, but into the glazing eyes crept a look of triumph and of craftiness. The lips worked piteously.

"Lift me down," whispered the Mandarin.

Hin-tze, confused, drew the pinioning arrow forth and the body of the dying Quong slumped forward as though fainting in his arms.

Too late did Hin-tze see the arrow torn from the flesh; the arrow in the hand that now struck with every ounce of strength that remained in the broken arms. With a last effort, the Mandarin had nailed him to the tree!

The figure in the gorgeous robes fell earthward, but Quong's triumphant eyes still stared up into Hin-tze's pain-contorted face.

"I have summoned the birds," said the Mandarin, faintly. "They are my friends, and they come when the chimes call. You have heard the legends which say my canaries possess living souls—the souls of the dead that once hung upon the tree where you hang now.

"This is not true. The birds are simply birds; they know me and they love me, for I have prepared for them many feasts. Therefore vengeance for my death shall rest with them. And—I shall hear one last song as I die."

Hin-tze understood then. He struggled to free himself, but the arrow held him so that he hung by the barbs that nailed him to the tree of horror.

He clawed and screamed when he heard the rustling sounds, moaned aloud as the golden cloud hummed down toward him. And then they were all about with their beating wings, their tiny beaks that stabbed sharply, cruelly, with dreadful hunger. Blood blinded him, two winged knives flew to his eyes, and the golden glow faded to black pain. For a few moments longer he writhed beneath the beaks of his tiny tormenters. Then the cloud settled down in silence.

Upon the ground lay the Mandarin Quong. His wounds were forgotten, for he had the nature of a poet. This final revenge, this last triumph in defeat, was atonement. He watched every movement of the raptorial birds, drank in their graceful beauty to the full. And soon he would hear the song—the final song before death.

For he had spoken truly to Hin-tze. The birds loved him, and they were only birds. The notion of psychopomps—the absurd superstition that these creatures of his possessed the souls of the dead from his garden—was incredible.

Quong watched the yellow swarm move across the body of the bowman. They rose, chittering. In a moment the song would commence. The Mandarin awaited the perfection of the poet's death.

They rose—and suddenly one of the tiny birds detached itself from the sun-bright cluster. It was a tiny female—and it flew straight down toward the skeleton on the tree. It perched, absurdly, upon the fleshless ribs; as though peering into the bony bars of a cage.

Quong gazed with new interest. He drew himself up on one elbow, painfully. The bird was sitting there—and then—there were two birds!

Was it hallucination, dying delirium? Or had another bird suddenly appeared from *inside* the skeleton? A yellow form, whirring within the ribs where the heart had been?

And now the two winged out, together. Their beady little eyes rested upon the recumbent form of the Mandarin.

He sank back, strange horror tugging at his heart. A female bird—Yu-li. And a male from the skeleton of the dead bowman! *Psychopomps?*

The two flew upward, to where the yellow cloud hovered in midair. They flew to the forefront, shrilling as though in command. And then they wheeled, swooped down. Quong screamed in utter fear. Dead souls were exacting *their* vengeance. Yellow knives stabbed and struck home; 10,000 fluttering forms tore and clawed at the writhing thing upon the ground.

And so there was no one to hear the final moment when it came—it was in a deserted garden that the last sweet serenade was sung by the canaries of the Mandarin Quong. •

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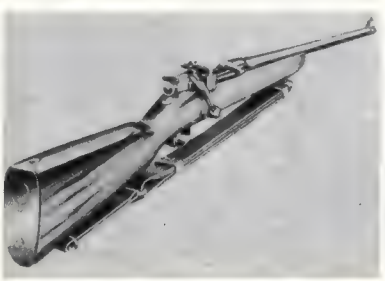

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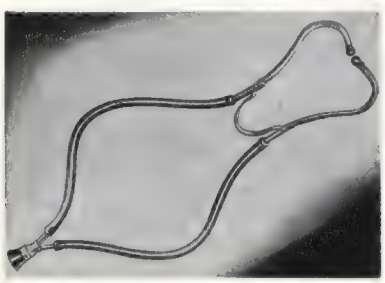

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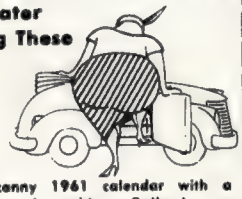

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Two pair of brief NYLON sheer panties . . . exquisitely embroidered and trimmed with french-type lace.

A naughty-saucy Red DEVIL, embroidered on mystic black sheer . . .

A Heavenly Blue ANGEL embroidered on bridal white sheer . . .

THE ANGEL AND DEVIL PANTY SET, yours for the giving at only $3.95, complete set. Postpaid.

Sizes: Small, Med., Large

Gift wrapped in plastic hankie box, free.

Beaufont's
285 Kings Highway
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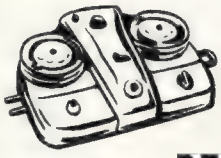


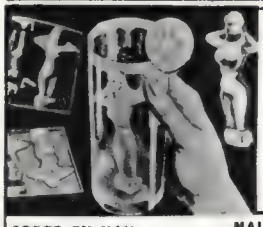
BATTERY OPERATED PORTABLE, TRANSISTORIZED TAPE RECORDER

Only **$34.95**

This amazing new transistorized, portable tape recorder will be the center of attraction at home for recording family get-togethers, radio and TV shows, family functions, speeches, etc. Business men can pack it in their bags and take it along on trips. Faithfully records verbal agreements and interviews with exceptional clarity. Comes with sensitive microphone, dual earphones, 80 ft. of reusable recording tape.

This recorder is worth many, many dollars more than the price we are asking. Shipped direct from West Germany. (Not more than one addressed to the same person.) Send $34.95 today. No C.O.D.'s. Postman collects $3.30 US duty which cannot be prepaid. Satisfaction-or-money-back guarantee.

CURLEY C. HOFFPAUIR
Dept. 25C, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



ICE CUTIES

Now—At that next party—Ice your drinks with these 3 inch high "Glamour Girls." Wonderful Conversation starter. One tray makes four "Cuties."—Set of four trays—only $4.95 postpaid.

ORDER BY MAIL SEND CHECK OR M.O. TO:
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KEEPS YOU WARM ON THE COLDEST DAYS! 100% All Wool

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GUARANTEED NEW—NEVER USED!

A real comfort in Cold and Damp weather. Fits everyone, Men, Women and Children. Keeps Ears, Neck and Chest warm and comfortable. Soft, durable and flexible. Converts any jacket to a Parka. Great for Skiing and outdoor work and sports.

A REAL $3.50 VALUE—Only $1.00 ppd.—SPECIAL 6 for $5.00 ppd

SORRY NO C.O.D.'s

A. L. ROBBINS, Dept. A-5, 36 Bowery, N. Y. C. 13

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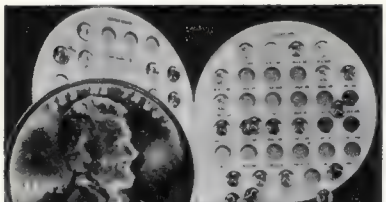
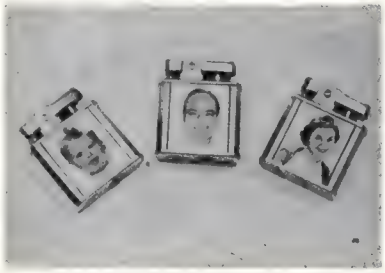
$1.00

1961 CALENDAR BANK gives you $100 a year automatically. Insert 25¢ a day and watch date advance, amount increase. Perpetual Date-Amount bank forces you to save daily, or Calendar won't change date. Check off birthdays on handy Calendar pad. $1.99 each; 3 for $5.75; 6 for $11. Add 25¢ a bank postage. Leecraft, Dept. CVC, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N. Y.



YOU CAN GET $59 FOR ONLY 59 LINCOLN PENNIES! Coin collecting is lots of fun and may pay off. This album is worth $59 or more when completed. Some cents are easy to find; others harder, but all are available. Fill spaces with 59 pennies (dates and marks found in album). Send $1.00 to Hobbies Unlimited, Box 97-CV, Oakland Gardens Sta., Flushing, N. Y.

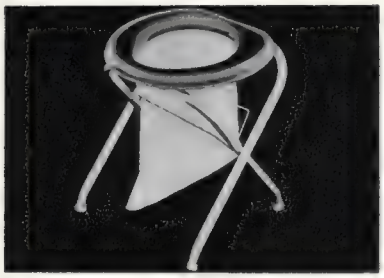


PERSONALIZED PHOTO-LIGHTER. Here's a good automatic lighter which carries your picture or any other picture you desire. All you do is send any snapshot or negative (returned unharmed) and it's beautifully mounted on the lighter. It's an unusual, practical and personal gift. Price is $2, or two for $3.50. Photo-Plex, Department CAV-12, P.O. Box 62, New York 57, N. Y.

Buys for Guys

CUCKOO CLOCK direct to you from the famed Black Forest of Germany. Finished in antique walnut and hand-carved, with weight and pendulum. Keeps excellent time. Cuckoo appears every 15 minutes, and sounds the quarter-hours in pleasing voice. Send $3.95 for Regular Model; $5 for Deluxe Model. Ppd. Best Values, Department C-174, 403 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

LIVE OR VACATION IN MEXICO for $180 a month. Enjoy fishing, golf, sports, night life. With maids costing about $12 a month and chauffeurs $30, you can live like a king. Filet Mignon is 50¢ a lb.; Gin, Rum, Brandy go for comparable prices. Send $2 for illustrated 48-page booklet on Mexico. Stone of Mexico, Dept. C-12, 836 N. Fairfax, Los Angeles 46, Calif.



PORTABLE FOLDING TOILET. For those "uncomfortable moments" when camping or traveling. Full size toilet with contour seat, sturdy aluminum legs. Folds flat. Weighs 4 lbs. Comes with generous supply of disposable bags. "At home" comfort away from home. Makes a clever gift. $11.95 postpaid. Goode Products, Dept. HG, 7542 Maie Avenue, Los Angeles 1, Calif.

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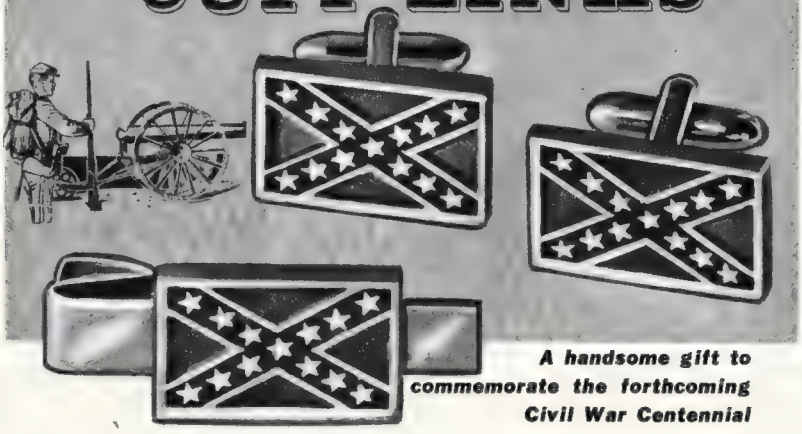

A handsome gift to commemorate the forthcoming Civil War Centennial

Colorful flag on this striking new cuff links and tie bar set is the justly renowned Confederate Battle Flag adopted in September 1861 because the original flag could hardly be distinguished from the Stars and Stripes at the First Battle of Manassas. It's beautifully reproduced on this set in bright red, white and blue enamel, and comes in a hard-cover, lined gift case. You don't have to be from the South to appreciate it. An unusual, handsome new gift.

LEE PRODUCTS
Dept. CV-12, 103 Park Ave., N. Y. 17

Enclosed is check or M. O. for $_____

___One set of cuff links & tie bar @ $3.95 ppd.
___½ dozen sets @ each_____$3.50 ppd.
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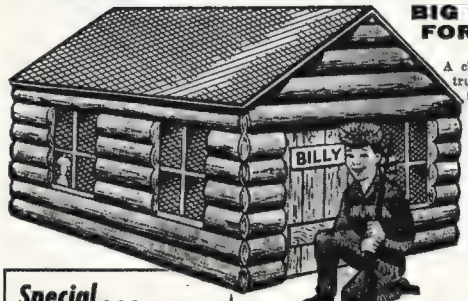
FRONTIER CABIN

$1.00 5 for $4.00

BIG ENOUGH FOR 2 KIDS!



A child's dream come true. Size Approx. 3 ft. high—9 square ft., 23 cubic ft. inside. Endless hours of play fun. Constructed of specially treated, safe . . . genuine DuPont Polyethelene. Waterproof, use indoors or outdoors. Nothing to assemble. Sets up in a jiffy. Simply place it over a card or bridge table. Walls and door are realistically imprinted in authentic brown split-log design. Supports furnished for peaked roof. In a youngster's imagination it quickly becomes a **RANCH HOUSE . . . FARMHOUSE . . . PLAYHOUSE or A LIFE-SIZE DOLL HOUSE FOR GIRLS. A Bunkhouse—Jailhouse—Sheriff's Office—Secret Clubhouse for Boys.** A comparable $3.98 value now only $1.00. Is made possible by your buying directly from factory. Over 250,000 satisfied customers. They make wonderful gifts. Buy several. **Special Offer: 5 for $4.00.** GUARANTEE: Try without risk or obligation for ten days. **Add 25c each** house, postage and handling charges. Sorry no C.O.D.'s.

Special . . .
GIRL'S PLAYHOUSE
NOW AVAILABLE!
Same size, shape and price as cabin.

FREE—Large 2"x8" Name Plate fits on door. House can be personalized with child's name.

NOVEL MFG. CORP. Dept. F-3633, 31 Second Ave., N. Y., N. Y.

.308 WINCHESTER CALIBER SPORTING RIFLE

$24.95 with adjustable open sights

NEW NATO HIGH VELOCITY CALIBER

SPECIAL CLOSEOUT PURCHASE! Our gunsmith customizes this superb European rifle, converts prime walnut stock to sporter contours, lightens, rounds forestock, installs swivels, rebeds, headspaces, testfires. .308 Winchester is the official NEW NATO caliber, sporting and target ammo available at all sporting goods stores. Add $4 per rifle for selected collector's grade exterior.

SPECIFICATIONS: Lightening fast 5-shot bolt action, box magazine fed, 22" bbl., sharp, accurate bores, rear sight adjustable for elevation and windage, all milled parts. $75 value.

ACCESSORIES AND AMMO: .308 softpoint hunting ammo: 20 rds., $2.95. Leather sling, $2. Cleaning rod, $1. Gun case, heavy duty, $2. Cleaning kit, (patches, bore cleaner, gun oil) 75c.

TO ORDER: Enclose check, cash or money order. $10 deposit for C.O.D. Shipped F.O.B. Culver City. 10-day money back guarantee. Calif. resid. add 4% state tax.

.308 WINCHESTER SPORTER WITH 4 POWER SCOPE
$29.95 complete!

SURPLUS SCOPE purchase allows us to make this fantastic offer! We have picked up just a few hundred of these 4X color corrected scopes (adjustable for windage and elevation) at an inventory clearance. We mount and boresight at our cost with purchase of rifle.

MARTIN B. RETTING, INC.
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DASHING CONTINENTAL
FLIGHT BAG

IMPORTED WATER BUFFALO LEATHER

COMMANDS ATTENTION AND RESPECT

TREMENDOUS CAPACITY!

VERY COMPACT!

21" LONG
8" WIDE
12½" HIGH
Weighs about 4 Lbs.

$40.00 includes postage and Fed. Excise Tax.

Magnificent bag is all-leather from tough, durable water buffalo hide imported from India. Lined with sheep's leather. Two outside utility pockets great for cameras, film, cigarettes—items you want fast, without having to open bag. Strong solid brass locks. Extra long, strong handles. Sturdy wrap-around strap.

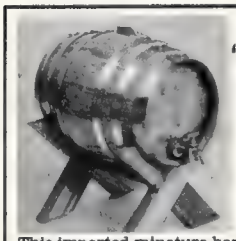
Appropriate for travel everywhere, bag's dashing Continental design is popular with foreign correspondents, sportsmen, world travelers, as well as everyday folk who want the finest in luggage.

Amazing capacity. Holds full week's wardrobe including extra suit, shirts, shoes, robe, haberdashery, etc. . . . without crushing! Supple leather conforms to shape of what you pack in bag. Truly tops, made for years of distinctive service. Leather is rich walnut brown with dark brown piping. Makes an impressive gift. Limited quantity available—send $40 today to:

Leather by Kramer

Dept. C-12, 968 East 101 Street
BROOKLYN 36, NEW YORK

Est. 1933



"WHISKEY" BARREL
$5.75

This imported minature barrel, built exactly to scale, holds 1 full liter (more than a quart) of your favorite brand of liquor. It is skilfully HAND-CRAFTED from seasoned OAK with metal stays and plated spigot. Perfect for your PLAYROOM BAR. Ideal as that unusual gift. ADD 75 cents for postage and packing.

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100 U.S. STAMPS portray 100 historical events and make an interesting collection for the avid stamp collector. Among those honored on the stamps are the Four Chaplains of WW II, Francis Scott Key and many others. You also get a collection of U.S. and foreign stamps on approval. $1 postpaid. Globus Stamp Co., Department 45, 268 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

8-SHOT REPEATER CHROMED
$7.95 PPD.

IN BLUE STEEL only $6.95

This amazing gun ejects empty shells automatically! Low Price Because only limited supply available! CHROME plated with beautiful impressive looking white Pearl-like handles. Exceptionally light finger action. Made by West German experts known world over for accuracy and precision! Barrel holds eight 22 Cal. blank shells. A gun you can be proud of. Excellent for stage use, in many kinds of sporting events and used extensively by sportsmen and boatsmen, etc. Women carry it in purse to ward off would-be attackers! Purchaser must be 21 yrs. or over. State age when ordering. Residents of following states must obtain Fireworks Permit: Ala., Calif., D. C., Ind., Mass., Mich., N. J., N. Y., N. D., Ohio, S. C., Utah, W. Va., Wisc. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.** Chrome model $7.95. Blue Steel only $6.95. Send cash, check or money order. Accurate Imports, Dept. GA-3, 22 South Third St., Easton, Pa.

YOU AND JAYNE MANSFIELD co-star on this movie poster. You'll like the billing because you're with Jayne. In full color, poster is 17"x28". Wonderful gag gift. The name of the picture is "Intimate Strangers" and it's mailed from Hollywood. Any name youw desire is printed for $2.98 or 2 posters (2 names) for $5.75. Ppd. Jayne, Studio C, 5880 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

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SHIRTS WITH YOUR EXACT LONG SLEEVE LENGTH

PERFECT FIT IN your big size! Sleeve lengths to 38, neck sizes to 18½! Ivy League stripes, plaids, solid-tones, whites in Sport and Dress styles. New wash-and-wear fabrics! Bodies cut 4" longer than ordinary shirts! Not sold in stores — by mail only! We are America's best-known specialists for BIG MEN ONLY! Finest quality at sensible prices! Satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for FREE Catalog!

BIG FREE CATALOG!
Shoes, size 10AAA to 16EEEE! Fine quality in smartest new dress styles. Also sport and work shoes, boots, sox, slippers. All FOR BIG MEN ONLY! A postcard brings you big color Catalog, FREE! Write today!

KING-SIZE, INC., 5300 Forest Street, Brockton, Mass.

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... give it again and again
NATIONAL BLOOD PROGRAM

WINDOW WATCH!

NO HANDS, NO DIALS, AUTOMATIC

A quick glance gives you the exact time without the confusion of calibrated dials. This Window Watch makes an ideal gift. Precision Swiss workmanship in a rugged, shock-resistant case. Jeweled movement guaranteed for one year.

Only **$9.95**

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IN FULL COLOR QUALITY PILLOWCASES
☐ Blonde
☐ Brunette
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$2.95 EACH
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Sizes: 28-38
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T-SHIRTS
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☐ Blonde
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$1.95 EA. or 2 for $3.50

NEW "STRIP-TEASE" PEN & PENCIL SET
Will cause raised eyebrows when used. Hold the pen or pencil for writing & she's fully dressed. Turn it upside down—and OFF COME HER CLOTHES!

WATCH HER!

☐ PEN ☐ PENCIL **$2** EACH POSTPAID

LEWIS GREGG CO. *NO COD's. Please specify size.* Dept. CAV, 274 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

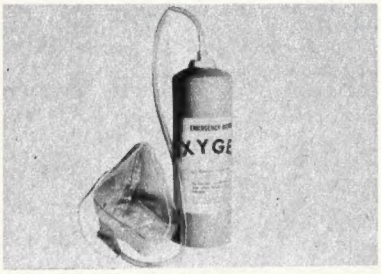
ARE YOU ELIGIBLE?

Do you love thick syrup and hot biscuits? Have you soiled at least one shirt with syrup drippings? Do you possess the ability to poke a hole in a biscuit using only one finger? Then YOU are eligible for membership in the JOHN HALE SYRUP SOPPER'S CLUB. Send for your official membership certificate now. Be entitled to private and lifetime counsel in the art of Syrup Sopping-Southern style. Syrup Soppers arise! Join the hale and hearty men and women uniting to preserve the ancient art and custom of Syrup Sopping. Syrup Soppers Day has been proclaimed yearly as the first Monday in February by the Governor of Alabama. Join JOHN HALE'S SYRUP SOPPER'S CLUB today! Send $1.00 for a lifetime membership. You receive a beautiful gold and black membership certificate, suitable for mounting, an ID card and a Syrup Sopper lapel button. Makes an ideal gift for yourself or friends. Send $1.00 (No C.O.D.) for your membership certificate to

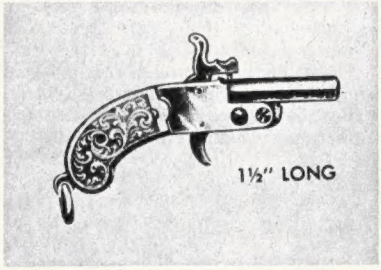
JOHN HALE'S SYRUP SOPPER'S CLUB
P.O. Box 532, Dept. 12A, Montgomery 1, Alabama

ANATONE supports and pulls in sagging stomach muscles. Cut to a man's dimensions and specially reinforced with flexible stays in front and back. Gives instant control to "bay windows." In addition to your appearance, belt gives immediate relief to backaches. Waist sizes 26" to 50". Price is $4.98 postpaid. Order from Magic Mold, Dept. C-12, 1270 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

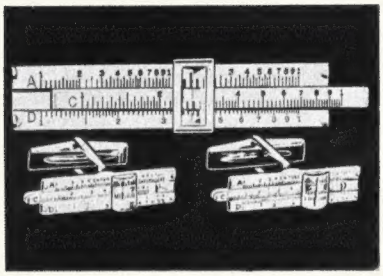
Buys for Guys



PORTABLE OXYGEN UNIT to carry with you, or use in your home, office, plane or boat. Useful in emergencies such as asthma, heart attacks, shock, migraine headaches. Weighs 20 ounces. 11"x3", it fits easily into briefcase, bag or glove compartment. Complete with facemask. $9.95 postpaid. G & G Labs, Department CV-12, 11 East 47th Street, New York 17, N. Y.



WORLD'S SMALLEST PISTOL, made by a German gunsmith, is 1½" long, together with cartridge expeller and 25 blanks. Weighs only ½ oz., yet it fires with a tremendous bang. Nickel-plated steel gun has hand scrollwork on butt, cocks before firing. Barrel breaks. With 25 cartridges, $3.95 postpaid. Davis Model, Dept. CV-12, 509 East 80th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

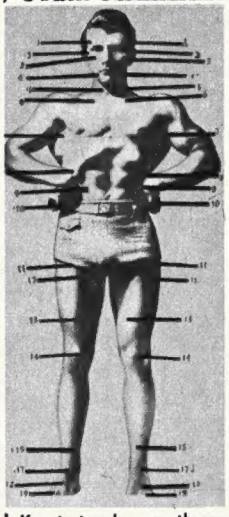


SLIDE RULE TIE CLIP really works. The ideal gift for an engineer, draftsman, designer, student, etc. A "conversation provoking" gift he'll love to wear. Only 2" long, but fully calibrated with scales A, C, D. Gold-plated $1.75; Sterling $4.40 Ppd. Matching Cuff Links (non-working) at same low prices per pair. Mastercraft, 275-C Congress, Boston 10, Mass.

TURN YOUR HANDS, FINGERS, ELBOWS & FEET INTO SUPER WEAPONS!

WITH EASY TO LEARN KARATE QUICKER, BETTER THAN JUDO!

FEAR NO ONE! WITH KARATE A 98 POUND WEAKLING CAN EASILY OVERPOWER A 220 LB. HE-MAN IN SECONDS WITH HIS BARE HANDS!



Karate teaches you the pressure points, etc., of your opponent so that you can render him absolutely helpless in seconds.

Devised by the ancient Japanese. Professionals Karate is the self-defense Hand to Hand combat system that is faster, more effective than Judo. Karate has been used in Japan for hundreds of years! Karate was published with action packed photos teaching you how to handle gun and knife attacks, street fighters and muggers. You will learn just where the Karate striking points and positions are. You will learn the best defense against annoying attacks and serious attacks. Karate was used by the hand picked guards of the Japanese Emperor. Yet men and women find it is easier to learn than Judo. Until recently Karate Technique was kept secret and originally used only for the Emperor's guards. In this very well illustrated book you are taught by one of the outstanding authors on Karate Technique and everything is simplified, explained and shown so that you can more easily master the art. The anatomical charts show the pressure points for fatal, serious and mild blows. You'll see how easy it is to render your opponent completely helpless. You'll never know how **confident** you will feel even among men much **bigger** than **you** are until you learn Karate. **With this book** you will fear **no man.** You will turn your feet, your elbows, fingers and your hands into such super weapons that it will amaze you and your friends. Learn Karate self defense now! You never know when you need it! **It's for men and women.**

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After receiving this Karate Technique Book look it over, it must do everything this advertisement promises, it must raise your confidence in your ability Physically, it much teach you more about self defense than you ever knew before or you get your money back! Don't delay order now on this money back guarantee. Mail coupon now!

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MAGIC PLAYING CARDS

CAN BE READ FROM THE BACK AS WELL AS THE FRONT OVER 12,000 SECRET MARKS

EASY AS TELLING TIME! LOTS OF FUN!

Do the impossible! Know where every card in the deck is at all times! Perform baffling magic stunts! Astonish everybody! Be the Life of the Party! No lengthy study necessary. Backs are entirely mechanical! Looks like any ordinary deck. Complete with instructions for many magic tricks. **$1.50**

FREE Giant 160 Page Trick & Jokes Catalog — Over 1000 Tricks You Can Entertain With.

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Help Others At Christmas Through The Salvation Army

Ugly Blackheads—Out in Seconds

Keep your complexion free of blackheads—look attractive instantly. Scientifically designed vacuum pump gently "lifts" out ugly blackheads safely. No pinching or squeezing. Try 10 days—if not delighted return for refund. Send $1, plus 10¢ for postage and handling.

BALLCO PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 98
735 East State St., Westport, Conn.

$3.00 post-paid
Special Factory Offer

Long Barrel
.12 CALIBER

NEW WESTERN HAIG

USES 4.4 MG. POWDER CHARGE

This small bore gun shoots .12 cal. lead bullets fired by small 4.4 mg. powder charge. Not a CO_2 gun! You'll like the handsome lines, grip, and balance. Western in style, but patented ball and cap action allows this low price. 9¾" steel barrel cased in knurled styrene stock, overall 13½". Develop pistol form, accuracy at a fraction of cost of large caliber pistols. Comes with 50 lead bullets. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send $3 to:

HAIG MFG. CO., P. O. Box 30-W, San Gabriel, Calif.

A Funny One for the Road

The new and nervous pastor was delivering a rousing sermon on the evils of gossip. "If there's anything I hate," he bellowed, "it is a tongue-bearing, tale-wagging woman."

F.M.J., Bend, Ore.

The longest word in the English language is not antidisestablishmentarianism. It's the one that follows the statement, "And now a word from our sponsor . . ."

A.N.M., Willowdale, Ontario

Definition of Strip Poker: Panty ante.

M.B., Los Angeles, Calif.

Two Beatniks were driving down the street in their car, going like to Nowheresville.

Driver: "I'm making like a right. How's it on your side, Daddy O?"

Side Kick: "Like man, it's clear except for the dog."

The Beat whacks the turn. Big accident. Hospital. Driver coming out of the fog: "Like man, I asked was it clear. What's with the dog bit?"

Side Kick: "Like a Greyhound, man!"

K.V., Melrose Park, Ill.

Two lions escaped from the zoo in Washington, D.C., and didn't meet again for three months. One was fat, the other was but skin and bones. When they finally met, the skinny one said, "I've never seen you looking better. How in the world do you manage to be so well fed?"

The fat lion replied: "I've been hiding in the Pentagon eating a colonel a day. So far nobody's noticed it."

L.F.F., APO, New York

Words that women live by: If at first he don't accede, cry, cry, cry again.

F.A.M., Cleveland, Ohio

A group of loafers had gathered at the village blacksmith's. The blacksmith was heating and shaping horseshoes when the town character strolled up. The character lazily bent over and picked up a red hot horseshoe. Suddenly he shot upright and dropped it.

One of the loafers snickered. "Kinda hot, huh?"

"Nope," said the character. "It just don't take me long to examine a horseshoe."

J.S., Edinburg, Texas

"Just because a girl happens to be an old maid," whispered the bellhop, "is no sign that she never registered with any man."

R.J., Jackson, Mich.

Overheard in Washington: "For a moment the deficit had me worried. I forgot I was working for the government."

H.H., Washington, D.C.

On the beach a genial fat man watched a group of shapely young ladies in scanty swim suits as they went through their morning setting-up exercises.

"Do you think this sort of thing is really good for reducing?" a sour acquaintance asked.

"Unquestionably," said the fat man, beaming. "Why I walk three miles every day to watch it."

L.M., Larkspur, Calif.

And then there was the near-sighted Washington wolf who followed a figure in a slinky black gown for 10 blocks before he found out it was a Supreme Court justice.

M.H.D., Oakland, Calif.

When he came up before the judge, he was given the stiffest possible sentence for bigamy. It seems he was married to two girls, named Kate and Edith, at the same time.

Moral: You can't have your Kate and Edith too.

P.N.D., Tampa, Fla.

The guest had admired a bouquet of dried flowers. "It's very simple to preserve them," said the hostess. "Just put them in a shallow box with corn meal and borax and barium."

Corn meal and borax would be easy to get, but the barium? So the guest repeated, "You just use corn meal, borax and barium?"

"That's right," said the hostess. "Only don't barium too deep."

F.J., Bend, Oregon

A bachelor is a man who has never been miss taken.

A.J.G., Columbus, Ohio

"I would like a mural of *Custer's Last Stand,*" the wealthy dowager instructed the young painter. Then she left on a trip around the world.

Upon her return she rushed to see the finished work. Dominating the left was the face of a cow with a most angelic look, and wearing a large halo. The rest of the mural was a field of cotton, and there were hundreds of Indians picking the white fiber.

She was dumbfounded.

"This is my impression of Custer's last thoughts," the painter explained. "And he must have thought, 'Holy cow! Look at all those cotton-picking Indians!' "

J.C., Burbank, Calif.

"Do you serve women at this bar?" he asked.

"Nope. Have to bring your own."

J.W., Jr., Wauchula, Fla.

The savage tribe in the interior of a Pacific island had bagged a great explorer and was whooping it up around him, moving in for the kill. Desperately, the man searched for a way out. Suddenly, he had it! Magic! He reached into his pocket and pulled out a cigarette lighter.

"Look," he shouted. "I make fire." He twirled the little wheel and the lighter caught fire. The natives withdrew in wonder.

"Big magic!" the explorer repeated, waving the flaming little torch.

"I'll say it's magic," agreed the head cannibal. "Never before have we seen a cigarette lighter work the first time."

F.M., Cleveland, Ohio

"Just look at me," she nagged. "My clothes are so shabby that if anyone came to the door he'd think I was the cook."

"Not if he stayed for dinner," her husband replied.

F.M., Cleveland, Ohio

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Arlis Wilson of Tulsa says: "As a Duraclean Dealer I have the ideal setup. I am operating my own business, yet have at my disposal a staff of experienced men at Headquarters who will help me on a moment's notice."

We Help Build Your Business

YOUR personal success is of the utmost importance to Headquarters, for as you grow so grows the Duraclean Dealer organization. Thus, your initial training is only the beginning of a continuous assistance program designed to build your business. When you contact Hdqtrs. you receive prompt, expert counsel from a staff of specialists. Some of the over 27 services you receive are conventions and regional conferences, new product development, trademark protection, sales letters, tested ads, local promotional materials, a monthly sales-building magazine, plus a host of others.

Backed by National Advertising

You are backed by a National Advertising program which is larger than all other similar programs in the industry combined. **Consumer Advertising:** Ads dramatizing Duraclean services reach millions through leading magazines as *McCalls, Parents', House & Garden, House Beautiful, Canadian Homes & Gardens, Sunset, New Yorker* and others. **Trade Advertising:** More and more retailers are turning over customers to Duraclean Dealers for servicing. Key trade magazines as *Interiors, Floor Covering Profits, Furniture Retailer, Cleaning & Laundry Age*, are a few of many used in targeting local retailers to become your agents.

What Dealers Say

W. Lookiebill (St. Louis): My 28th year! Began during depression and built business on good service.

D. Chilcott (N. Platte): Duraclean say gross $9.00 per hour. I gross up to $12.00. Many dealers do much better.

M. Lyons (Chgo): 3rd year should hit $100,000; 2nd was $60,000; 1st $40,000. Hdqrs help make it possible.

E. Roddey (Hampton, Va.): Did $600.00 first 12 days in January. My business keeps growing each month.

Start Part-Time If Employed

Even if you are now employed, you may start enjoying the financial independence of your OWN business. Many dealers start part-time, and as they expand their operation beyond what they can service on a sparetime basis, they switch to full-time. Later they expand further by hiring servicemen. This could be your pattern for success.

You will receive local training with an established dealer and at our 5-day, 50-hour factory training school. Thus, under our guidance, you become an expert in the care of rugs and upholstery, a profession for which there is now great demand.

Alert dealers can gross $9.00 hourly, plus $6.00 on each serviceman at national price scale. You enjoy big profits on both materials and labor. Everything furnished to get you started.

Six Ways to Make Money

A Duraclean Dealership qualifies you to offer six different services. Thus on many jobs you multiply profits.

1. **Duraclean:** Unique ABSORPTION process for cleaning and reviving rugs, carpets, upholstery. Recommended by leading stores and manufacturers. No scrubbing, soaking, shrinkage. Aerated foam manufactured by portable electric Foamovator safely removes dirt, grease, unsightly spots. Dries so fast customers use furnishings in a few hours.
2. **Durashield:** *Soil-retarding* treatment that KEEPS furnishings clean MONTHS longer. Applied after cleaning, this invisible film protects each fiber from dirt.
3. **Duraproof:** Protects against damage by moths, carpet beetles. Only such treatment backed by 6-year Warranty!
4. **Duraguard:** A flame-proofing treatment which reduces fire damage by retarding charring and tendency of fires to flame up. Theaters, restaurants, hotels, homes, offer huge potential.
5. **Spotcraft:** Special chemical products which enable you to handle most all spot or staining problems.
6. **Carpet Repair:** Special tools and know-how equip you to provide this specialized service.

Easy Terms

A moderate payment establishes your own business—pay balance from sales. We furnish electric machines, folders, store cards and enough materials to return your TOTAL investment. You can have your business operating in a few days. Mail postage FREE card today!

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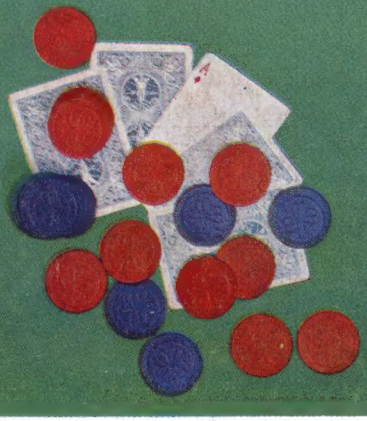

NO GAMBLING... holster one of these handsome NEW HI-STANDARD 9 Shot .22 Western handguns. It takes less chips than you'd think. Get authentic frontier, plains and river styling. NEW onyx-black metal finish. NEW spring-loaded multiple ejection, fingertip swing-out cylinder. Learn all about this fascinating historical collection . . . send for FREE catalog, or ask dealer. Key . . . #1 the NATCHEZ, #3 the POSSE, all others LONGHORN. Prices begin at . . . $44.95. WRITE NOW.

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